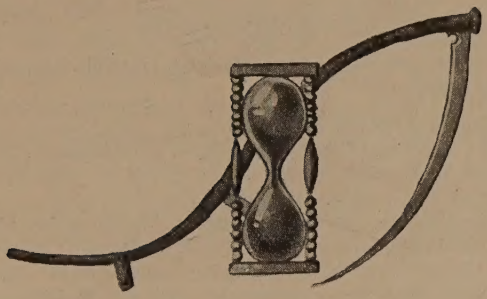
Moore ~ Wilson Readers

The Progress of Time

MOORE-WILSON READERS

THE PROGRESS OF TIME

FIFTH GRADE



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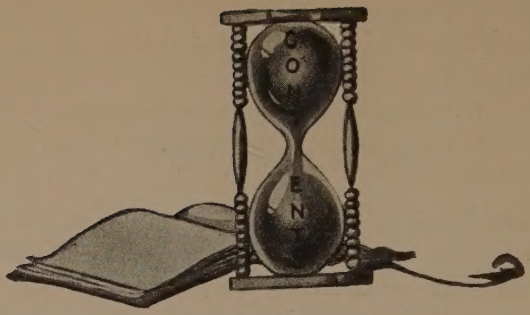
INTRODUCTION

In the fourth grade reader, *Father Time's Gifts*, the selections are organized about the Months of the Year. *The Progress of Time*, for the fifth grade, uses the Seasons as the basis for organizing the selections. *A Review of Time*, for the sixth grade, employs a topical organization. Throughout these books the dominant purpose of the entire series is apparent; namely, the presentation of ideas and ideals which will equip the pupils with those bodies of knowledge and those purposes and attitudes which are so essential to successful and wholesome living under the complex conditions of modern life. The preservation and extension of good health, the development of wholesome leisure abilities and interests, the finding of a suitable vocation, the understanding and thoughtful espousal of one's civic duties — local, national, international, and since "Character is higher than intellect," the acquiring, above all, of a good character to the end that one may live a life of purity and righteousness in relation to his fellows — these, all of these, are clarified and deepened by the selections here presented.

In selecting this material a conscious attempt is made to bring together that which would inspire to noble life and unselfish service; develop an appreciation of the blessings and privileges of home and country; create a respect for the viewpoint of others; make for the practice of the Golden Rule in all relations with one another; instill a feeling of reverence for the wonderful and wholesome truths to be found everywhere in Nature; deepen the sense of patriotism and international good will and fellowship; and arouse a profound realization of the Value of Time, that the Book of Life may contain a record of the best of one's achievements.



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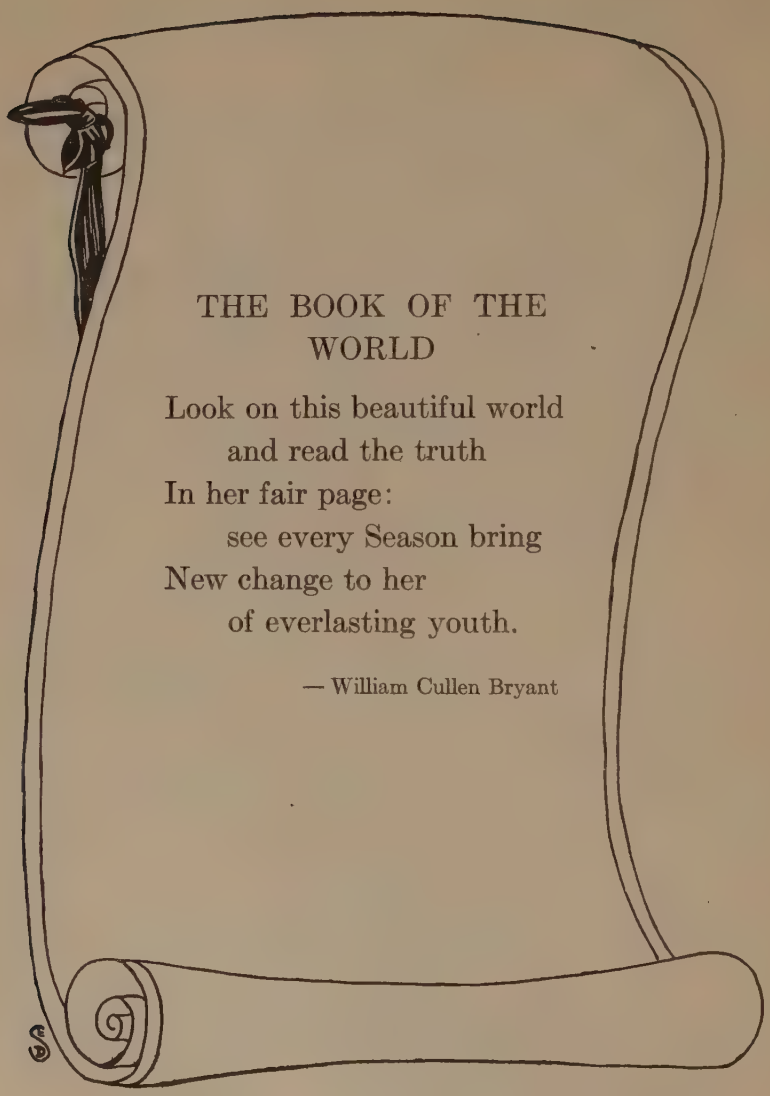


THE BOOK OF THE WORLD

Look on this beautiful world
and read the truth
In her fair page:
see every Season bring
New change to her
of everlasting youth.

— William Cullen Bryant

TIME

If Time be of all things the most precious,
Wasting Time must be the greatest prodigality,
Since lost Time is never found again; and what
We call Time enough, alway proves little enough.

— Benjamin Franklin

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for every fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

— Henry W. Longfellow

Youth

My boy, I'd give the world, if it were mine,
To backward turn the dial of Time
And be a boy again, with heart like thine;
To quaff again the cup, care free—
To play the pranks that thou dost play on me,
And laugh the laugh of boyhood's sportive glee;
To chase each gold-winged butterfly I meet,
To feel the green grass kiss my sun-browned feet,
To look on Life as but a poem sweet!

—A. E. Jackson

To a Little Boy and Girl:

SO many things there are you crave to know —
How the strange tides turn in the restless sea,
Why night supplants the glory of the day,
Who made the stars and why they hide at dawn.

The meadowlands are full of mystery
And each returning season has its spell
Which weaves itself before your youthful eyes,
Filling the days with flowers and butterflies,
Small woodland chipmunks and the songs of birds,
Even the cities are a wonderland
Crowded with people doing grown-up things
Your small heart yearns to do but — did you know —
Were not worth doing! Yours is the time of day
When sun rays really seem of molten gold
And all the little motes that move therein
Are happy Fairies dancing on their way.

— Hesper LeGallienne

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR

Of all the beautiful fancies
That cluster about the year,
Tiptoeing over the threshold
When its earliest dawn is here,

The best is the simple legend,
Of a book for you and me,
So fair that our guardian angels
Desire its lines to see;

'Tis full of the brightest pictures,
Of dream and story and rime,
And the whole wide world together
Turns only a page at a time.

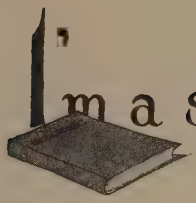
Some of the leaves are dazzling
With the feather-flakes of the snow;
Some of them thrill to the music
Of the merriest winds that blow;

Some of them keep the secrets
That made the roses sweet;
Some of them sway and nestle
With the golden heads of wheat.

I cannot begin to tell you
Of the lovely things to be
In the wonderful year-book waiting,
A gift for you and me.

— Margaret Sangster

A RIDDLE



I'm a strange contradiction

I'm new and I'm old.
I'm often in tatters, and oft decked with gold.
Though I never could read, yet lettered I'm found.
Though blind, I enlighten. Though loose, I am bound.
I'm always in black, and I'm always in white.
I'm grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light.
In form, too, I differ. I'm thick and I'm thin.
I've no flesh and no bones, yet I'm covered with skin.
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and I'm Dutch.
Some love me too fondly; some slight me too much.
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive
Has so many pages.

— Hannah More

BOOK HOUSES

I always think the cover of
A book is like a door
Which opens into some one's house
Where I've not been before.

A pirate or a Fairy Queen
May lift the latch for me;
I always wonder, when I knock,
What welcome there will be.

And when I find a house that's dull
I do not often stay,
But when I find one full of friends
I'm apt to spend the day.

I never know what sort of folks
Will be within, you see,
And that's why reading always is
So interesting to me.

— Annie Fellows Johnston

Courtesy of *The Century Company*, Publishers.

RIDDLE

A curious house where people dwell,
And wonders happen, ill or well;
The door-plate gives the House's name,
Likewise the builder of the same.
You enter if you have a key,
Or something of a scholar be.
You open the door, and in the hall
A picture greets you, first of all;
A blazoned notice next you view,
The builder's name, the owner's, too,
The city where the House was made,
Date when the cornerstone was laid.
And then you find a list enrolled
Of treasure which the House doth hold,
That you may choose what suits your eye,
Or if none please, may pass them by.
And then you swing door after door,
Each numbered next to that before;
From room to room you pass in turn,
And many curious things you learn
About the people in the House —
(But you must keep still as a mouse!)

A magic House, sure, it must be,
For all things happen rapidly;
Behind its doors years pass away,
Though you may but an hour stay.
Perhaps around the world you soar
Before you pass the other door.
Yet when this door is closed behind,
You have not moved a step, you find!
Your hand may move the House at will,
Carry it far or leave it still.
Though months and years may pass away,
Unchanged the House and inmates stay:
Your House to sell, or give, or let —
Yours to revisit or forget!

— Abbie Farwell Brown

From *Fresh Posies*, published by Houghton Mifflin & Company.

To Magic House so wonderful —
To Fairy Castle fanciful —
You hold, yourself, the only key
That unlocks doors. Just try and see.

A FAIRY CASTLE

This story is about a Fairy Castle. All of you have visited a Fairy Castle, but perhaps you did not know it was a Fairy House that you were visiting.

This Fairy Castle might be likened to a mansion or a large apartment house, for a great host of people live in this castle — people of all ages.

Like most large buildings, the outside is usually attractive, depending of course upon the tastes and wishes of the owner who erected the building and the architect who drew up the plans.

A Fairy Castle is like other castles and apartment houses in another respect, too; they have individual names — names peculiar to themselves.

In the entry, or vestibule, of a Fairy Castle you will find the names of the owner, the builder, and the date of construction, just as you frequently find in the vestibule of other castles and large buildings.

As you enter this Fairy Castle you will see, in neat arrangement, the names of the people who live inside, with the number of the suite or apartment they occupy, just as you will find in large apartment houses.

When you get into the lobby, or foyer, you will see some pictures that attract your attention. Going through the hallways you will see the numbers on the different suites, with the names of the occupants, corresponding with those in the vestibule.

The people who live in a Fairy Castle are much like people in other castles and apartments. They may be so interesting and have so much to say and to show you, that you may seem to travel long distances with them and see many wonderful things in a short time. When you leave these friends and go about your regular work-a-day tasks and duties, these friends go with you, because of the impression they have made upon you.

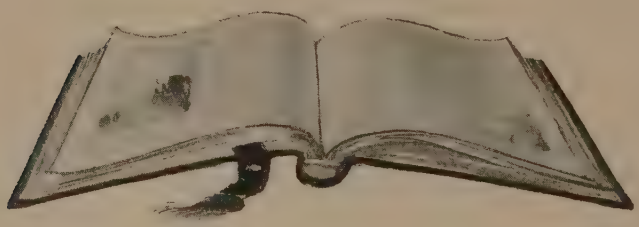
Some one may be thinking, "I cannot go visiting very much for we have no automobile, and the people I know live so far away." Well, you do not need an automobile to visit the

people who live in a Fairy Castle. In fact, an automobile might carry you far away from the Castle and the people who live in it.

You probably thought you could go anywhere in an automobile, or by boat, or on a train. But you do not need any kind of vehicle or other conveyance to go to a Fairy Castle. All you need is to wish to go. If you wish quite hard, you can go to any one of the many Fairy Castles.

In fact, you are visiting a Fairy Castle this very minute!

And Here Is a Fairy Castle!



Study Suggestion

List the ways in which a Fairy Castle is similar to a large building.

"'Tis all so strange and wonderful!"
Spoke the Book to the little girl.
"It seems so queer to be in school,
That my head seems quite in a whirl.
One time I was a flower blue
In the midst of many blue whorls;
Now, some of us are books for you
And for all other boys and girls.
I do not seem to remember
Just where I have been since I grew
Out in the field of the farmer —
If I did I would now tell you.
But, little girl, if you wish to,
Perhaps you can one day tell me
What I have been, what I may do,
And give a complete pedigree.
But this I know, little maiden,
At least it's what I have been told;
And I've heard it, oh, so often!
But, strangely, it does not grow old:
That, whereas, once 'twas our duty
To cheer by our blossoms bright blue,
Instead of those blooms of beauty
We hold beautiful thoughts for you!"

WHAT THE CASTLE IS MADE OF

Once upon a time there lived, in a little valley at the foot of some mountains, a happy little family. Every day the father drove his sheep to the mountain sides so they could eat the fresh young grass which grew so abundantly there. He always carried his crossbow with him to protect his sheep from wolves or bears.

One day when this man was watching his sheep grazing on the mountain, there suddenly appeared a splendid big deer in the distance.

In his excitement the man forgot his sheep and started in pursuit of the deer. But the deer sprang from rock to rock and ran higher and higher up the mountain. The chase continued until the deer suddenly vanished through an opening, or doorway, in the mountain.

He was uncertain as to what to do, but he thought, "This is such a beautiful entrance; if the inside is as pretty, there can be nothing to fear." So walking through the opening he soon found himself in a large room, brightly lighted, with walls and ceiling dotted with precious stones.

In one end of the room was a great throne where sat the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. So awed was the man by this whole picture of loveliness that he dropped to his knees. It was all so unexpected that the man could not utter a word.

The Fairy Queen, who was the beautiful lady seated on the throne, saw how embarrassed the man was, and asked: "What do you wish, kind sir? Are you in trouble?" The man only shook his head, for he could say nothing.

Then the Fairy Queen again asked kindly: "Why have you come? Is there anything I can give you — gold, silver, or jewels?"

The man shook his head, but managed to say, "I should like to have that bunch of blue flowers you have in your hand, good Queen."

The Queen was greatly pleased. Realizing

"YOU HAVE CHOSEN WISER THAN YOU KNOW."

the complete embarrassment of the man, she went to where he was kneeling and handed him the flowers, saying: "My good man, you have chosen wiser than you know. These flowers are indeed most precious, as you will later discover. Take also some of these small seeds and sow them in your fields, and they will bear many blue flowers such as these."

The man thanked the good Queen, and immediately something happened — he never knew just what — but the next thing he knew, he was standing outside on the mountain.

He would have thought it all only a beautiful dream had it not been for the pretty blue flowers and the seeds that he carried in his hands.

At once he went down the mountain to his home. When he showed the flowers to his wife, and told her of his visit to the palace in the mountain, she was cross because he had not asked for gold and jewels instead of only a "few faded flowers," as she said.

But the man was patient, and presently went into the field to prepare the ground for the seeds the Fairy Queen had given him. After a few weeks tiny green sprouts showed themselves

all over the fields. They grew larger and larger until at length the blue flowers unfolded themselves in such numbers that the fields looked like a vast blue sky spread over the earth.

One night when the moon was shining brightly, the man saw the Fairy Queen and her helpers walking up and down between the rows of flowers. Often after that they came in the night, and the plants flourished and grew.

After a time the blossoms withered and tiny seeds came in their place. Then the Fairy Queen came to the cottage of the poor man and showed him how to cut and steep and break the plants and make them into fibers. She also showed the wife how to spin the fibers into threads, and weave the threads into fine cloth.

Before leaving this home the Fairy Queen said to the man and his wife: "This little flower that I gave you was the flax flower. I love it and wish to teach the people of earth to love it, too. Remember, the flax is not for you alone — you must share it with all the people."

The man and his wife did as the Fairy Queen commanded them to do, and gave flax seeds to all who asked for them, and they also taught

the people how to spin and to weave. After the man became rich his wife often said to him: "You did indeed choose wisely, my husband. The little blue flowers were better than gold and jewels."

It was not long before the people all over the country loved the little blue flowers as much as did the Fairy Queen. They all learned to spin and to weave, for they had many uses for the linen cloth even in those days. And today, we have more uses for this cloth than they had even then.

In those days when garments were worn and old they were discarded and thrown away. Today we do not throw away even rags. We are rapidly learning that everything has a use, and that to throw away anything at all is real waste.

If you were to hear some one say, "See these rags lying here? Now, the next time you see them they will be fine paper as white as the snow; or it may be that they will become some prettily tinted papers" — what would you think? You would probably think and say, "That sounds like a Fairy Tale."

But some wise person discovered how these old rags could be made into paper; then another wise person discovered how to print letters and words and sentences and stories on this paper. And these wise people made it possible for you to visit this Fairy Castle today.

And now that you know what Fairy Castles are made of, they must seem more than ever to be real Fairy Castles.

A BOOK is really the most wonderful Fairy Castle in all the earth!

— Old Greek Legend

A Song from the South

Sing, oh, sing of the cotton plant!
Bravely may it grow,
Bearing in its seeded bolls
Cotton white as snow!

Spin the cotton into thread;
Weave it in the loom;
Wear it now, dear little child,
In your happy home!

When you've worn it well and long,
Will it worthless be?
No; a *book* made from this dress
You yet, in time, may see.

Sort the rags and grind to pulp;
Weave the paper fair;
Now it only waits for words
To be printed there.

Thoughts from God to man sent down
May these pages show.
Sing, oh, sing for the cotton plant,
Bravely may it grow!

May ten thousand cotton plants
Spring up fresh and fair,
That words of wisdom and of love
O'er all the world shall bear.

— Author Unknown

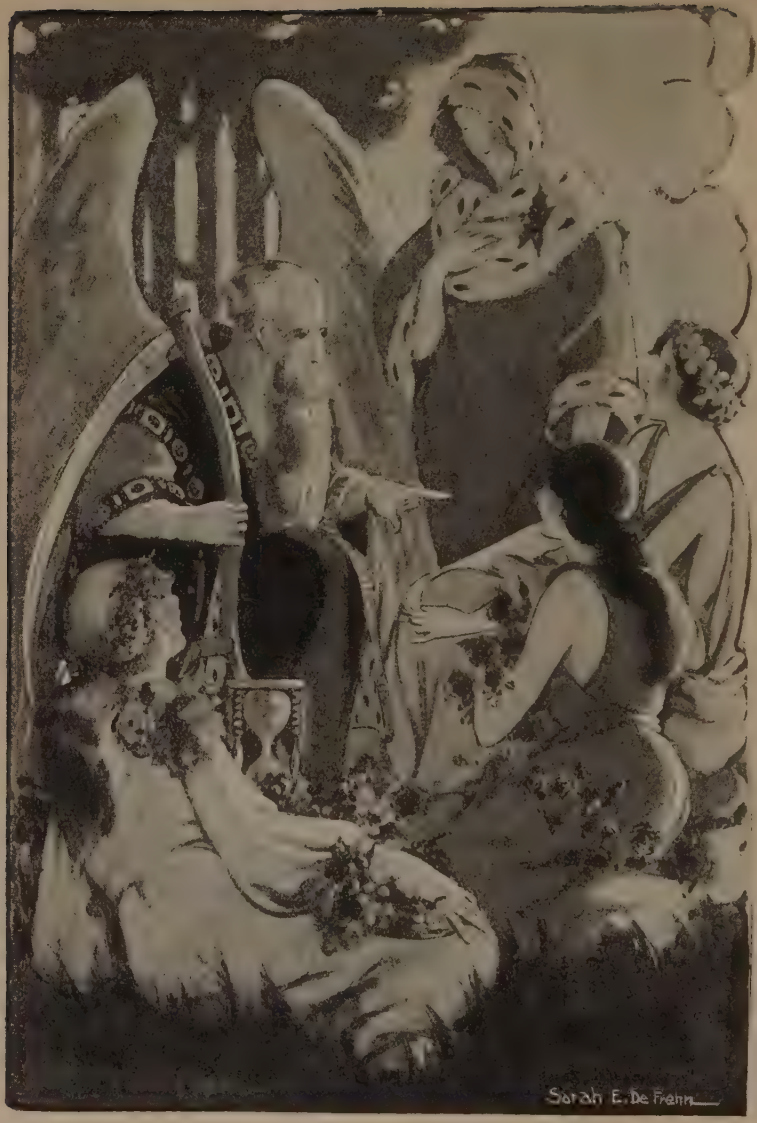
Study Suggestion

What is the relation of growing cotton to the pages of a book?

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits;

Love is the sweet sunshine
That warms into life;
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

— Author Unknown



FATHER TIME AND THE SEASONS

FATHER TIME AND THE SEASONS

You have now entered another Fairy Castle. Doubtless you observed its name, "The Progress of Time," before entering. In the entry perhaps you glanced over the names of the occupants of this castle. You may become acquainted with many of the people who have worked with Father Time in his efforts toward world progress. And you may learn to know many who by overcoming obstacles and using time unselfishly and to some good purpose have materially aided the world's progress and added so much to the health and happiness, accomplishment and success of the peoples of the world.

You may also learn to appreciate more and more the wonderful gifts that Father Time and Mother Nature bestow upon the children of the earth everywhere.

A long time ago when Father Time decided upon a division of Time, he called the four Seasons to him and told them what their duties would be and what he would expect of them and their children. Here are some records from the archives of Father Time.

Autumn, my melancholy daughter, there is much work for you and your daughters, September, October, and November. There is a great deal of grain to be gathered into the storehouses and an abundance of delicious ripe fruit to gather.

You have one of the very best holidays that the people of earth observe, and that is Thanksgiving Day.

There is more of a reason for observing Thanksgiving Day than there is for observing any other holiday. A people who have all the blessings of sunshine and rain, beautiful nature, abundant harvests, health, happiness and pleasure, home, and family have so much to be grateful for that they should never fail to take one day of the year in which to express their gratitude to a kind and loving God who gave them all these blessings.

No holiday in all the Year is comparable to Thanksgiving. There is no holiday quite like it anywhere in the world. It celebrates no battle, it is not just a business holiday, it is not the

birthday of any great man, it is not a custom of any church.

It is the great holiday of all the people who have worked all the year, and who take this one day to thank God for good harvests and abundant blessings.

It is not the celebration of the discovery of America or the Declaration of Independence, but just the voluntary and spontaneous expression of sincere gratitude for the true things, the real things, the good things — the simple blessings of a soil and the common life.

Many holidays have their foundation in war and battle, but Thanksgiving is the Holiday of Peace — the celebration of Work and Thrift!

It is a true American festival that speaks the poetry of the change of seasons, the beauty of the seed-time and harvest, the ripe product of the year, and the deep connection of all these things with God!

Your work is surely of genuine worth.

I rejoice with you in your usefulness and your happiness. You are a true friend of human folk, showing them that honest effort and its work will bring abundant reward.

I am going to send you and your sisters out upon your travels all over the world.

There will be some work for each of you in some part of the world all the time. Remember to arrive on time at your different fields of labor, and do not remain longer than you should.

Wherever your journeyings may carry you, may your coming bring peace, joy, health, happiness, and prosperity to all mankind!

I shall expect each of you to plan, direct, and carry into effect the large majority of the work that is yours, and which the earth people will expect of you. I shall assist you, of course, but I shall hold you responsible for results.

From time to time I shall talk to the people of the earth. I shall have some things to say that may help them to more greatly appreciate you and your work for them, and the opportunity you afford them for growth and development. You and they are my Builders. Build together for the Future.

Study Suggestions

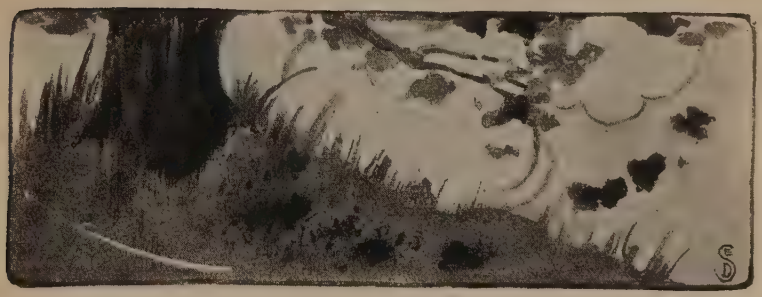
What important duties did Father Time assign to Autumn?

From your observation do you think Autumn performs these duties?

AUTUMN

What does it mean when crickets chirp?
And away to the Southland the wild geese steer?
When apples are falling, and nuts are brown?
These are the signs that Autumn is here.

— M. E. N. Hathaway



In Autumn, when the wind is up,
I know the acorn's out its cup.
For 'tis the wind who takes it out,
And plants an oak somewhere about.

— Frank Dempster Sherman

AUTUMN'S MIRTH

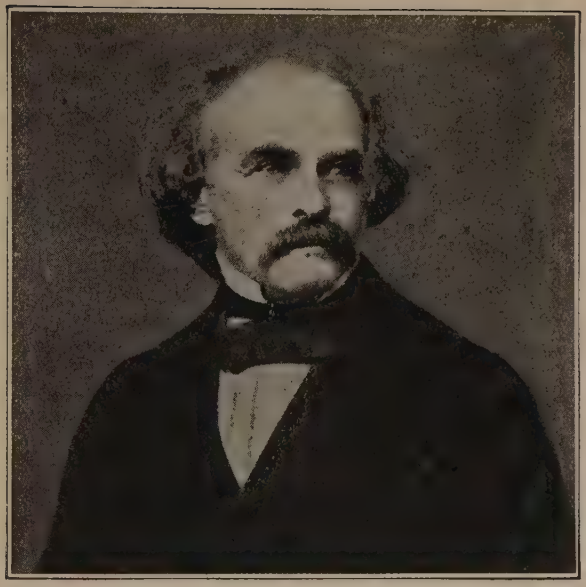
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves,
For, watch the rain among the leaves;
With silver fingers dimly seen
It makes each leaf a tambourine,
And swings and leaps with elfin mirth
To kiss the brow of Mother Earth;
Or, laughing 'mid the trembling grass,
It nods a greeting as you pass.
Oh! hear the rain amid the leaves,
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!

'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves,
Behold the wondrous web she weaves!
By viewless hands her thread is spun
Of evening vapors shyly won.
Across the grass from side to side
A myriad unseen shuttles glide
Throughout the night — till on the height
Aurora leads the laggard Light.
Behold the wondrous web she weaves:
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!

— Samuel Minturn Peck

STUDY SUGGESTION

Explain the meaning of:
" 'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves."



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

More than a hundred years ago in the town of Salem, Massachusetts, the people were gayly celebrating the Fourth of July, as was their annual custom. But one good father and mother, Captain Hawthorne and his wife, were just a little happier than the rest of the people in that city — and all because a new baby boy had come that very day to gladden their home and make them happy.

The father of this little boy, who was to be named Nathaniel, was captain of a large merchant ship that sailed around the world, stopping at all the great ports. This took the father away from home most of the time.

When Nathaniel was but four years old, word came to the mother that Captain Hawthorne had become ill of fever in a foreign city and had died there. When this great sorrow came into her life, the good mother took Nathaniel and his two sisters and went to live at the home of their grandfather Manning, in a tall gray house not far away.

Little Nathaniel was a handsome boy, with large deep eyes and a thoughtful countenance.

He loved to read, but he also loved the great out of doors and the open-air sports in which he was so skilled.

When he was fourteen years old, the family went up into the woods of Maine, on the borders of Sebago Lake. There Nathaniel indulged both his great loves, and divided his time between tramping through the forests, skating by moonlight on the lake, and reading — largely from Shakespeare and *Pilgrim's Progress*.

After a year of such pleasure and profit in the Maine woods, he went back to Salem, Massachusetts, where he studied for a time under a private teacher, and later entered Bowdoin College in the same class with Longfellow, the poet, and Franklin Pierce, who afterward became President of the United States.

He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825. For the next twelve years he lived at Salem with his mother, in the house his grandfather had left them. Here he spent all his time reading and writing. He had high ideals, and his writings not coming up to those ideals, he often destroyed many of them without showing them to any one, he being his own severest critic.

After a time some of his stories were published in magazines, and later collected and published in book form under the title of *Twice Told Tales.*

Longfellow, who had been a college chum of Hawthorne, was at that time writing for the magazine *North American Review,* and he was one of the first to praise Hawthorne's book and bring it to notice.

Feeling the necessity for receiving more money

than his writing was bringing him at that time, Hawthorne found employment in the customhouse at Boston.

But he did not neglect his writing, for he spent his evenings writing stories. It was during this time that he wrote his book of true stories from New England history, called *Grandfather's Chair*. In 1842, Hawthorne and Miss Sophia Peabody were married and went to live at Concord, Massachusetts, in a house in which Emerson, the poet, had once lived and which was called the "Old Manse." This house is still standing.

Later, Hawthorne was asked to take charge of the customhouse at Salem, which position he accepted. It was here that he found one day a bundle of old papers, dating from colonial times, and out of the facts related in these papers he conceived his story *The Scarlet Letter*, which is considered one of the most interesting stories ever written.

One of the happiest times of his life was spent at Lenox, among the mountains of western Massachusetts, with his wife and children. He almost lived outdoors, taking his children on

nutting excursions, making kites and boats for them, and telling them stories as they sat about him in the open outdoors. These stories were largely about Greek myths, and he published them afterward in *The Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*.

From one of the stories that Mr. Hawthorne told his children comes the story of Ceres and Persephone.

This story tells something about the division of Time, and explains why we have six months, beginning in the Autumn and extending through the Winter, when practically nothing grows upon a large part of the earth; and why we have six months, beginning with Spring and running through the Summer, when things grow in such abundance.

Study Suggestions

From your reading complete the following outline in your note book:

Nathaniel Hawthorne

1. When and where born.
2. Personal appearance.
3. Childhood interests.
4. Education.
5. His writings.

CERES AND PERSEPHONE

Ceres was the Greek goddess of agriculture. She had the care of the wheat, the corn, the rye, the barley — in fact, she had charge of the crops of every kind all over the earth. She taught the people how to plant and tend their crops, and took good care that they had rain and sunshine to help them.

One day in the very late summer time, Ceres made ready to go on her day's journey to help the people with their crops. Instead of a hat she put a wreath of poppies on her head, for this was her favorite flower and she wore poppies very often. Then she got into her chariot drawn by a pair of dragons, and was ready to start on her day's journey.

Ceres had a beautiful daughter whom she loved very dearly, and whom she left to look after the home each day. On this day when Ceres was telling her daughter good-by, Persephone said to her mother, "May I go down to the shore and play with the Sea Fairies?"

"Yes, my child," answered Mother Ceres, "but do not go away by yourself for you might get lost."

Almost before her mother was out of sight, Persephone was down on the shore of the sea calling to the Sea Fairies.

They knew her voice and came quickly, carrying with them a great many beautiful shells. Sitting down on the wet sand the Sea Fairies, using these dainty shells, made a lovely necklace for Persephone, and when it was finished placed it around her neck.

Persephone was delighted with the necklace, and she told the Fairies that she would make each one of them a floral wreath.

Persephone hurried away and began picking the choicest flowers and putting them into a pretty yellow scarf that was draped about her shoulders. Never had she seen more lovely flowers. Just as she was ready to return to the place where the Fairies were waiting she noticed a bush on which were some strange-looking blossoms. When she went nearer she saw that they were very beautiful and she began plucking them. In a few minutes Persephone heard a rumbling noise that sounded like the tramp of horses' feet and the rattling of wheels. Almost instantly there appeared before her a hand-

some young man in a chariot drawn by fiery black horses. Driving up in front of Persephone, the young man tried to persuade her to drive away with him in his chariot.

When she would not, the young man leaped to the ground, caught Persephone in his arms, and again mounting the chariot, shook the reins and called to the horses to be off.

Obedient to their master's command, the horses at once started on a swift gallop, and soon they seemed to be really flying through the air.

As they rode on, King Pluto — for it was he who was carrying Persephone away — did his best to cheer the pretty young lady. "Why should you be so frightened, my child?" said King Pluto. "I will not do you any harm. I have the most beautiful palace you ever saw. It shall be yours and you can be my queen. You can have gold and silver and diamonds. They call me Pluto, and I am the king of diamonds and all other precious stones. Every bit of the gold and silver that is in the earth belongs to me, as do also the copper and iron and the coal mines."

KING PLUTO IN HIS CHARIOT

"Let me go home! I do not care for palaces and jewels and thrones. Carry me back to my mother!" cried Persephone.

"Do not be foolish, Persephone," said Pluto. "I offer you my palace of a thousand rooms, my magnificent crown, and all the riches under the earth. What more could you wish? My palace needs the cheer and sunshine of a beautiful maiden, one who can cheer us with her smiles."

"I shall never smile again until you let me go back to my mother!" answered Persephone. But Pluto paid no heed to her entreaties. On and on went the chariot until they finally came to his palace.

"I shall neither eat nor drink while I am in your palace, even though you keep me here forever!" declared Persephone.

"I should be very sorry for that," replied King Pluto, sadly.

What was Ceres doing all this time? While she was busy in the broad fields a pigeon came flying to her and circled about her several times. Then it flew back and forth from Ceres to the chariot several times as much as to say, "Get into your chariot and follow me."

Although her work was not finished, Ceres got into her chariot and followed the pigeon. It led her straight to her own home. Going in and finding the house empty, she sought Persephone at the seashore. But the Fairies could not tell her anything about Persephone since she left them to gather flowers.

Night came on and still Ceres had no word of Persephone. After a time she found one of the beautiful flowers which grew on the plant that Persephone had plucked last. "There is mischief in this flower!" she said to herself. "The earth did not produce it by any help of mine. It is poisonous, and perhaps it has poisoned my child."

Determined to find Persephone, Ceres started immediately in search of her. Ceres continued her search day and night, and it was not only human folk that she asked about her daughter. In the woods and by the streams she met creatures of all kinds.

She talked with the flowers along the way as well as with the animal folk that inhabit the forests, but none of them had seen or heard Persephone.

While crossing a field where some sheep were grazing, Ceres saw a boy playing sweet music on his reeds. Around him, seated on the flowers and ground, were some Fairy musicians playing on their tiny violins, flutes, and drums. Recognizing the lad as Pan, the god who took care of the shepherds, she asked him whether he had seen her daughter. He was sorry for the mother and answered her very politely, although he was obliged to tell her that he had not seen Persephone.

She tapped on a large oak tree that stood close by. Immediately a door in the bark of the tree opened and a beautiful Tree Fairy stepped out. She sympathized with Ceres, but could give no information about Persephone.

She stopped beside a fountain flowing up from the sandy earth, and at once there appeared a pretty sea-green Water Fairy. Eagerly she inquired of the Fairy whether she had seen Persephone. But the Fairy could give her no help at all.

It occurred to Ceres that perhaps Jupiter could help her. After a long journey she arrived at the sunniest spot in the world. There she found Jupiter with a lyre, upon which he was making music while he sang beautiful songs that he had himself composed.

Approaching Jupiter the mother said: "I am in great trouble. Can you tell me what has become of my dear child Persephone?"

"Persephone! Did you call her name Persephone?" inquired Jupiter. "Yes, I remember her, a very lovely child indeed. I am happy to tell you, Mother Ceres, that I did see your daughter. You need not worry about her at all for she is safe and in excellent hands."

"Oh, where is my darling child?" cried Ceres.

"Why," said Jupiter, calmly, "as your daughter was gathering flowers in the field, King Pluto came in his golden chariot and carried her to his kingdom to make her his queen. While I have never been in the part of the world where his kingdom is, I am told that it is richer and more gorgeous than anything in our kingdom of light."

Now Mother Ceres made this declaration: "Not a stalk of grain nor a blade of grass, not a potato nor a turnip, nor any other vegetable shall grow until I have my daughter back with me. Never again shall anything grow upon the earth until it grows along the path my daughter will tread in coming back to me."

The people planted and tended as before, but nothing grew. Cattle and sheep were starving, people were in distress, but Ceres did not yield to their entreaties for help or to allow even the grass to grow.

Finally Ceres sought the help of Mercury, the messenger of the gods, who went to King Pluto and asked the return of Persephone to her mother.

One day after Persephone had been in Pluto's kingdom for six months, she was pleasantly surprised by Pluto coming to her and saying: "My dear Persephone, here is Mercury, who tells me that a great trouble has come upon innocent people on the earth outside, and all because I am keeping you here. You may now go with Mercury and he will carry you back to your dear mother."

Persephone was delighted at the thought of going to her mother, but she felt sorry for Pluto, for she knew he would be very unhappy without her.

Mercury and Persephone lost no time in starting upon their homeward journey. As they hurried on, the ground along their way became

green, flowers sprang up, grass and grain sprouted and began to grow rapidly as if to make up for the time that had been lost.

Out in the open, torch in hand, Ceres was sadly waiting some message from Mercury. Seeing the torch suddenly go out, she said: "What does this mean? It was an enchanted torch and should have burned until my child came back." Lifting her eyes, she was surprised to see the earth all about covered with growing things. Not understanding this, she exclaimed, "Does the earth disobey me when I have forbidden anything to grow until my daughter shall be restored to my arms?"

"Then open your arms, mother dear, and take your daughter into them!" cried Persephone, as she rushed into her mother's arms. When their hearts became quiet, Ceres looked anxiously at Persephone and asked, "My child, did you taste any food while you were in King Pluto's kingdom?"

"Dearest mother," answered Persephone, "until this very morning not a bite of food had passed my lips. But today, while walking in the palace gardens, I ate six pomegranate seeds."

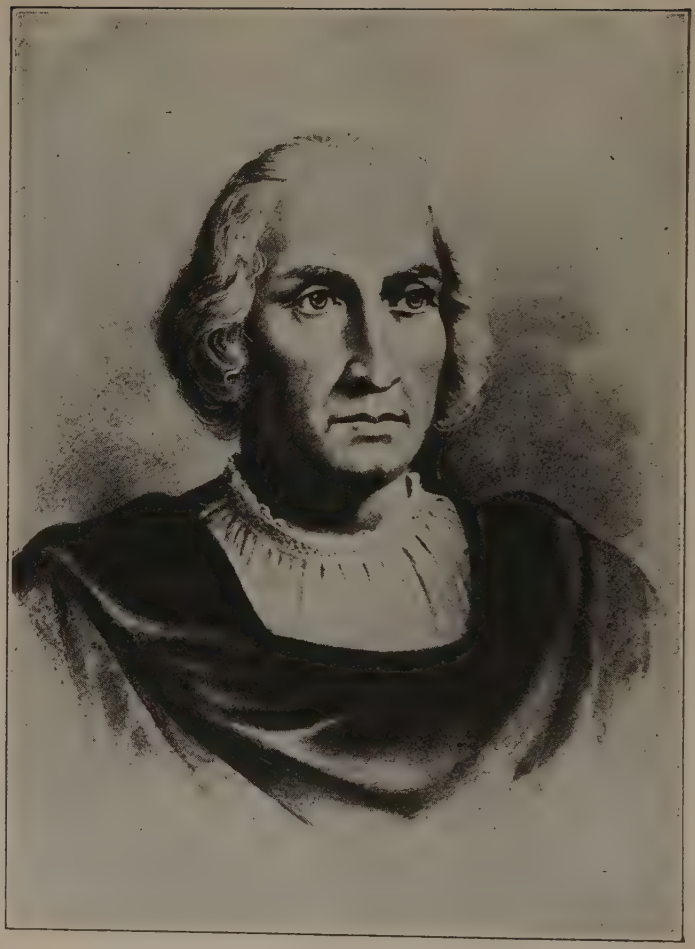
In Pluto's Garden

"Oh, my child!" sorrowfully said Ceres, "don't you know that for each of those six seeds you will be obliged to spend one month of every year in King Pluto's kingdom? Only six months with me, and six months with the King of Darkness."

"Do not speak unkindly of poor King Pluto," said Persephone. "He has some very good qualities. Of course he did wrong to carry me away, but he is lonely. It made a wonderful change in his spirits to have me there. There is some comfort in making him so happy. Let us be thankful that he does not keep me the whole year round, and that we can really carry sunshine and happiness down into the heart of the earth, as well as have it on top of the earth."

But Ceres has never become wholly reconciled to this six months' separation from her daughter, and each year when Persephone returns to Pluto's kingdom, Ceres becomes melancholy and permits the vegetation to dry up and die, the leaves to fall from the trees, and the earth to chill and become almost barren, while all of Mother Nature's children go to sleep.

— Nathaniel Hawthorne



COLUMBUS

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

Once upon a time there was a young man who insisted that the world was round like a ball or an orange. That was not a popular belief in those days of the long ago, for most of the supposedly wise men said that the earth was flat like a floor or a table.

The wise men were largely those who had it in their power either to help or to hinder Columbus — for he was the young man with the belief that the world was round — in the project that was uppermost in his mind, and they did the latter. But fortunately for Columbus he possessed a few traits of character that stood him in hand as well in those days as they do us in these days of the twentieth century — and some of these traits were persistence, faith in himself, and belief in his ideas.

In those days the merchants of the Far East had been carrying on trade by sending to Europe rare and costly goods, silks, spices, and

jewels of gold and precious stones. These treasures came from India, and were carried across the great deserts on the backs of camels. At Constantinople, or some seaport in western Asia, these goods were put on ships by traders, and sent across the Mediterranean Sea to be sold to the rich people in Europe. At one time nearly all the goods of this kind were carried to Venice and Genoa, two cities of Italy. The merchants of these cities became very rich, and the cities themselves grew to be very powerful.

Then came a warlike people called Turks. They overran all western Asia, captured Constantinople, and made themselves masters of the country roundabout. They held the seaports, the mountain passes, and the desert routes through which the trade of India had always been carried.

Now the merchants were greatly distressed, for they did not know how they were to get silks, spices, and jewels with which to supply their customers. They knew they would be compelled to find some new way to India, some way where they could not be troubled by the dreaded Turk.

The one big question of the day seemed to be, "How can we reach India by an easier and safer route than that across the deserts and the lands of the Turk?"

Columbus said to some of these men, "I can tell you how to reach India by a new route, and if you will but supply the ships and men, I will prove that I am right." Most of the men laughed at what they called his "queer ideas," and some said he was insane.

Columbus was more daring than men of his time, and it was with great difficulty that he got an audience with any of those who might be able to finance his experiment — a voyage across the Atlantic.

At the time that the merchants were discussing a new route to India, Columbus was living in Portugal. So he finally went to the king of Portugal and explained his plans. The king listened with great interest. Columbus showed him that the idea of the world's being round was not his own idea and was not even a new idea, but that for two thousand years thinking men among the nations had believed it.

After learning the ideas and plans of Columbus and examining the charts, the king of Portugal appointed a council to consider the matter. This council, after some study, decided against the plan. The king accepted the decision of the council, and told Columbus the project was not one that could be carried out with any hope of success.

The wise men said, "It cannot be done!" Knowledge and Self-confidence said, "It can be done — and I'll do it!"

Accordingly, Columbus, with his charts, started to Spain.

To Spain

As his wife had died while he was in Portugal, he took his little son, Diego, and together they set forth on foot to Spain, where Columbus hoped to get King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella to help him in making ready for a voyage of discovery.

In January, 1485, after a long weary journey, Columbus and his son came to a small monastery near the town of Palos, Spain. Columbus knocked at the gate, and asked for a drink

of water and a bite of bread for little Diego.

The head of the monastery, Father Perez, asked Columbus and his son to come in and rest, and they were glad to accept the kind invitation. Father Perez talked with Columbus and found him to be a man of much wisdom.

In the monastery was a young monk named Marchena, to whom Columbus showed his plans and the charts for a voyage to the westward. He told the monk the story of his life and what he hoped to do in Spain. Marchena studied the charts with great interest, and became at once a believer in the ideas of Columbus. He promised to help Columbus in every possible way, and asked him to let Diego remain at the monastery where he could be educated.

Leaving Diego at the monastery, Columbus went on to Seville, where he saw the queen, who patiently listened while he unfolded his plans. Then she asked a body of geographers, astronomers, and other learned men for an opinion. After a review of the arguments of Columbus, and an examination of the charts, they decided that it was not possible to find new lands to the westward, nor to reach India by that route.

Columbus now decided to go to France. Going by way of the monastery, he had the good fortune to get Father Perez, the head of the school, interested in the project, and he offered to assist Columbus by calling upon the queen and making known to her his confidence in Columbus and his plans.

At once Father Perez set out on his mule to Granada, where the queen was staying. The roads were rough, and the aged man suffered severely at times. At last he reached Granada, and presented to the queen his opinions and beliefs.

As a result of this visit of Father Perez, Columbus was sent for. He arrived in time to see the Moors, with whom the Spaniards had been warring, defeated, and Granada fall into the hands of the Spaniards. It was a most favorable time for Columbus, and with the war successfully ended, the happy queen once more listened attentively to his plans.

Queen Isabella favored the project and again appointed a council. The second time the council met, and a second time rejected the plans.

At once Columbus set out for France. He had gone scarcely six miles, when he was overtaken by a messenger from Queen Isabella, who asked him to return to court.

Success at Last

It is quite likely that Columbus retraced his steps with a happier heart.

Now it seemed that the dream of his life was to become a reality, for the queen agreed to furnish the necessary ships and men — even if she had to sell her jewels to do so!

So three ships were made ready for the voyage. Two of these ships, the *Niña* and the *Pinta*, were very small, thirty and fifty ton vessels, respectively, and without decks. The third, the *Santa Maria*, was a little larger, but it was only sixty-three feet long. This was the vessel chosen by Columbus as his flagship.

Columbus was made Admiral of the Ocean forever, viceroy, and governor-general of all such islands and continents as he should discover in the western ocean. He was to receive one-tenth of all the products and profits within the limits of his discoveries.

THE MOST EVENTFUL JOURNEY IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY HAD BEGUN

His little son Diego was made a page at the court of the queen. This was an honor, granted only to those of royal blood, or to sons of men who held high offices in the country.

It was the beginning of August, 1492, when the vessels were ready for the journey. There were, it is believed, in the neighborhood of one hundred persons in the expedition. When everything was ready, Columbus and his men went to the church at Palos where solemn prayers were offered for the success of the voyage.

Columbus Sails

On the morning of August 3, 1492, just as the sun was rising over the hills, Columbus flung aloft the flag of Castile, raised his anchor, and the little fleet sailed away from the harbor of Palos. The crowds on the banks of the river waved their farewells with tears in their eyes. The sailors themselves hardly hoped ever to return, and they wept as the land faded from view.

Slowly the three vessels drifted down the river and into the great Atlantic. The sails were filled with strong breezes, and the little fleet was soon lost from view on the distant horizon.

In a few days Columbus saw the Canary Islands with the great volcano Tenerife. The volcano was in violent eruption, and some of the sailors were filled with fear at the sight of the clouds of smoke and steam that poured forth. Columbus remained for a few days at these islands to make some repairs to the vessels, which had already begun to leak.

On the sixth of September they left the Canary Islands. Their course now lay to the westward, but for three days the vessels remained almost motionless in the calm which settled around them. These were days of anxiety for Columbus, as he had been told that three Portuguese vessels were lying in wait to capture him and his fleet. But on the ninth of September a breeze blew up, and the ships soon lost sight of the islands.

As the last trace of land faded from view on the horizon, many sailors wept aloud. Behind them were home, family, and friends; before them a boundless ocean and unknown dangers. Columbus, however, with his great kindness, calmed them.

While the northeast trade winds aided the vessels, they were a cause of great fear to the sailors. If the winds always blew steadily from the east, how would it be possible, they asked, to sail homeward again against such constant winds? It was not until the twenty-second of September that a wind arose from the west. Although the wind did not last long, it at least gave, for a time, new courage to the seamen.

As the little fleet sailed on day after day before the genial trade wind, discontent arose with greater force among the sailors, but Columbus kept on his westward course.

On the seventh of October, a flock of birds was noticed flying toward the southwest. Signs of the near approach of land now became more and more evident. Logs began to float past them, and green rushes, sticks that had been recently carved, and bits of sugar cane. Land birds became more and more numerous, while jays, ducks, and pelicans were frequently seen.

On the night of the eleventh of October, about ten o'clock, Columbus, intently watching for land, as was his custom, suddenly saw a light moving up and down in the distance.

At two o'clock the next morning, Friday, October 12, 1492, the lookout on the *Pinta* saw by the bright moonlight the long-looked-for coast line. The welcome cry of "Land!" was heard, while the warning gun rang out on the quiet night.

Columbus was now supremely happy, as he realized that the object of his years of toil had been reached at last. He had proved to himself and to others that he was right after all, and that land could be reached by sailing westward. He had succeeded in the face of all difficulties, had won in spite of criticism, and had actually done what so many had said could not be done!

When the day dawned, a green and sunny island was seen near by. There were trees on which hung fruits and flowers; flocks of birds were flying and singing among the branches; a group of excited men and women were gazing in wonder at the three ships.

The natives came nearer and nearer to view the strange scene. They saw the white men with their wonderful clothing, their arms, and

their beautiful boats which, with white sails, seemed to the natives like monstrous birds.

Some of the natives threw themselves into the water and swam out to the ships; others brought bananas, yams, oranges, and strange birds, and gave them to the sailors.

"Surely," thought the natives, "these wonderful beings who seem to have sprung from the sea are more than common men like ourselves; they must have come from some other world — or from heaven."

Going Ashore

The anchors were dropped, boats were let down, and Columbus, clad in his most gorgeous robes of scarlet and gold, with the chief officers of the other vessels, was rowed ashore. In his hand he carried the flag of Spain.

When they got ashore, their first act was to kneel and offer prayers of thanksgiving to God for bringing them and their ships safely across the sea. Then the flag of Spain was unfurled, and in the name of the king and queen, Columbus took possession of the island, which he named San Salvador.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS

After remaining there a few days, Columbus resumed his journey, landing at the principal islands and taking possession. A high cross was erected upon each headland.

Columbus and his men were more and more pleased with what they saw. Everywhere there were bright flowers, climbing vines, and groves of palms and banana trees. The sea broke on beautiful beaches; the skies were blue; the air was sweet with the breath of flowers; the men began to think they had found paradise.

But Columbus, who was seeking a new route to India said, "Surely this is part of India!" and he named the people Indians. He did not know that he had found a New World.

These Indians were friendly and gentle. They wore no clothes, but their bodies were painted with many colors. Some of them wore rings of gold in their noses and ears. They came near the strangers and seemed to wonder at their white faces.

On the twenty-eighth of October Columbus landed on the shores of Cuba, which he explored carefully. From here Columbus sailed to the

eastward, and soon saw on the horizon mountains that seemed to rise from the sea. The land was the island now called Haiti.

Columbus cruised along the north coast, until on Christmas Day his flagship, the *Santa Maria*, ran on a sandbank and was totally wrecked.

Starts Home

Columbus decided to return without delay. A few Indians were carried back to Spain so the king and queen could see the new type of man in this New World. Columbus took them aboard the *Niña*, the vessel he was now using as his flagship.

The homeward voyage was a hard one; terrible storms threatened to swamp the little boats. Fearing the vessels might be wrecked in the raging seas and all knowledge of his voyage be lost, Columbus wrote out a complete statement, which he wrapped in oiled cloth and sealed in a cask. This cask he threw overboard.

But on the fifteenth of March, 1493, the stanch little *Niña* and its great commander sailed into the harbor at Palos, from which they had sailed more than seven months before.

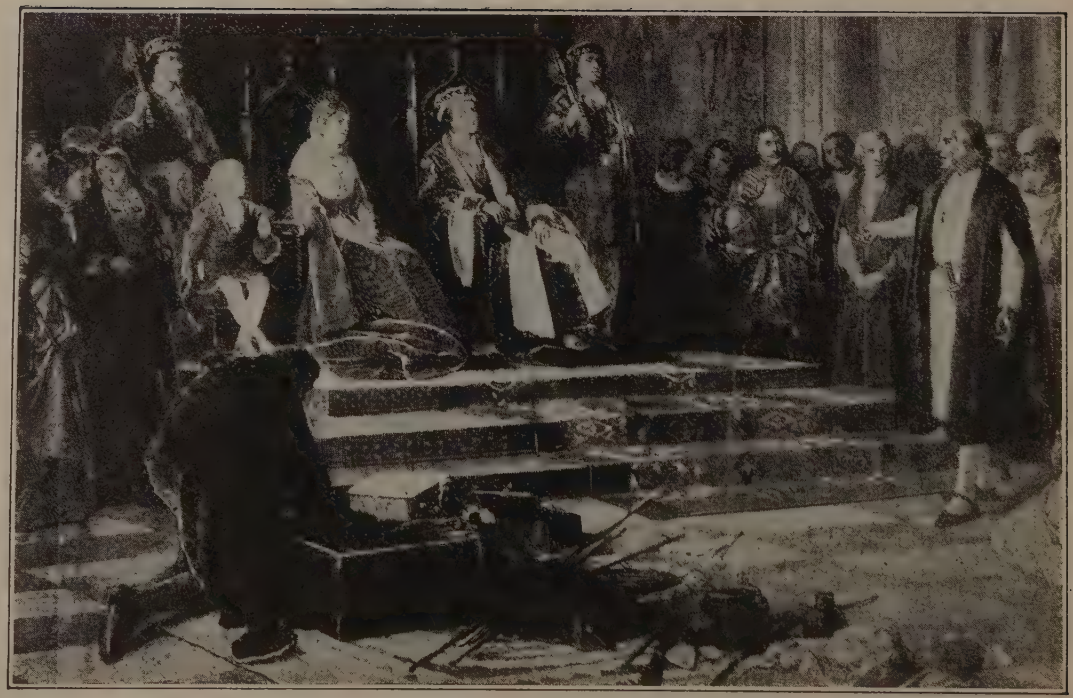
There was a great stir in the old town as the news was carried quickly from house to house, "Christopher Columbus has returned!" Bells were rung, cannons were fired, bonfires blazed, everybody rejoiced.

Upon reaching shore, Columbus and his men went at once to the church of St. George to give thanks to God for their safe return.

King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella were at Barcelona, a seaport town several hundred miles from Palos, and they invited Columbus to come there. Without delay the admiral started for the court. His journey was like that of a king. Every city through which he passed welcomed him with open arms. The streets were filled with people, anxious to see the great discoverer and the Indians that he had brought with him from the New World.

Columbus Before the King and Queen

As Columbus approached the court, the Spanish nobles came out to meet him. At last, about the middle of April, he reached the great city of Barcelona. He really made what could be called a "Triumphal entry" into Barcelona.



Columbus at Court of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella

First in the procession were the Indians, painted, and wearing ornaments of gold. After these came some of the sailors carrying live parrots, stuffed birds and animals of unknown kinds, and strange plants. One man carried a turtle shell almost as large as himself. Columbus followed on horseback, and with him many Spanish nobles and knights.

On a golden throne, surrounded by the nobility of the land, the sovereigns of Spain received Columbus. As he drew near, the king and queen and all the people arose. The admiral on bended knee kissed the hands of the king and queen, who raised him in the most gracious manner and ordered him to be seated, which was a rare honor.

Columbus then told them of his wonderful journey, of the beauty and riches of the land which he had found. When his story was finished, the king and queen knelt in thanks to God for the safe return of the voyagers. All the people did the same thing, and there was everywhere present a deep and solemn gladness.

Columbus, in searching for a new route to India, HAD DISCOVERED AMERICA!

CAN IT BE DONE?

Somebody said that it couldn't be done.
But he, with a chuckle, replied:
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so, till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it;
He started to sing, as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done. AND HE DID IT!

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that —
At least, no one ever has done it!"
But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat,
And the first thing we knew, he'd begun it!
With a lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin —
Without any doubting or quitting —
He started to sing, as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done. AND HE DID IT!!

There are thousands who tell you it cannot be done,
There are thousands who prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But, just buckle in, with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat, and go to it!
Just start in to sing, as you tackle the thing
That *cannot be done*. And YOU'LL DO IT!!!

— Edgar A. Guest

THE BOY COLUMBUS

Part One

"'Tis a wonderful story," I hear you say,
"How he struggled and worked and prayed,
And faced every danger undismayed,
With a will that would neither break nor bend,
And discovered a New World in the end."

But what does it teach to a boy of today?
All the worlds are discovered, you know, of course,
All the rivers are traced to their utmost source:
There is nothing left for a boy to find,
If he had ever so much of a mind
To become a discoverer famous;

And if we'd much rather read a book
About some one else, and the risks he took,
Why, nobody, surely, can blame us.

NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER

So you think all the worlds are discovered now;
All the lands have been charted and sailed about,
Their mountains climbed, their secrets found out;
All the seas have been sailed, and their currents known
To the uttermost isles the winds have blown,
They have carried a venturing prow?

Yet there lie all about us new worlds, everywhere,
That await their discoverer's footfall; spread fair
Are electrical worlds that no eye has yet seen,
And mechanical worlds that lie hidden serene
And await their Columbus securely.

There are new worlds in Science and new worlds in Art,
And the boy who will work with his head and his heart
Will discover his new world surely!

— Author Unknown

Study Suggestions

Do you think there are any discoveries left for the boy of today to make?

What do you think some of these might be?

THE MAN COLUMBUS

The following poem shows the spirit that animated Columbus on his first voyage.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now we must pray,
For, lo, the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! Sail on! And on!' "

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan, and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!' "

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say —"
He said, "Sail on! Sail on! And on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight,
He curls his lip — he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite:
Brave Admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! Sail on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck —
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlight flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its greatest lesson. "On! Sail On!"

— Joaquin Miller

From the complete poetical works of Joaquin Miller, copyrighted and published by the Harr Wagner Publishing Co., San Francisco.

THE COURAGE THAT WINS

This story contains 1089 words. You have made a good record if you can read it through, *silently*, in 6 minutes, and understand it. Time yourself or have some one time you, and see what your record is.

Many years ago I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a poorly clad, though clean little boy, not over twelve years of age, came in to ask whether they had geographies to sell.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know that they were so costly."

He turned to go out and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back. "I have only sixty-two cents," he said. "Will you let me have the book and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly the lad looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his patched clothes when the man refused his request! The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him a block away.

"And what now?" I asked.

"I shall try another place, sir."

"Shall I go too and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he, in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and four times I saw the boy's face cloud at a harsh refusal.

"Shall you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much money he had.

"Do you want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Why do you want it so much?"

"To study, sir. I cannot go to school, but when I have time I study at home. All the boys have geographies and they will be ahead of me if I do not get one. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to know about the places he used to go to."

"Does he go to those places now?"

"He is dead," replied the boy, softly. In a moment he added, "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you, my boy?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir, if I live."

"Well, my lad, I'll tell you what I will do. I will let you have the new geography and you may pay the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it and is it just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, it is as good as the new ones."

"It will do just as well then, and I shall have twelve cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly and I told him what I had seen and heard. When he brought the book I saw a nice new pencil and some clean white paper in it.

"A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that and you will make your mark," said the bookseller.

"Thank you, sir, you are very good."

"What is your name, my lad?"

"William Hartley, sir."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked, earnestly regarding the boy's serious face.

"More than I can ever get," he replied.

I gave him a two-dollar bill. "It will buy some for you," I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes.

"May I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad, whatever you want."

"Then I will buy a book for mother," he said. "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can repay you."

He asked my name and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him.

Many Years Later

Many years afterward I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had pleasant weather the greater part of the voyage, but toward the end there came a terrible storm and

the ship would have sunk with all on board had it not been for the captain.

Every mast was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak was filling the vessel with water. The crew was strong and willing men and the mates were practical seamen of the first class. But after pumping for one whole night with the water still gaining upon them, the sailors gave up in despair.

The captain, who had been below examining his charts, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and ordered every man to his post. It was surprising to see those strong men bow before his strong will and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then started below to look for the leak. As he passed me I asked him whether there was any hope of saving the vessel.

He looked at me and then at the other passengers and said: "Yes, sir, so long as one inch of this deck remains above water, there is hope. When that fails I shall abandon the vessel, not before, nor shall one of my crew. Everything shall be done to save the ship, and if we fail it will not be our fault. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps!"

Thrice during the day did we despair. But the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again. "I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," he said, "if you will be men."

And he did land us safe, but the vessel sank soon after she was moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking ship receiving the thanks of the passengers as they hurried down the gangplank.

As I passed, he grasped my hand and said, "Judge Preston, do you not recognize me?" I told him that I did not.

"Do you remember the boy who had so much difficulty in getting a geography, some thirty years ago, in Cincinnati?"

"I remember him very well. His name was William Hartley."

"I am he," said the captain. "God bless you!"

"And may God bless you too, Captain Hartley," I said. "The perseverance that thirty years ago secured you that geography has to-day saved our lives."

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

TIME — November, 1621

PLACE — Log House in Plymouth Colony

CHARACTERS

FATHER	PRISCILLA MULLINS
MOTHER	JOHN ALDEN
AUNT RUTH	MILES STANDISH
BETTY	MARY
RICHARD	EDWARD
ROBERT	SQUANTO

MOTHER:

You ought to put on a fresh back-log and build up the fire, Edward. It is much colder and we must have a warm fire when father returns. Robert and Richard will soon be here, too.

BETTY:

Where are Robert and Richard, mother? And where is father?

MOTHER:

Father is at the town-meeting. Robert and Richard are helping Isaac Allerton build his house.

AUNT RUTH:

Robert and Richard have worked hard and they have done their work well. Hard work

seems to agree with them, though. They are both hearty lads. They have helped in the building of nearly every house in the village. They will be master-builders before we know it.

MOTHER:

Stir the samp, Betty. Do not let it burn. The boys will be hungry and we must have supper ready when they come home.

MARY:

You are always thinking of others. I shall never forget how good you have been to me since my dear father and mother died in the terrible days of the great sickness.

MOTHER:

You have been a great help to us, and I am glad that you were sent here when the orphans were divided among us.

BETTY:

I am glad, too, that you live with us, Mary. You have taught me many things. May I get my knitting and work on it now, while you sew? Will you show me what stitches to make next?

MOTHER:

You cannot knit now, Betty. You must watch the porridge and stir it so that it will not burn.

EDWARD:

I hear steps, mother. Some one is coming.

MOTHER:

It must be your father. Open the door for him, Betty. Stir the fire, Edward.

BETTY (looking out of the window):

It is father, and he is bringing some one with him. Oh, it is John Alden!

(Father and John Alden come in.)

FATHER:

Come in, John, and get warm. The good wife will be glad to see you and have a talk with you before you go on your way.

JOHN ALDEN:

Good-day to all of you. How warm and comfortable you are here!

MOTHER:

Yes, things are much better with all of us in Plymouth Colony than they were a year ago.

MARY:

That was a terrible winter! I can never forget it.

MOTHER:

Yes, it was terrible. But it is better to think of the good we have than to grieve over what we cannot change.

FATHER:

We have much to be thankful for. Less than a year ago we were doling out our small store of Indian corn and fearing that soon even that would be gone.

JOHN ALDEN:

I have not forgotten that. Well do I remember when our ration was but five kernels each. Now we have plenty of food.

AUNT RUTH:

How thankful we should be that our lives were spared in that dreadful time, and that our harvest has been abundant!

FATHER:

That is what Governor Bradford said today in the town-meeting. He has named a day for public thanksgiving. We are all to gather at the meeting-house for prayer and praise. Afterward there is to be a great feast. We are to have a real celebration for three days.

MOTHER

Governor Bradford sets us all a good example. None of us can forget that sad day before we left the *Mayflower*, when he came back to the ship to find that his wife had died by drowning.

JOHN ALDEN:

I shall never forget how he and Miles Standish worked and cared for the sick and dying in that time of the great sickness.

MARY:

It is sad, too, that with all the care and devotion, the Captain could not save the life of sweet Rose Standish.

MOTHER:

When sorrow is bravely borne it makes the heart tender. Miles Standish is a bluff soldier, but none has a kinder heart.

EDWARD:

Oh, father, tell us more about the feast. Are the children to go, too? Did Governor Bradford say anything about us?

FATHER:

Every one is to go. Even the Indians are to be invited. We want them to learn that we are truly their friends and that we wish to share with them whatever we have.

EDWARD:

What are they to have at the feast, father? Tell us more about that.

FATHER:

My son, do not forget that a thankful heart

is better than a feast. We should give thanks in our hearts for our present peace and plenty.

BETTY:

Oh, we do give thanks, father! Every day of our lives we are glad that we are no longer hungry.

MARY:

And we give thanks that Squanto is our friend and helps us to be friendly with the other Indians.

BETTY:

They look so savage and so strong, father, and there are so many of them! Every night when I climb to our dark loft to sleep I am glad that we do not have to be afraid of the Indians.

EDWARD:

When I am a man, Betty, I will be a soldier like Captain Miles Standish. I will carry a matchlock and a sword. Then you need never fear the Indians.

FATHER:

Let us hope that Massasoit and his men may keep peace with us so well that there will be no need for matchlocks and swords when you are a man, Edward.

MOTHER:

I think that Squanto is a true friend to us. He has already been of great help. He will do all he can in helping us to keep peace with Massasoit.

JOHN ALDEN:

He has taught us many things, too. We knew nothing about maize until he taught us to plant it in hills, and to put fish in the soil to enrich it. He also showed us how to hoe the earth around the stalks, if we would have fat ears.

EDWARD:

Squanto taught Robert and Richard how to catch eels. They go down to the shore and tread them out of the mud with their feet. Sometimes the mud is full of fat eels.

MOTHER:

The eels have kept us from being hungry many a time, too. We have had many a pot of good eel broth.

AUNT RUTH:

Squanto showed Robert and Richard where to find lobsters and how to catch them.

MARY:

He taught us how to pound the maize into meal and how to cook the meal.

BETTY:

Mother, will you teach me how to make a journey-cake from pounded meal?

MOTHER:

I will show you sometime. Stir the meal in the kettle, else we may have scorched porridge before we have a journey-cake.

AUNT RUTH (as Robert and Richard enter):

Here are our builders. Tell us, how did Isaac Allerton's house fare at your hands today?

ROBERT:

It is almost finished. There were five of us at work on it this afternoon.

FATHER:

You have done well. This is the seventh house in Plymouth — with the meeting-house and the storehouses. It makes a year's work that our men may be proud of.

(A knock is heard at the door.)

Open the door, Richard.

(Priscilla Mullins enters.)

MOTHER:

Good-day, Priscilla. How is it that you are out at this time of day? You are usually busy at this time with the evening meal.

PRISCILLA:

I heard about the great feast, and that is what has brought me here when I should be at the fireside stirring porridge as Betty is doing. I came to see if you can let Mary help me to-morrow. Do you know that Massasoit and his ninety men are to be here for three days? Is not that a goodly number for the four wives of Plymouth to feed?

MOTHER:

It is truly a large number for the four wives to feed. But the maidens are strong and willing. They will be glad to lend their aid.

AUNT RUTH:

We must work to prepare the feast. It is well that we have such a goodly store of plums and grapes.

MOTHER:

This feast will not be like our English feasts. We cannot make the old dainties. We have neither milk nor eggs. We have no good beef and mutton, and no flour to make fine bread.

FATHER:

We must not wish for these things, wife. We have found a land of freedom. We will take what it can give us and be thankful.

MOTHER:

I know! I know! We will do our best. I am truly thankful.

AUNT RUTH:

We have an abundance of corn for porridge and hominy, and Betty's journey-cakes. There are plenty of eels to boil and roast.

PRISCILLA:

I have been trying my hand at these great pumpkins. They make fine pies. I want Mary to help me make a great many of them for the feast.

AUNT RUTH:

We have heard of your pumpkin pies, Priscilla. We have heard how very good they are. There must be no lack of them at the Governor's Thanksgiving feast, for all will wish for some.

PRISCILLA:

Tomorrow we must get up early. The days will not be long enough for all we have to do.

MOTHER:

And night is a poor time to work, when our only light is firelight and a fish-oil lamp.

MARY:

I wish we had tallow candles as we had in England.

FATHER:

We must have patience a little longer. Before long we shall be able to send a ship's load back to England. Then we may get cows in return, and we shall no longer miss the milk and butter and cheese, and the beef and tallow.

JOHN ALDEN:

Governor Bradford says, now that the harvest is over, we must get together a cargo of beaver fur and sassafras to send back on the next ship that brings colonists to Plymouth.

PRISCILLA:

I must go now to prepare supper for our household.

JOHN ALDEN:

I will walk home with you, Priscilla, if I may.

(Priscilla and John Alden leave.)

EDWARD:

Since Priscilla and Mary are to make so many pumpkin pies for the feast, may I have two pieces, mother?

MOTHER:

He who eats must work. How are you going to help with the feast, Edward?

EDWARD:

I can bring wood for the fire and carry water.

FATHER:

There are lobsters and fish and eels a-plenty. We may not miss the English fare so much after all.

EDWARD:

Father, are you going to hunt for turkeys? May I go with you? Do you think I could shoot a bear or a deer? If I can, Betty can have a deer-skin dress such as Squanto says the Indian maidens wear.

ROBERT:

Squanto says that the bears are fierce. He says that the deer are swift, and that they can run faster than a small boy with a heavy match-lock. You could not keep up with them, Edward.

RICHARD:

Do not go after a bear, Edward, until you can shoot better. If you do, we may have a sad Thanksgiving Day.

FATHER:

Keep away from the forest, Edward, until you are older. Do you not remember how John Billington was lost in the forest for five days?

MOTHER:

He was found among unfriendly Indians twenty miles from home, was he not, father?

AUNT RUTH:

It took ten men, well armed, to persuade the Indians to give him up, I believe.

(Footsteps are heard outside. Robert opens the door and admits Captain Miles Standish.)

MILES STANDISH:

Good-day to you all! How many of you are going on the hunt with us tomorrow? We will need many turkeys to feed Massasoit and his ninety men.

FATHER:

Welcome, Captain! There are three here to join in the hunt. Richard shall go with us tomorrow on his first hunt.

RICHARD:

Thank you, father. How glad I am that you will let me go with you! Squanto says the turkeys are very plentiful this year. He says that some of the flocks have as many as a hundred turkeys in them.

FATHER:

Some of them are quite large, too. I have heard that an Indian once brought in a turkey weighing thirty pounds. We can use several such fowl if Massasoit's men are as keen of appetite as usual.

MILES STANDISH:

When we return from the hunt we will practice at arms. We want to make a good showing at the Governor's feast. Then the Indians may see that we have something with which to protect ourselves, even though we are not so many in number.

FATHER:

Go to the door, Richard, and see who is outside. I think I hear footsteps.

(Richard admits Squanto and three other Indians.)

RICHARD:

Father, here are Squanto and three other Indians. They wish to speak to Captain Miles Standish. They are on their way to Massasoit's camp.

MILES STANDISH:

Welcome, Squanto! What is it you wish?

SQUANTO:

The white men make a great feast. Squanto and his friends go to tell Massasoit to bring all his men.

MILES STANDISH:

Tell Massasoit that the Governor wishes him and his men to come and stay with us for three days. We will do our best to feast them well.

SQUANTO:

Squanto will tell Massasoit. But first Massasoit and his men will go on a great hunt. They will bring many deer for the feast.

(Squanto and the three other Indians leave.)

MILES STANDISH:

Right glad we will be if Massasoit and his men do bring many deer. One Indian may count for twenty when it comes to eating. Ninety Indians may thus be a goodly number to feed, as the good wife here is already thinking, no doubt. Good night. We will count on you and these two strong lads to help in the great hunt tomorrow.

(Leaves.)

FATHER:

Let us have supper and then go to bed. We have busy days before us. And as we prepare our feast, I hope we will not think more of the good things to eat than of the goodness of God in guiding us to this free land.

MOTHER:

And give thanks, too, that we are all here together; that we are well and strong and happy, and ready to rejoice on our first Thanksgiving Day.

A STORY IN RIME

The chill November day was done,
The working world home faring;
The wind came roaring through the streets,
And set the gas lights flaring;
And hopelessly and aimlessly,
The scarred old leaves were flying,
When, mingled with the sighing wind,
I heard a small voice crying.

And, shivering on the corner, stood
A child of four, or over;
She cherished in her wee, cold hand
A bunch of faded clover.
No cloak or hat her small, soft arms
And wind-blown curls to cover;
'Twas plain she was in trouble, and
Just what, I must discover.

And, one hand round her treasure, while
She slipped in mine the other,
Half-scared, half-confidential, said,
"Oh! Please, I want my mother."
"Tell me your street and number, pet;
Don't cry: I'll take you to it."
Sobbing, she answered, "I forget:
The organ made me do it.

"He came and played at Miller's step,
The monkey took the money;
I followed down the street because
That monkey was so funny.
I've walked about a hundred hours
From one street to another;
The monkey's gone; I've spoiled my flowers;
Oh! Please, I want my mother."

"But what's your mother's name? And what
The street? Now think a minute."
"My mother's name is Mother Dear;
The street — I can't begin it."
"But what is strange about the house,
Or new — not like the others?"
"I guess you mean my trundle-bed —
Mine and my little brother's.

"O dear! I ought to be at home
To help him say his prayers,
He's such a baby he forgets;
And we are both such players;
And there's a bar between to keep
From pitching on each other,
For Harry rolls when he's asleep;
O dear! I want my mother."

The sky grew stormy; people passed
All muffled, homeward faring,
"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
I said at last, despairing.
I tied a kerchief round her neck:
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why, don't you know?" she, smiling, said,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with *number*, *street*, and *name!*
My eyes astonished met it;
"For," said the little one, "you see
I might sometime forget it,
And so I wear this little thing
That tells you all about it:
For mother says she's very sure,
I should get lost without it."

— Eliza Sproat Turner

Study Suggestions

Who had placed the card around the little girl's neck? Why?

Name some ways in which grown people carry their addresses all the time.

Is it a good thing to carry some means of identification? Why?

THE TWO VOICES

This story contains 347 words. Read it through *silently*, and be able to tell what these voices were. Time yourself, or have some one time you, and see what your record is. If you can read it through in 2 minutes, and understand it, you have a good record.

An old Indian once bought some things from a white man who kept a store. When he got back to his wigwam and opened the bundle he found some money inside of it.

"Good luck!" thought the old Indian to himself. "I shall keep this money. It will buy many more things."

He went to bed, but he was restless and could not sleep. He tossed and rolled until he was tired, but still he could not sleep. All night long he was thinking about the money. Over and over he would say to himself: "I will keep it. I will keep it for my very own."

But a voice within kept replying to him, and it always said: "No, you must not keep it; it does not belong to you; you cannot keep it; that would not be right."

He tried to quiet the voice, but it would not be quieted, and persisted in intruding itself upon the sleepless Indian.

Wearied with the struggle through the long, wakeful night, the old Indian arose very early the next morning and went immediately to the white man's store.

He was pleased to see the white man and said to him: "Here is some money. I found it in my bundle when I got home yesterday."

"Why did you not keep it?" asked the surprised storekeeper.

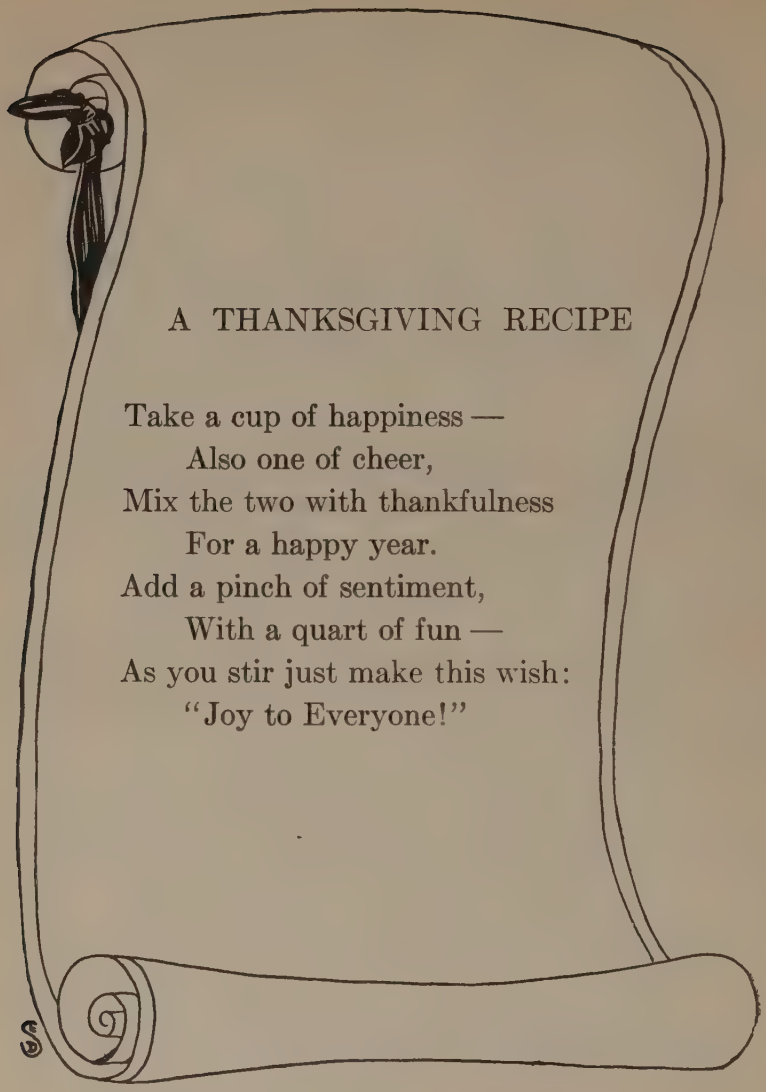
"There are two voices inside of me," replied the Indian. "One said, 'Keep it, you found it, and the white man will never know.' But the other voice kept saying, 'Take it back! It is not yours. You have no right to it!'

"Then, sir, the first voice would reply, 'You are foolish to take it back. Keep it! Keep it! No one will ever know!'

"But the second voice spoke more loudly, 'No! Take it back! It does not belong to you.'

"These two voices inside me talked all night long and would not let me sleep. So I have brought the money back, sir. Now the two voices will have nothing to talk about, and tonight I can sleep. Good-by, sir!"

— An Old Indian Tale



A THANKSGIVING RECIPE

Take a cup of happiness —
Also one of cheer,
Mix the two with thankfulness
For a happy year.
Add a pinch of sentiment,
With a quart of fun —
As you stir just make this wish:
"Joy to Everyone!"

WINTER

What does it mean when the days are short?
When the leaves are gone and the brooks are dumb?
When the fields are white with the drifting snow?
These are the signs that Winter has come!

— M. E. N. Hathaway

In Winter, when the wind I hear,
I know the clouds will disappear;
For 'tis the wind who sweeps the sky
And piles the snow in ridges high.

— Frank Dempster Sherman

And now, my severe daughter Winter, I suppose you must live up to your reputation, with your children December, January, and February. Although your reputation is that of severity, you nevertheless deal very gently with many people. And we who know you well, realize that your cold exterior covers a very warm heart.

The sowing and planting have been done largely by Spring and her children. Summer and her children have cared for and developed all the things that Spring planted. Autumn gathered in the fruits, nuts, grains, and vegetables that Spring and Summer planted and tended. You will not have so much work to do while Mother Nature's plant children are slumbering, and the people of earth are taking time for rest from their long months of labor.

The days are much shorter and the nights are much longer, so families gather around the firesides and enjoy the companionship of relatives and friends. They go to bed earlier and get more sleep, so they will be strong and ready to

work hard in the Springtime when Mother Nature wakes her plant children from their long sleep.

There must be a period of rest during each year for all living things, and I am going to let you look after this rest period. See that the earth is covered with a warm snow-blanket so that the sleeping seeds, bulbs, and roots are kept cosy and warm, that they may have happy dreams of the beautiful presents they will bring to the children of earth when Spring calls them from their slumbers.

See that all birds, animals, and people are well housed and fed. And do not let your winds get too frisky, for when they do, they break and destroy property that the people and the other Seasons have to build up again, and that causes trouble and unnecessary work, with the consequent loss of time.

Your children can see that the boys and girls have plenty of snow so they can make snowmen and build snow-houses, and go sleighing. Give the boys and girls plenty of ice so they may have their skating, for skating is good exercise. You can trim the trees and bushes with your

pretty snow-crystals, for the people like to see these jewels sparkling in the sunshine and twinkling like so many stars.

Your children will have some holidays and birthdays to celebrate. It is good work, too, that your children can do in this way, for it will bring joy and pleasure.

The first festive occasion for you is the happy Christmas-time — the best of days and the best of gifts are for December. No warbling birds has she, but the gladsome Christmas carols are hers. Mother Nature gives her no fresh flowers, but instead, the brilliant red holly and Christmas berries gleam brightly from among the green leaves.

Yours, my daughter, is the time to cheer the hearts of the people and see that all are happy.

Try to see that those who have been fortunate share with those who may have been less fortunate. Try to have all, according to how they have prospered, give of their abundance in the same spirit that the Christ Child gave himself. It is the gladsome time of the year when love and joy reign supreme.

As you have less work to do than your sisters,

I am going to let you be my book-keeper. If you care to, you can turn this work over to your son, January. I want you to give me an account of all the things that have been accomplished during the old year, and a plan for the work of the new year. You will need to plan well so that the new year will have a good report to give at the close of the year.

February may have her cheering parties and celebrations, for the people will be tiring of cold days and long nights that keep them indoors so much and will be restless and longing for the balmy days of Spring — so they will be in need of joy-giving diversions. I shall hear your plans, now, Winter.

WINTER

Some folks say that my snow-white garments make me look cold and make them feel cold. I may seem to them to be cold, but my heart is in the right place. I cover the earth with my very softest blanket, so that all the tender flower-babies may sleep cosily and snugly until sister Spring awakens them.

I am really quite jolly, too, for I provide the

people with many kinds of sports. The children have fine times with their sleds and skates and snow men and snowballs. And the other people are very eager to go sleighing and skiing, and to hold their winter carnivals.

The merriest of holidays have I, when all hearts are gay and filled with love for others, and when the children are happy getting ready for the visit of jolly old Santa Claus.

I would not change my season, dear Father Time, with any of my sisters. I say "good-by" to Old Year and welcome in New Year. I, alone, have the privilege of greeting the people with "A Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

STUDY SUGGESTIONS

What duties did Father Time assign to Winter?

How were these duties to be divided among the Months?

From your own observation, do you think Winter usually performs all duties well?

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

A few years ago there was a little school girl by the name of Virginia O'Hanlon, who lived in New York City.

Virginia heard some of her schoolmates saying that there was no Santa Claus, so she did what all girls and boys should always do when they are in doubt about anything — she asked her parents. The father, probably taken by surprise, and not knowing just how to answer his little daughter, said to her, "If the *Sun* says there is a Santa Claus, it is so."

This set Virginia to thinking. Perhaps this is what she thought: "Father says that if the *Sun* says there is a Santa Claus, there is one. I think I'll find out what the *Sun* has to say about it." She wrote a letter to the editor of the *Sun*, and this is what she said:

Dear Mr. Editor:

I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. My father says, "If you see it in the 'Sun,' it is so."

Please tell me the truth — is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon.

The reply to this little letter, printed the next day in the *Sun*, was written by one of the editorial writers, Mr. Francis P. Church — "a man with a great big heart and a fine appreciation of things," as his associates said of him.

Dear little Virginia:

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in Fairies! You might get your father to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus; but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus.

The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see Fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are, unseen and unseeable, in the world.

You tear apart the baby's rattle to see what makes the noise inside — but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart.

Only faith, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond.

Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives, and he lives forever! A thousand years from now, Virginia — nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the hearts of childhood!

The *Sun*.

Study Suggestions

Did Mr. Church think of Santa Claus as a real live person or as the spirit of Christmas?

How may we help to keep the spirit of Christmas alive?

Another beauty of this letter is its conversational style of composition. Write a letter to some one whom you know very well, and write just as you would talk with that person.

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

Observe the orderly treatment of this subject — the maker of New England weather.

Mr. Clemens, the author of this story, was for a short time a pilot on the Mississippi River. In pilot's language *mark twain* means *exactly two* — that is, the water at the bow of the boat is exactly two fathoms deep. Mr. Clemens used the term *Mark Twain* as his pen name.

I reverently believe that the Maker who makes us all makes everything in New England but the weather.

I don't know who makes the weather, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the Weather Clerk's factory, who experiment and learn how in New England for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries that require a good article and will take their custom elsewhere if they do not get it.

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration — and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them out on the people to see how they will go.

But it gets through more business in spring

than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred thirty-six different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man who had the marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all climes. I said, "Don't do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day."

I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity. Well, he came — and he made his collection in exactly four days!

As to variety, why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity — well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare — weather to hire out — weather to see — weather to deposit — weather to invest — weather to give to the poor.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it.

You take up the papers and observe how confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region; see him sail along in his power till he gets to New England, and then — see his tail drop!

He does not know what the weather is going to be in New England.

Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: "Probable nor'-east to sou'west winds, varying to the south'-ard and west'ard and east'ard and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes, with thunder and lightning."

Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the program may be wholly changed in the meantime."

Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it; you are certain there is going to be plenty of weather — a perfect grand review.

You never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally forth with your sprinkling pot, and ten to one you get drowned.

You make up your mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and, the first thing you know you get struck by lightning.

These are great disappointments. But they cannot be helped. The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing!

And the thunder. When the thunder commences to merely tune up, and scrape, and saw, and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say, "Why, what awful thunder you have here!" But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins, you'll find that stranger down in the cellar, with his head in the ash barrel.

Now as to the size of the weather in New England — lengthways, I mean. Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see that New England weather sticking out be-

yond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring states.

She cannot hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about, where she has strained herself trying to do it.

I could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen.

I like to hear rain on a tin roof, so I covered part of my roof with tin, with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rains on the tin? No, sir; skips it every time. Mind, in this speech I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather; no language could do it justice.

But, after all, there are at least one or two things about that weather (or, if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with.

If we had not our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries — the ice storm — when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the

top — ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice beads, frozen dewdrops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume.

Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all these myriads of beads and drops to prisms that glow and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence! One cannot make the words too strong!

Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather. But when the ice storm comes at last, I say, "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you do not owe me a cent; go and sin no more; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world!"

— Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens)

THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING

A Recipe

Take some human nature, as you find it,
The commonest variety will do;
Put a little graciousness behind it,
Add a lump of charity, or two.

Squeeze in just a drop of moderation,
Half as much frugality, or less;
Add some very fine consideration,
Strain off all of poverty's distress.

Pour some milk of human kindness in it,
Put in all the happiness you can;
Stir it up with laughter every minute,
Season with good will toward every man.

Set it on the fire of heart's affection,
Leave it till the jolly bubbles rise;
Sprinkle it with kisses, for confection,
Sweeten with a look of loving eyes.

Flavor it with children's merry chatter,
Frost it with the snow of wintry dells,
Place it on a holly-garnished platter,
And serve it with the song of
Christmas bells.

— Author Unknown

THE MAIL COACH PASSENGERS

THE MAIL COACH PASSENGERS

It was bitterly cold, the sky glittered with stars, and not a breeze stirred. "Bang, bang!" went the guns.

It was New Year's Eve, the church clock was striking twelve, and the mail coach came lumbering up. The clumsy vehicle stopped at the gate of the town. All the places had been taken, for there were twelve passengers in the coach.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" cried the people in the town, for in every house the New Year was being welcomed, and as the clock struck, they stood up. Before the town gate the mail coach stopped with the twelve passengers. And who were these passengers? Each of them had his passport and his luggage with him; they even brought presents for all the people in the town. Who were they? What did they want? What did they bring with them?

"Good morning!" they called to the sentry at the town gate.

"Good morning!" replied the sentry; for the clock had struck twelve. "Your name and profession?" asked the sentry of the one who alighted first from the carriage.

"See for yourself in the passport," he replied. "I am myself." And a famous fellow he looked, arrayed in bearskin and fur boots.

"I am the man on whom persons fix their hopes. Come to me tomorrow, and I'll give you a New Year's present. My ships are often frozen in, but in my offices it is warm and comfortable. My name is *January*. I'm a merchant, and I generally bring my accounts with me."

FEBRUARY

Then the second alighted. He seemed a merry fellow. He was a director of a theater and a leader of all the amusements one can imagine.

"I'll prepare a merry tune for you and for myself, too. Unfortunately, I have not long to live — the shortest time, in fact, of my whole family — only twenty-eight days. Sometimes they let me have an extra day. Hurrah!"

"You must not shout so," said the sentry.

"Certainly I may shout," retorted the man. "I'm Prince Carnival, traveling under the name of *February*."

The third now got out of the mail coach. He looked as though he had been fasting; but he carried his head very high, for he was related to the "forty (k)nights," and was a weather prophet. In his buttonhole he wore a little bunch of violets, but they were very small.

"*March! March!*" the fourth called after him, slapping him on the back. "Forward, Master March!" The speaker wanted to remind him of his own name, and to play an April-fool joke on him; for with that fun the fourth generally began his career. *April* looked very jolly.

"If the world were only a little more settled," said he; "but sometimes I'm obliged to be in good humor, and sometimes a bad one; now rain, now sunshine. I can laugh or cry, according to circumstances. I have my summer wardrobe in this box, but it would be very foolish to put it on now."

After him, a lady stepped out of the coach. She called herself *Miss May.* She wore a summer dress and overshoes; her dress was a light green, and she wore anemones in her hair.

"Your health, and God bless you!" was her salutation.

How pretty she was — and such a singer!

JUNE

"Now comes the young lady," said those in the carriage; and out stepped a young dame, delicate, proud, and pretty. It was *Mistress June*, in whose service people become lazy, and fond of sleeping for hours. She gives a feast on the longest day of the year, that there may be time for her guests to partake of the numerous dishes at her table.

JULY

Her younger brother, *July*, was with her. He was a plump young fellow, clad in summer garments, and wearing a straw hat. He had but little luggage with him, because luggage was so cumbersome in the great heat; he had, however, swimming-trunks, which are nothing to carry.

AUGUST

Then came the mother herself, *Madam August*, a wholesale dealer in fruit, owner of a large number of fish ponds and a land cultivator.

She was a thorough housewife and always did her work well. After her work she looked after the recreations, dancing and playing in the greenwood, and the "harvest homes."

September

After her a man came out of the coach; he is a painter; he is the great master of colors, and is named *September*. The forest, on his arrival, had to change its colors when he wished it; and how beautiful are the colors he chooses! The woods glow with hues of red and gold and brown. There he stood with his paint-pot in his hand, and that was the whole of his luggage.

October

A landowner followed, who in the month for sowing seed attended to the plowing and was fond of field sports.

Squire October brought his dog and his gun, and had nuts in his game bag.

He carried a great deal of luggage, even to farming implements. He spoke of farming, but what he said could scarcely be heard for the coughing and sneezing of his neighbor.

November

It was *November*, who was coughing and sneezing as he got out of the coach. He had a cold, but he said his cold would leave him when he went out wood cutting; he was a master sawyer, and had a great deal of work to do. He spent the evenings preparing wooden soles for skates, for he knew, he said, that they would be wanted for the amusement of skating.

December

At length the last passenger made her appearance — *Mother December*, with her fire-stool. She was old, but her eyes glistened like two stars. She carried on her arm a flower-pot, in which a little fir tree was growing.

"This tree I shall guard and cherish," she said, "that it may grow large by Christmas Eve, and reach from the floor to the ceiling, to be covered and adorned with candles, golden apples, and bright figures. The fire-stool will be as warm as a stove, and I shall bring a story-book out of my pocket, and read aloud till all the children in the room are quiet.

"Then the little figures on the tree will be-

come lively, and the little waxen angel at the top will spread out his wings of gold leaf, and fly down from his green perch. He will kiss every one in the room, great and small; yes, even the poor children who stand in the passage, or out in the street singing a carol about the 'Star of Bethlehem.' "

"Well, now the coach may drive away," said the sentry. "We have the whole twelve."

"First, let all twelve come to me," said the captain on duty, "one after another. The passports I will keep here. Each of them is good for one month; when that has passed, I shall write the behavior of each on his passport. *Mr. January*, have the goodness to come here."

When a year has passed, I think I shall be able to tell you what the twelve passengers have brought to you, to me, and to all of us. Now I do not know, and probably they do not know themselves.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL!

— Hans Christian Andersen

STUDY SUGGESTION

As a class project arrange this story in the form of a play and dramatize it.

THE STORY OF BEOWULF

This is a legend of the Northland. It speaks the strength of character of the people of that country — their helpfulness, usefulness, and service to others.

It also shows how news was carried in the days of no newspapers and no books.

Long, long ago before there were any books and newspapers, families would gather around the fireside at night after the day's work was over, and there the parents would tell their children stories that had been told to them by their parents and grandparents.

They also had in those days people who were called Story-Tellers, or Minstrels, who traveled about over the country telling stories of their country's heroes. Some of these stories they set to music and made into songs. The Minstrels would play music and sing these songs of their brave people. This was their means of communication. It was their manner of becoming acquainted with peoples and customs. The story of Beowulf illustrates the great service of the Minstrels in those days when there were no other means of communication.

Many, many years ago, in a cold European country called Denmark, there ruled a king named Hrothgar. The king was a brave and good man, and was greatly loved by all his people, the Danes.

Calling some of the men together, the king announced: "We will build a hall, great and wide. When it is finished I will invite all my brave men to a feast in this hall, and I shall give them beautiful presents, to show them how greatly I appreciate their friendship for me and the good and brave deeds they have done."

The king's plan met with approval and the great hall was built. When it was completed the king had a feast prepared and invited the men. At the close of the feast, the king gave to each of his guests a beautiful gold ring, as a token of his love for them because of their loyalty to him. Then he invited them to gather in the great hall every evening to tell stories, and sing, and eat together.

This pleased the men and they declared that no other country had a king, or ruler, who did so much for his people as their king Hrothgar.

Now it happened that far out on one side of their country was a wicked old giant named Grendel. This giant hated light, and he could not bear to think that any one was happy. When he saw the light shining through the windows of this great hall, it made him angry.

One dark night in his anger he rushed into the well-lighted hall and killed thirty of the men gathered there. After this calamity the men did not gather in the evenings as they had been doing, for they could not destroy this giant who was so strong that he could with his two hands break in two the strongest bars, and easily crush the thickest doors.

When the wicked giant found that the men did not gather in the hall any more, he lay waiting in dark places and seized them.

As the years passed and no one was found who was strong enough to fight Grendel, the Danish people composed some songs and stories telling about the terrible things they suffered because of this giant, and sent the Minstrels to other countries to sing these songs and tell the stories.

In the country just south of Denmark there lived a brave prince named Beowulf. When he heard the sad stories and songs of these Minstrels, his heart was filled with pity for the Danes, and with anger against the cruel giant Grendel. At once he declared, "I will go across the sea and kill this terrible monster, and save the king and his people!"

Beowulf at once chose fifteen of his bravest and best men, and together they sailed for the land of the Danes.

Reaching the shores of Denmark, Beowulf and his men, carrying swords and shields, came ashore. A guard, or sentinel, approached them and asked, "What men are you who come to this shore, armed with swords and shields?"

Beowulf replied: "We are Goths, and we come as friends to this land and its people. We have heard of your terrible enemy and have come to help your noble king and his people."

"If you have come to help us, you are indeed most welcome," said the sentinel. "Follow me and I will lead you to the king." When they had greeted the king, Beowulf said:

"I heard in my own country of this terrible giant Grendel, and I have come to save the Danes from this wicked foe, if it is within my power."

This caused the king to rejoice, and he said: "Oh, Beowulf, I know that God has sent you to save us! Grendel has killed many of my bravest men. If you can slay him, our people can rejoice once again."

The king had the servants bring food and drink and place it upon the tables for his guests, and the Goths and the Danes sat down together. While they thus sat together and the visitors rested from their journey, the Minstrels sang sweet songs praising Beowulf and his brave men who came across the sea to save the Danes. Thus they sat and talked until the sun had gone down, when the king rose to leave the hall. "Beowulf," he said, "I shall leave you to guard the hall tonight. Be brave! Remember the great and good deeds you have done. Watch for our foe, the giant Grendel; save us from this terrible enemy, and whatever you ask shall be yours." Then all the Danes left the hall, but Beowulf and his men remained to wait for the coming of the giant.

As darkness came on, Beowulf took off his armor and laid aside his sword and shield. Then he said to his men: "This night shall prove whether Beowulf or Grendel is the stronger. With my two hands I will fight this giant alone. I have said that I will do this myself, and I must keep my word even though I die in this hall."

After waiting for some time, the great doors of the hall burst open and Grendel, the giant, entered. Seeing the sleeping men, he quickly stretched out his arm to seize one of them. He did not see Beowulf who was quietly watching.

Suddenly the giant's arm was caught in a grasp so strong that he could not get loose. Instantly he was in a rage and roared, "Who is this who dares lay hold upon me?"

A terrible battle ensued between Beowulf and the giant. Back and forth they struggled until the great hall fairly shook. At last the giant realized that Beowulf was the stronger and with a great cry he rushed out of the hall. On and on in the darkness he ran. Suddenly he plunged headlong into a deep and gloomy lake, where he sank at once, and was never seen again.

When morning came, the people ran everywhere shouting the good news: "Grendel is dead! The noble Beowulf has saved our land and its people!"

In great joy the king said: "Oh Beowulf, from this time on I will love you as a son! Ask me anything you wish and I shall give it to you!"

At once Beowulf replied: "Good king, I did not come to your land for a reward. I came to save you and your people from this awful giant. Now that he is dead and will never trouble you again, my men and I shall joyfully return home."

At these words every one praised Beowulf, and cheered again and again for him and his companions. The king ordered a great feast spread in the hall, and the Danes and Goths sat down together again. The great hall echoed with laughter and song, and the king rejoiced to see his people happy again.

When the feast was over the king said, "Since you will not accept any reward, I insist that you accept at least a slight gift from us as a token of our gratitude to you for saving us from

this terrible monster, Grendel." To Beowulf he gave a banner, a helmet, and a sword with a handle of heavy twisted gold. Then eight beautiful horses were led up to the door. Their harness was of gold, and upon one was a saddle trimmed with gold.

To each of Beowulf's companions the king gave beautiful presents, too. Beowulf and his men were urged by the king and the Danes to visit with them for a while. The invitation was accepted and Beowulf and his men did not leave at once as they had intended doing.

A Second Attack

Now it happened that in the lake in which the giant had drowned, there lived a terrible monster like an immense serpent.

One night, soon after Beowulf had routed the giant, this other monster came up out of the lake and went to the hall where many Danes lay asleep. Suddenly a great cry rang through the building. When the men started up and seized their swords, the monster fled, but not until he had killed one of the men.

When the king heard of the attack he said, "Oh, if Beowulf had only been there!"

When Beowulf heard of it he hurried to the king, and said: "Do not grieve, O king, for to each of us death must sometime come. It matters not when it comes, if we but do good deeds while we live. Let me see the track of this monster and give me one day, and I promise to rid you of this enemy also."

So the king and Beowulf started out to find the tracks of this water serpent. They followed these tracks until they came to the lake. The great hero once more made ready for a battle. This time he put on his coat of steel and his helmet, which no knife could cut. In his hand he carried his sword. When he was ready he turned to the king and said: "Now, O king, I am ready. If I do not return, I pray you to be a friend to my companions, and send the gifts you gave me to my king. Then he and my people will know that I fought bravely and died to help others."

Before the king could make any reply, Beowulf plunged into the lake and disappeared beneath the water. Down, down he went into the lake.

The water serpent saw Beowulf and lay very still waiting for him to come near. As soon as Beowulf touched the bottom of the lake, the serpent sprang upon him. Fortunately, the armor that Beowulf had on was so strong that it saved him from being crushed to death by this monster. When the serpent found that the armor could not be broken she dragged Beowulf off to her cave. Then with all the strength he had, Beowulf struck at the serpent with his sword, but the blade bent and the edge of the sword was dulled. Throwing away the sword which was useless now, Beowulf seized the monster with his strong hands which had conquered Grendel, the giant.

At last Beowulf felt that he was losing his strength. His long fight with Grendel had almost exhausted him, and this battle coming so soon after was almost too much for him.

Then he thought of his promise to the king to rid the land of this enemy. He knew that if he did not conquer now, the Danes could never be happy again. Just then he happened to see a great sword hanging on the wall of the cave.

Seizing the sword Beowulf lifted it with both hands high above his head, and struck with all his might. Instantly the monster fell dead. Then a very strange thing happened. The blade of the sword melted away and only the handle remained in his hand.

As Beowulf looked about, he saw great heaps of gold and precious stones that belonged to this monster. But he did not touch any of it, as it did not belong to him.

Only one thing would he carry from the cave — that was the handle of the sword with which he killed the serpent. He would carry it to the king and see if he could read the queer writing on it.

For a long time the king and the people waited on the shore of the lake for Beowulf's return. When they decided that he had been killed by the monster they returned to their homes very sorrowful, saying: "Brave Beowulf is dead. The monster has killed him!"

But Beowulf's own companions would not leave the shore of the lake. There was a chance, they thought, that their prince was alive. They must wait and see.

Finally they were rewarded — the waters moved and up from the lake came their own beloved Beowulf. Joyously they went back to the hall where the king and his people were sorrowing for the noble Goth who had risked his life to save them and their land.

There was great rejoicing when the Danes saw Beowulf. He told them of the battle under the water, and then handed the handle of the sword to the king, who examined it carefully and said that the sword had been made for a giant who lived hundreds of years before. The king added: "O Beowulf, you are a hero. You have done such noble deeds that your name shall be known in all lands forever." Then the king commanded that a great feast be spread, and Beowulf sat at the king's right hand, and all were happy once more.

Beowulf Returns Home

Beowulf's work being finished he was anxious to return to his home. He said to the king: "If ever again I can help you, my lord, or be of service to your people, I will come to you gladly. If other foes come upon you, I will hurry across the sea and bring a thousand men with me."

The king and his people were most grateful to Beowulf and gave him and his men more beautiful gifts than before. Then the king put his arms around the hero's neck and kissed him; he loved Beowulf greatly, and would gladly have kept him always. Then the Goths went down to their boat and sailed for home.

When Beowulf and his men reached the shore of their own land, messengers hurried to tell the king of their return. The king welcomed Beowulf and said to him, "Sit here and tell me all that has happened."

Beowulf told what had happened, and then placed before the king all the gifts which had been given to him. The horses were led up to the door, too, and Beowulf said to the king, "My lord, these gifts are yours to do with as you desire." Of all the beautiful gifts Beowulf had received he did not keep even one for himself.

Beowulf Becomes King

Several years afterward the king died. Because of their great love and admiration for Beowulf the people made him their king. For a long time there was peace and happiness in Beowulf's land.

Then it happened that a slave who had done a terrible wrong feared he would be punished and ran away from his master. As he fled he saw a large cave and thought he could hide there. As he stepped inside the cave he saw a terrible dragon lying asleep, and all around him were piles of rings, bracelets, cups, and plates of gold and silver. As the slave looked at these things he said to himself, "If I could take one of these gold cups to my master, he would forgive me for what I have done."

Stepping softly he stretched out his hand and took a gold cup. Then he crept quietly out of the cave. As soon as he was outside he ran home as fast as he could go, and gave the cup to his master, saying that he found it in a cave.

When the dragon awoke he knew at once that one of his cups was gone. He became angry, and as he did not know who had taken the cup he determined to punish all the people of the land.

That night when it became dark, the dragon spread his great wings and flew swiftly through the air. He blew great flames from his mouth and set fire to one house after another.

In the morning the king summoned the people and asked: "Why has the dragon made war upon us? Has any man harmed him?"

Then the slave who had stolen the cup came and knelt before Beowulf and cried: "O king, the fault is all mine! I carried away a gold cup from the dragon's cave and now he has come to destroy us."

When the king had listened to the slave's story he said, "Some one must go out to the cave and kill this dragon or we shall all be killed."

Many men stood around the king but not one of them offered to go. Beowulf was now much older and not so strong as he had been, but his heart was as kind and brave as ever. So he said: "I will go out and fight this dragon even though it be my last battle. My people must be saved!"

He ordered a great shield of iron to be made to protect him from the dragon's fiery breath. When this was ready Beowulf chose eleven men to go with him to the cave. The slave went along to show them the entrance to the cave.

When they reached the place Beowulf said to

his men: "I have fought many battles in my life, and won many victories. Now I am old and not so strong as I once was, yet I must fight again for my people. Wait here until you see how the battle goes. I must destroy this dragon even though it cost my life!"

Then he called to the dragon to come out and meet the king who had come to fight for his people. The dragon became greatly angered, and rushed out with a noise like the roar of thunder. Beowulf drew his sword, and as the dragon rushed upon him, he struck with all his might. But the blow only served to make the dragon more angry. Fire came from his mouth and flames enveloped the king. But Beowulf did not flinch, for he was willing to die if need be, if he could only save his people from this terrible enemy. The men ran into the woods when they saw the awful flames, for they thought the dragon would kill Beowulf and attack them.

One of the Goths named Wiglaf, thinking of all the king had done for his people, called to the men to come back. "We cannot save the king," they said; "if we return, we will only be killed ourselves."

The faithful Wiglaf replied, "Even if I cannot save my king, I can die fighting at his side!" And without waiting to see what the others were going to do, he ran through fire and smoke and stood beside Beowulf.

"O my king," he said, "fight as you have fought so many times before and save yourself and your people from this terrible enemy. Remember how the people all love you! Never will they be happy again if their king does not return to them. You are still strong and I will help you."

Then Beowulf struck at the dragon with such force that the edge of the sword was turned. At once the dragon seized Beowulf in his huge teeth and would have killed him, but Wiglaf struck so quickly that the dragon let the king go and turned on Wiglaf. This gave Beowulf a chance to strike another fierce blow, which he did, and the dragon fell dead.

Beowulf had won the victory, but his strength was gone and he was badly wounded. Realizing his weakness Beowulf said to Wiglaf, "I have fought my last battle."

Wiglaf tried to keep the king from speaking

further of this, but Beowulf continued, "I have fought my last battle.

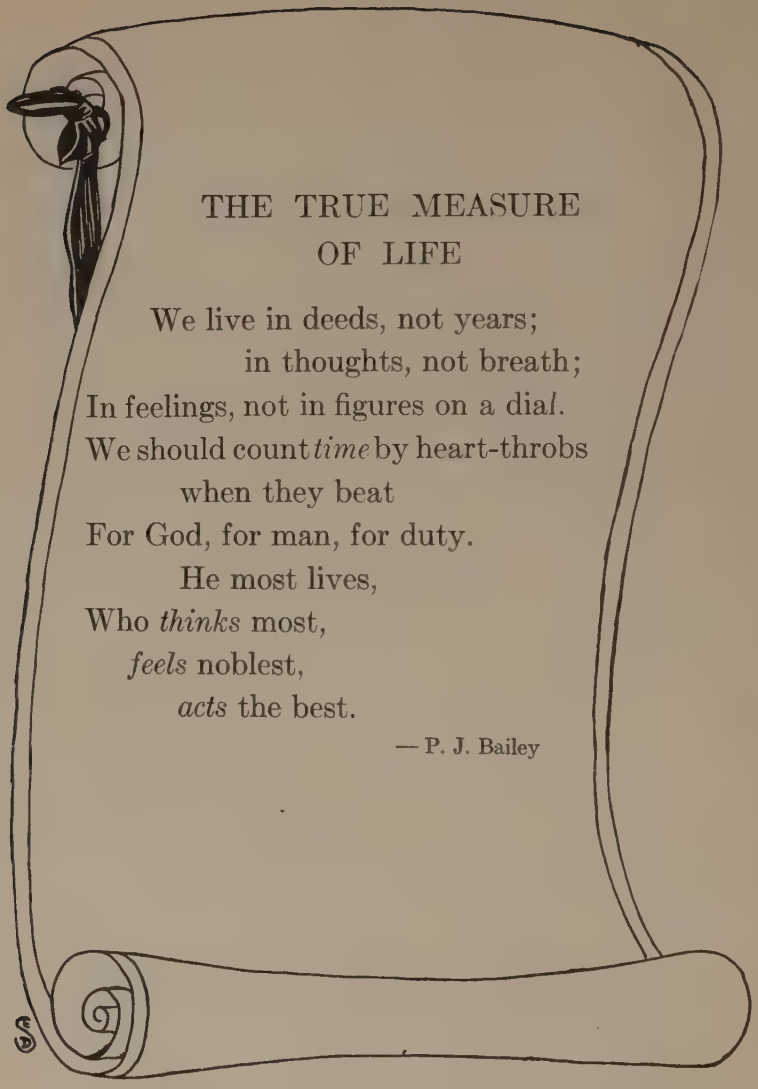
"Fifty years I have been king of this land. I have had my joys and sorrows, but I have never spoken falsely or deceived those who trusted me. I have been faithful to my friends. I have tried to rule justly. Never have I taken anything that was not mine, and I never used my strength for myself alone. I have tried to serve all my people well, and to help other lands, too. Now I am not afraid to die."

Beowulf then took off the gold collar that was about his neck and gave it to Wiglaf. He also gave over his rings and his helmet, as a token of appreciation of faithfulness.

And then the great Beowulf died! His people mourned for many years. As they journeyed through other lands they told the story of their beloved king, until the noble and unselfish deeds of Beowulf were known over all the world — even unto this very time!

Study Suggestion

How have countries and peoples in more recent years aided one another in their difficulties?



THE TRUE MEASURE OF LIFE

We live in deeds, not years;
in thoughts, not breath;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count *time* by heart-throbs
when they beat
For God, for man, for duty.
He most lives,
Who *thinks* most,
feels noblest,
acts the best.

— P. J. Bailey

WORLD–WIDE SERVICE

No longer do the mighty hosts
Of ministers and servants boast
Of giving least and getting most.

For now with eyes greed cannot blind,
With open hands and willing mind
We live in service to mankind.

And hold him first among the rest
Who bears this motto on his breast:
He profits most who serveth best!

— Author Unknown

SERVICE MEASURES SUCCESS

It isn't the cut of the clothes that you wear,
Nor the stuff out of which they are made,
Though chosen with taste and fastidious care,
And it isn't the price that you paid;
It isn't the size of your pile in the bank,
Nor the number of acres you own,
It isn't a question of prestige or rank,
Nor of sinew, and muscle, and bone;
It isn't the servants that come at your call,
It isn't the things you possess,
Whether many or little — or nothing at all:
It's *service that measures success!*

It isn't a question of name, or of length
Of an ancestral pedigree,
Nor a question of mental vigor and strength,
Nor a question of social degree;
It isn't a question of city or town,
Nor a question of doctrine or creed,
It isn't a question of fame or renown,
Nor a question of valorous deed;
But he who will labor one thing to produce
That adds to the world's happiness,
Shall be called successful — his life was of use:
It's Service That Measures Success!

— From *Boys' Life*

THE GREATEST CONQUEST OF ALL

This is the story of the work of one man which has been called "The Greatest Conquest of All Time."

One summer evening some hundreds of years ago, a stranger was seen in the quaint old town of Haarlem, in the Netherlands. There were not many travelers in those days, and any newcomer attracted great attention. This particular traveler was poorly dressed, carried a knapsack on his back, and was covered with dust, as though he had walked far.

Being very tired from his journey he stopped at a small inn and asked for lodging. The landlord was favorably impressed with the young man's looks and asked him his name.

"My name is John Gutenberg and my home is Mayence," replied the young man, promptly.

"What brings you to Haarlem?" inquired the landlord.

"I am a traveler," answered Gutenberg. "I am traveling to gain knowledge by seeing the world. I have been to Genoa and Venice and Rome. I have walked through Switzerland and Germany, and now I am on my way to France."

"You have journeyed far," said the surprised

landlord. "And now, while your supper is being cooked, tell me what was the strangest thing you saw during your travels."

"The strangest thing?" repeated the young man. "Well, I have seen lofty mountains and the great sea; I have seen many beasts of the forests and I have seen some famous men; but, I would say that the strangest thing I have seen is the ignorance of the common people. They are ignorant of the world at large, having scarcely heard of other lands. They know very little about the country in which they live."

"I guess you are right," replied the landlord. "What difference does it make, though, whether they know much or little?"

"It makes a great difference," promptly spoke up Gutenberg. "So long as the common people are ignorant, they are imposed upon by the rich and powerful, who know more. They are kept ignorant in order that their lords and masters may live in wealth and luxury.

"Now, if there were only some way to make books plentiful and cheap, the poorest man might learn to read and thus gain such knowledge as would help him to better his condition.

But as things are now, it is only the rich who can buy books. Every volume must be written carefully by hand, and the cost of making it is greater than the earnings of the common man in a lifetime."

"Well, young man," said the landlord, "there is a man here in Haarlem with whom you should get acquainted. He makes books. I do not know how he makes them, but people say that he sells them very cheap. I have heard that he can make as many as ten in the time it would take a rapid scribe to write one by hand. He calls it *printing*, I think."

"Who is this man? Tell me where I can find him!" exclaimed the now excited Gutenberg.

"Well, he has been the coster, or sexton, of our church for the past forty years, and for that reason the people call him Laurence Coster. He lives in the big house across the way. You will have no trouble in finding him at home, for they tell me that since he got into this queer business of making books he never goes out."

The young traveler started at once to make the acquaintance of the older man. Mr. Coster was delighted to meet with one who was inter-

ested in the same thing that had so interested him. He showed the young man the books he had printed. He showed him the types and the crude little press that he used. The types were made of pieces of wood that Mr. Coster had whittled out with his penknife.

"It took a long time to make them," said the older man, "but just see how quickly I can print a page with them." With this comment, Mr. Coster placed a small sheet of paper upon some types which he had arranged properly, and with great care adjusted in his press. Then by throwing the weight of his body upon a long lever, he operated this crude machine. Carefully drawing out the sheet of paper, he said: "See now the printed page. It would have taken hours to write it, but I have printed it in as many minutes." And then he went on to tell the delighted Gutenberg how he happened to think of this method of making books.

He said: "I discovered this by accident. One afternoon I went into the woods with my grandchildren. There were some beech trees there and the children wanted me to cut their names on the smooth bark.

"They ran off, then, to amuse themselves in various ways, and I split off some fine pieces of bark and cut the letters of the alphabet upon them, one letter on each piece. I thought it would amuse the baby, and perhaps help him to learn his letters.

"These I wrapped up in a piece of soft paper and carried home. What was my surprise when I unfastened the package, to see the forms of some of the letters distinctly printed on the white paper. It set me to thinking, with the result that I thought out this whole plan of printing books."

"And a wonderful plan it is!" said Gutenberg, thoroughly interested. "Ever since I was a boy at school I have been trying to invent some such thing." Then he proceeded to ask many, many questions, and Mr. Coster very kindly explained everything to him.

"Now, indeed, will knowledge be given wings, so it can fly to the ends of the earth!" said the delighted young traveler.

Hurriedly he returned to the inn. He could scarcely wait to be gone. The next morning he started away to Strassburg. When he arrived

there, he rented a room where he began to make sets of type similar to those Mr. Coster had shown him. He arranged them in words and sentences. He experimented with them until he was able to print much faster than Mr. Coster had done.

Finally, he tried fashioning types from soft metal and found them better than those of wood. He learned to mix ink so it would not spread when pressed by the type. He made brushes and rollers for applying it evenly and smoothly. He made further improvements, until at last he was able to do the things he had always wanted to do — make a book so quickly and so cheaply that even a poor man could afford to buy it.

And thus the art of printing was discovered — and the greatest conquest of all was made!

Study Suggestions

What was the process of making books before type was invented?

Discuss the effect this discovery, or invention, of type has had upon our lives, and what it has meant to the world.

Can this invention be classified under the heading "World-wide Service"?

WHO TOLD THE NEWS?

Oh! the sunshine told the bluebird
And the bluebird told the brook,
That the dandelions were peeping
From the woodland's sheltered nook;
So the brook was blithe and happy,
And it babbled all the way
As it ran to tell the river
Of the coming of the May.

Then the river told the meadow
And the meadow told the bee,
That the tender buds were swelling
On the old horse-chestnut tree;
And the bee shook off its torpor,
And it spread each gauzy wing
As it flew to tell the flowers
Of the coming of the Spring.

Then each flower told its neighbor
And each neighbor told its friend,
That the stormy days were over
And the Winter at an end;
While the blue sky smiled above them
And the birds began to sing —
And the land grew bright with gladness
At the coming of the Spring.

— Author Unknown

A MODERN WONDER — THE NEWSPAPER

There was a time when telling the news was carried on in just the manner described in the preceding poem — by word of mouth. You have read about the Minstrels, or traveling singers, who went about the land singing of the happenings in their country and the deeds of their people. Many of the stories that are in books today were preserved in just that way.

In those earlier days fathers, mothers, and children gathered about the big open fireplaces and there told the stories that had been told by parents and grandparents before them, passing on by word of mouth the news, the events, the history of earlier times and peoples. Today books and newspapers give us knowledge and the news of what is happening in the world.

Do you know that the paper on which newspaper is printed was once a tree in a forest? That tree may have been one of thousands of fir trees that stood in a large forest. Men came with axes and saws and cut down the trees. Then the logs were either hauled or floated in

rafts to the mills, where they were cut into blocks. The blocks were soaked in a fluid and then shredded into bits by heavy machinery, making a substance called pulp. A kind of earth was added to this pulp and the mixture was run through heavy rollers from which it emerged in great, wide ribbons, smooth and thin.

These wide ribbons of paper are then made into huge rolls weighing hundreds of pounds, and are ready to be made into newspapers. The rolls are placed in giant printing presses that, when they are started, seem to fairly eat up the paper. As the paper goes through the press at great speed it is printed on both sides, cut, and folded, and emerges in a stream of finished newspapers.

Of course there is much more to the making of a newspaper than just this. All over the world, wherever people are busy in making things happen, men and women are busy gathering news and sending it to the papers. Over the land it comes, on wires or telegraph or telephone, through the air by radio, under the sea by cable, streaming in day and night — never

stopping — to great newspaper offices to be put into the papers.

Day and night thousands of men and women are receiving these messages of news, writing them out on typewriters, sorting, arranging, revising, rewriting, to make the story of the day tell as much as the paper will hold, and tell it so it will be interesting and easily understood.

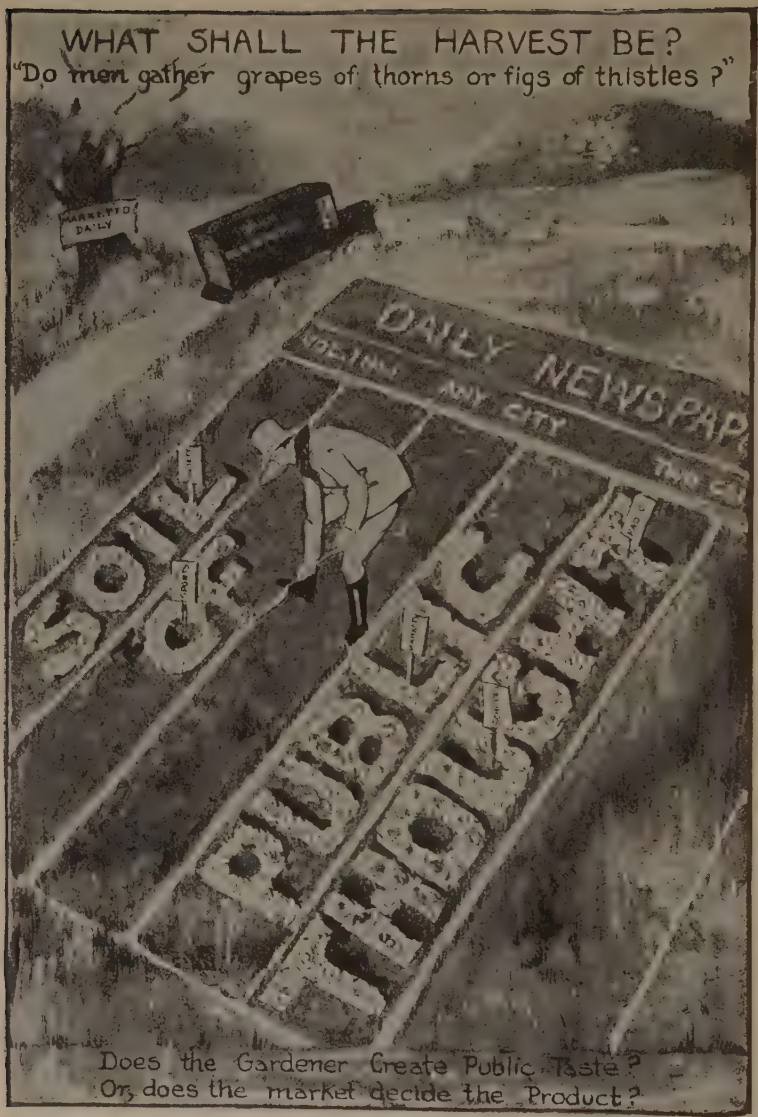
When the news is as well written as it can be in the hurry and bustle of the great office, the typewritten sheets must go to the men who set it in type. Once this was all done by hand, and hundreds of men were busy day and night in every large newspaper office "setting up" in type the news that came from the reporters and editors. Now it is all done by machines, wonderful affairs on which one man can do as much as half a dozen can do by hand. When the type is all set and arranged in columns and pages, a mold is quickly made from each page of type. Then the mold is put into a big machine that casts a curved plate on which all the letters appear just as they did in the type. When all the curved plates for a whole newspaper are fitted on great cylinders in the press, the wheels start, the paper

passes through faster and faster between the cylinders, and in a moment the newsboys are selling the finished papers on the street.

Visit a large newspaper plant, and see what a veritable beehive it is, with typewriters clicking, pencils and telephones busy, telegraphs and radio carrying news and pictures, photographs being developed and cuts produced, presses roaring, people hurrying to and fro, all intent upon the one purpose of telling us what is going on in the world.

And this modern wonder, the *Daily Newspaper*, has been made possible only by the inventing of printing and the process of making paper from pulp.

"There are four great institutions which must share the responsibility for the educational status of the modern nation: the school, the platform, the pulpit, and the press. The educational value of the newspaper varies with the extent to which it expresses honest opinion based on careful research, and arouses its readers to inquiry and thought. This, coupled with high idealism, and a desire for a clean Press, will go far to educate the mass of the people."


WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?
"Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"
MARKET'S DAILY
DAILY NEWSPAP
SOIL
PUBLIC
TASTE
Does the Gardener Create Public Taste?
Or, does the market decide the Product?

Nothing that is familiar to us appears to be wonderful. Were miracles repeated every day, we should come to glance at them very heedlessly. We get accustomed to rainbows, and stars, and sunsets, and the flashing fires of the north. Surprise wears away in time from the greatest discoveries and inventions. Today we send thought through the air, ride in carriages without horses, and in ships against the wind, just as carelessly and contentedly as though such things had always been.

"We shall have chariots easier than air,
Which I have invented; and thyself,
Thou art the messenger, shall ride before him
On a horse cut out of an entire diamond,
That shall be made to go with golden wheels."

—Fletcher

The wonder of the promise has long ago been realized; and if the poetry of the dream should yet come to pass, and locomotives cut from solid diamonds, and car wheels wrought from gold should become common, we should ride after them with as little surprise as we now walk beneath the azure and the gold of God's glorious firmament.

Who can forget the feeling of awe which came over him, who, for the first time, received a telegraphic dispatch from a distant city, transmitted actually in advance of time itself! This approaches spiritual power more nearly than anything we have seen and handled.

These times are remarkable also for the extension of periodical literature. It is possible to name the newspaper as one of the most wonderful and powerful agents of our times.

Great pains are taken in fitting up the paper to make a respectable appearance in our mansions; but in its best trim, its pretensions are very humble. It is dumb, yet it tells us all which is done upon the earth. It bears in its own name the initials of the four points of the compass, N. E. W. S. — NEWS.

Reeking, in hot haste, as if out of breath, it delivers its message, and then is crumpled up and thrown into the waste-paper basket, to ignite the morning's fire. Yet there is nothing more worthy of preservation; for —

It is the great dial plate on the clock of Time!

An artist expends great pains and labor in painting a panorama, and crowds find delight

in gazing upon the canvas; yet it is of limited space — a ruin, a river, a city — Thebes or Jerusalem, the Nile, the Hudson, or the Mississippi. But *a newspaper is a daguerreotype of the whole world* — its warrings and diplomacies, its buyings and sellings, its governments and revolutions, its marryings, births, and deaths.

A newspaper is a real microcosm — the world made smaller, held in the hand, and brought under the eye. The huge telescope of Sir John Herschel is so swung that it reflects all the distant wonders of the sky which sweep across its lenses, upon a small horizontal table under the eye of the observer; and analogous to this, a newspaper brings all the occurrences of remote continents, incidents at the North Pole and the Antipodes, under the light of your reading lamp, and within the space of your parlor table.

The evening has come, the sheet of paper is spread out before you, and with an ill-concealed impatience you sit down to see what new spectacle "Time, the scene shifter," has prepared for your astonished and delighted eye. The whole world is in motion before you.

— William Adams

Without paper there would be very little communication of thought between individuals and between nations except by word of mouth.

The means of education since the commencement of the Christian era has been paper, and without it, or a substitute for it, the world would cease to progress.

Of all the things that have come to us from the Orient none has equaled paper in importance or value. The Chinaman who made the first sheet of paper by covering a lattice of willow switches with the wet fibers of silk, started an industry that has been the foundation of civilization.

Paper in the United States

The first printing press in the United States was set up in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1638. Not long afterward presses were installed in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. For over fifty years very little printing was done on these presses. In 1690 the first paper mill was started in Philadelphia.

For almost a century and a half the principal material used in paper manufacture in the

United States was rags. Rags were imported in large quantities from other countries. But in time the scarcity of rags made it necessary to find a substitute. Research and experiment resulted in the use of straw. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* was the first paper to be printed on this new straw product.

An amusing story is told of the appeal these papers made to some animals. In one section of Philadelphia there were a great many complaints from the subscribers to this newspaper that they were not receiving their copies regularly. An investigation was made with this result. There were many goats in that district and they were attracted by the yellow color of the papers. Thinking them to be straw, they ate the newspapers. It is also said that many of the goats died because of the bad quality of printers' ink used in those days.

Regardless of this incident the manufacture and use of straw paper continued for some time in the United States.

For hundreds of years the aim of inventors had been the manufacture of paper from wood.

Ground wood pulp was the chief factor that

caused the reduction in the price of newspapers. The news-print machine which produces the paper on which our dailies are printed is a wonderful piece of machinery. Pulp containing a little more than 99 per cent water goes in at one end of the machine, and in 20 seconds comes out at the other end in the form of air-dry paper. This is truly a marvelous feat.

The present time has been termed a newspaper and magazine age. This can be understood when we know that the average circulation of daily newspapers alone in the United States is almost 30,000,000 copies. Add to this the enormous quantity of paper used in publishing the big Sunday editions of the metropolitan dailies, and we see that the amount of paper so used becomes a figure of importance.

When to this is added the great output of magazines and books, we can understand how important paper is as a means of communication and of consequent development and progress of the world and its peoples.

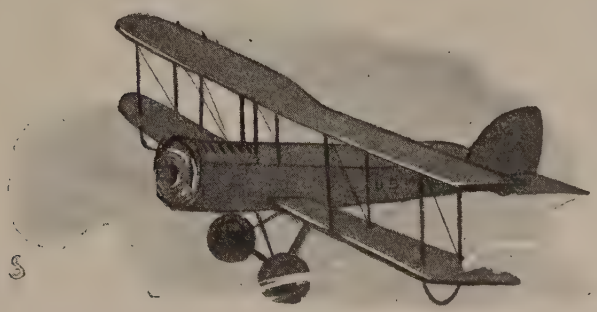
AN ALLEGORY

A Message

From the Palace of Time, near the close of the Year,
Father Time broadcasted in a voice strong and clear:

"Today we dispatched to you by air mail,
Invitations we hope you'll accept without fail.

A family reunion is really our plan,
To welcome New Year—that vivacious young man."



The Invitation

To the Seasons and Months,
And your children, the Days:
My desire and fond wish
This small message conveys.
I long for your presence,
And your voices to hear;
Please come to my palace
And await the New Year.
'Tis his birthday and mine,
At this season sublime.
Sincerely,
Father Time.

The Reply

To our dear Father Time:
'Tis with pleasure we say
That your kind invitation
Made us happy and gay.
We all are delighted,
And accept with thanks true.
We see you've not slighted even one of us
Who has been in your service
For the children of men.
We will be there — all of us.
So, good-by.
Your Children.

FATHER TIME RECEIVES HIS GUESTS

Father Time

Glad welcome, friends!
You make me quite happy at this holiday
time.
I am very, very glad that you are
Able to come to my party today.
And, one and all, I bid you welcome
To the home of Time.

But what is this I see?
What have you here with you?
What is this retinue
I see you carrying along with you?
Tell me —
What are the things you bring?

January

A banner of good cheer,
Is what I bring to you.
A very Happy New Year!
Is my wish fond and true.

February

My heart I bring to you,
My own dear Father Time.
My love I give you, too:
I'd be your valentine!

March

With all I may look wild,
I bring some downy pussy-cats
And a bright bluebird:
Now what do you think of that?

April

You thought I'd bring showers.
But that is not true,
I brought some robins and flowers:
Which I thought would be nice for you.

May

I bring the May Queen!
And for Memorial Day
The best flowers in the land:
What is better, I pray?

June

The month of rare days
Brings roses in profusion,
And berries fit for kings —
Also, vacation!

July

I bring you a banner,
Our own red, white, and blue;
May we to her colors
Prove loyal and true!

August

I bring flowers and fruit to you.
To other men
Vacation and pursuit of pleasure —
A rare gem!

September

From out my harvest
I bring my best fruit and vegetables;
Test them
And see if they suit.

October

Grapes, pumpkins, nuts,
And bright colored leaves, I bring to you, Sir!
Other folk I excite
With my bright blue weather.

November

A big fat turkey,
All cooked and ready to eat.
Of all the months of Fall,
I am the hardest to beat.

December

A pretty Christmas tree
All trimmed with trinkets gay,
For this, your jubilee
And happy holiday.

Spring

My children, March, April, and May,
So full of glee,
Could scarcely wait
Until the day of your party.

Summer

June, July, and August — my children —
With their gifts were generous,
I trust.
They're children of great thrift.

Autumn

September, October, and November —
The Fall children
Are mine, kind Sir;
And they're fine children, all.

Winter

December, the happy,
January, the new,
And gay February,
Compose my retinue.

SUNDAY

I, Apollo, greet you
Dear Father Time, most true.

MONDAY

I, Diana, follow
My brother Apollo.

TUESDAY

I, Tyr, god of war,
Come, today, from afar.

WEDNESDAY

I, Odin, all-father,
Greet you, Father Time, Sir.

THURSDAY

I, Thor, god of thunder,
Who tears clouds asunder.

FRIDAY

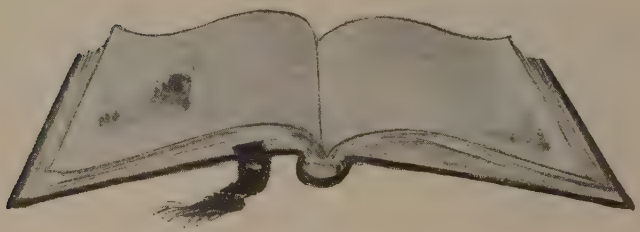
I, Frigga, the mother
Who lives for another.

SATURDAY

I am Saturn, good king,
Of the last day I sing.

FATHER TIME

My children dear,
You honor me by coming here today.
And now the Old Year gives to you
The key to all our treasures.
You may go where'er you like —
All is yours.
Make yourselves perfectly at home:
First, though, write your names in this tome —
This Book of Life — Our Guest Book.
We like to record the names of all our guests.



I did not tell you —
But this is to be a day of fun —
A real house-party;
Each will do as his wish dictates;
All do as they feel like doing.
You can have music and dancing
And games by the score.
If there is more
That you desire, just tell me.
Go, now — your shouts of joy
To my ear will be music.
I'll let you know of the arrival of New Year.

YESTERDAY
TO DAY
TOMORROW

Ah! Three Doors I see!
I wonder which one this Key will fit!
Let me see —
I shall first try the Door to the left.

Well, that's not the Door for this Key.

The Door on the right
May be the one this Key unlocks.
I'll try and see.
Here, Key, my friend,
I judge you fit here by your looks.

No? Well, I suppose
I never should have begun in the middle;
But that shows just how one may err —
Still,
These Doors are a riddle!

THE PALACE OF TIME

FATHER TIME

Hark! What is that I hear? A bell!
New Year must be unlocking the door to my palace.
Well, well, I shall be glad to greet him.

Page Announces New Year

Welcome, happy New Year, my son!
I bid you thrice welcome!

And now I'll have my
Heralds call the Seasons
Months, and Days.
They are here to bid
you a welcome — hearty,
as always.

(All come singing)

Oh, there is music in the air,
And there is joy everywhere,
And happiness without compare,
For, friendship here abounds.
So —
There is joy, joy, joy without alloy,
And we bring a hearty greeting,
And welcome to our New Year boy!
Welcome to the New Year we sing!

I really don't know what to say,
This greeting is quite overwhelming;
But I wish my thanks to convey,
And to assure you
That I bring every hope and desire
To be of great service to you;
To make life worth while, I aspire,
So that when my year's work is through,
"Well done, good and faithful servant,"
You can truthfully say of me.
And to this end I covenant
To give my best in full degree.

(All Join in Repeating Chorus)

There is joy, joy, joy without alloy,
And we bring a hearty greeting,
And welcome to our New Year boy!
Welcome to the New Year we sing!

The New Year is the first
To make known his New Year's resolution;
The first to make — but not to break —
Is this new and last accession to our ranks.
And now, my friends,
As a friendly admonition I would say,
"Life's dividends,
In this day and generation,
Depend upon the character of the individual —
His acts, words, deeds;
And I here aver,
Will be depends upon *what is*."

The New Year bids us grow, grow, grow;
To grow big, grow wise, and grow good.
There's but one way to grow —
That's to work as we go;
I hope that is understood!

Time is the Loom
On which we weave
With the Threads of Thoughts, Acts, and Deeds,
The Garment of Character.
The omission of one
Our Progress impedes.

The Days are Yours;
The sunny day, the rainy day, the day of cold,
The day that seems 'most thrown away,
The day that turns itself to gold.

The Days are Yours;
And with them you may laugh and live, or pine
and die.
All days are yours — in this year new —
All three hundred and sixty-five.

The Days are Yours;
A wealth of days — so many — and they seem
on wings!
Rich days, when Life her wealth portrays —
Dark days, when Life holds naught but stings.

So, all these Days are Yours;
And still, there is but one that you may keep!
Tomorrow is not born —
And you will find that Yesterday is fast asleep!

So hear! Of all these days,
You may have only one!
Just one!
Today!

Friends, one and all,
Give heed to what I say:
"The Key of Time unlocks one Door only —
And that Door is Today!
Today —
Just that one and no more!"

"The Key of Time Unlocks One Door Only—"

PRINCESS PRESENT

The Misses Past, Present, and Future lived with their father in the Castle of Time.

Like Cinderella and the stepsisters, two of the sisters, Misses Past and Future, did only what suited their fancy, while Miss Present was the maid-of-all-work.

Miss Past rarely ever completed any task, and Miss Present endeavored to do all the work her sister left unfinished. She often said: "Past has failed to do this work and it needs to be done. I must not leave it for Future to do, for it might be too late before she has finished. Besides, she might overlook it entirely."

And so Present was busy early and late, day and night, summer and winter, year in and year out. What with her own duties and those that Past left undone and the assistance she tried to give to Future, she toiled ceaselessly.

At the close of a day in the long ago, a young prince, New Year by name, who was traveling through the country in order to become acquainted with his country and its people, stopped at the Castle of Time and asked to be permitted to spend the night there.

Father Time, the owner and occupant of the castle, gladly welcomed New Year and bade him enter. He had the prince shown to the guest chamber and then ordered a great feast to be spread.

At the table New Year was seated between Miss Past and Miss Future, both of whom charmed the prince with their witty conversation.

Miss Present was seated at the other end of the table where she quietly but constantly directed the service so that the needs of all were bountifully supplied.

Occasionally, when the others did not notice, she would cast a modest and bashful glance at the prince and think how handsome he was. But she never ventured a remark — for it was her duty to care for the needs of the other members of the household, and she performed her task faithfully.

After dinner the sisters Past and Future entertained the prince with music and singing, while Present was directing the affairs of the castle. When bedtime came the sisters left Father Time and New Year together in the library.

In the midst of their conversation the prince said: "Father Time, your daughter, Miss Future, is a charming young lady.

"I have been thinking that she might make an admirable princess. Of course, there is much that is required of a princess — just being beautiful is not enough. If she is as capable as she is charming, I would like to ask your permission to make her my princess."

Father Time was pleased that one of his daughters had found such favor in the eyes of the prince, and said, "Tomorrow Future can speak for herself and if you two think you can be companionable, I shall give my consent and blessing."

After breakfast on the following day New Year told Future of his conversation the night before with her father, and said: "My princess will have to be able to make herself useful, because the people of my kingdom expect much from the prince and princess. What can you do that is practical?"

Future really had never learned to do anything at all, but she said, "I can make the finest suit of clothes you ever saw."

This pleased the prince and he asked her to show him some of her work. So Future hurried off to a wing of the castle where her Fairy Godmother lived and asked for her help. The Fairy Godmother had but to use her wand to produce a magnificent suit of clothes fit for a king.

Future carried the clothes back to New Year who was more than delighted with them. He was all eagerness now to return with his princess to his own castle. He said: "I have been journeying for many months. I should go back to my people. Let us return at once." So they made ready for the journey.

All went well until they had gone many miles when they were caught in a terrible storm, and before they could seek shelter they were completely drenched.

Now this suit of clothes that had been made by magic disappeared as by magic when they became wet, and the prince found that under the military cape he always wore there was no suit at all.

Humiliated and chagrined, he at once turned back toward the Castle of Time. When he reached the castle he said to Father Time: "I

fear that Future may not be practical. She probably is not useful enough to be my princess. Your daughter, Past, is a charming young lady. Could she be of service to my people?"

Father Time invited the prince to come in and stay with them until the morrow, and said that he would see what Past had to say.

That evening after dinner Father Time told her what New Year had said, and then added, "You can speak for yourself, my daughter."

For reply, as one enchanted, she began to sing, and as she sang the prince became more and more delighted. Finally he exclaimed: "The birds of the forest cannot charm as does your singing. My people will be happy with your melodies. With them you can dispel all sorrow and sadness, care and trouble. You shall be my princess."

As they were journeying to the palace of the prince, Past sang softly and sweetly to him. He was so enraptured that he quite forgot all else and suddenly discovered that he had lost his way. The more he tried to find the right road the farther away he seemed to go until he found they were in the midst of a dense forest.

Now Past became frightened and stopped singing. After a while the prince said, "Sing, Past, sing and cheer us with your melody." But Past was so frightened that she could not sing.

This discouraged New Year and he said: "If you cannot sing in an emergency — if you cannot sing unless everything goes well — you cannot serve me and my people. I shall try to find the way back to the Castle of Time."

It was with the greatest difficulty that the prince at last found a road that looked familiar. It was late in the afternoon when he heard a voice, and upon looking whence it came, saw Present who was gathering wild flowers with which to adorn the rooms in the Castle of Time.

He did not stop but went on to the palace. Father Time invited him to come in and remain with them until the following day.

At the dinner table that evening Father Time happened to speak about how Present always kept the castle so artistically decorated with flowers, when New Year said: "You have never told me of anything that Present can do. Tell me what special talent she has."

"Well," said Father Time, "for one thing she helped to cook this dinner that we are enjoying this evening. There is very little she cannot do; my daughter Present is very useful. I do not know what we would ever do without her."

Then the prince laughingly replied, "You may have to do without her if she will be my princess."

Then Present said: "My duty is to serve. If I can be of greater service and to a greater number as your princess, I shall be happy."

So the following day New Year started with Present for the palace. They had not gone far when they met an old man sitting by the roadside and evidently in great pain. They stopped to inquire the trouble and to offer assistance. The man explained that he had sprained his arm. The princess took off her scarf, bandaged the man's arm and made a sling in which he could carry the injured arm, and the old man continued on his way.

New Year was greatly pleased that Present proved so capable, and looked his appreciation.

They had not gone much farther when they came to a humble little cottage where a mother

and several children were busily engaged with the various household chores.

The prince stopped to speak to the little family, and the children seemed to be immediately attracted to the princess. They crowded about her. The princess insisted that she loved children and liked to have them near her. She made herself so agreeable that the mother spoke most highly to the prince of his princess.

Many times on the journey the young couple met with various situations that afforded ample opportunity to test the princess. She more than met every emergency and the prince was delighted.

When they reached the domain of New Year all the people of the castle came out to meet him. They were surprised to see the princess, but when the prince proclaimed, "Behold, my princess, Present, who can do all things!" they cheered and cheered and gave her a royal welcome.

And ever since then Father Time's daughter, Present, has reigned with New Year in the Land of Today!

This is one of our finest poems on the nobility and dignity of labor. Learn to say it as well as read it — and believe in it absolutely.

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing — not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know *for me my work is best!*

— Henry van Dyke

Coutresy of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers of van Dyke's *Music and Other Poems*, copyright, 1919.

MOTH AND RUST

A certain mountain stream had four sons, three of whom were steady-going, well-to-do brooks — the first being in the violet-growing business, the second a scene maker, while the third had hired himself out to a woolen-spinner; but Steme, the youngest, had all his days been a care and vexation to his father. He had all the antic tricks of his cousins, the Fogs and Mists, and the fickle disposition of the Fire family.

One moment he drew himself out to the length of a giant, as if he had been so much India rubber; the next moment he made himself so small that you lost him entirely. Now he sang, roared, puffed, bellowed, shrieked, and whistled, till the family were wild with his noise. A little while after, he was gone — mum as a mouse, however you called him, and never any two days alike, excepting in the fact that he was at all times idle and useless, till one fine morning his father, being utterly out of patience, hustled him out of Fairyland with, "See here, my lad! It is time you sought your fortune."

"It is very odd," said Steme to himself. "I am sure I could do something if there were not some mistake somewhere." And coming just then to a house which had on its doorplate the words, Wisest Man, he rang the bell, thinking perhaps the question could be settled there. But the Wisest Man only said, "If you were of any use, somebody would have discovered it before."

So Steme traveled on till he came to the court of the king, where there was a great hubbub; and as no one would give him the least attention, Steme grew sulky, and coiling himself up, hid away in the teakettle. "Now if anybody wants me, let him find me," said he; and you would never have known that he was there, unless by the way the kettle cover clattered now and then.

The court was in a hubbub because of the king's spectacles. And whether he had changed them at the tailor's where he ordered the trimming for the Lord High Fiddlestick's green satin gown, or at the jeweler's where his crown was being mended, or at the grocer's where he had stopped for a glass of milk, his Royal Highness was quite unable to decide.

Only these could never be the spectacles that usually rested on his royal nose; for whenever he looked through them he could see nothing but Moth and Rust — Moths eating the bed covers, the hangings, the carpets, every part of his Majesty's dominions — Rust on the gold and silver, the marble and granite, the oak and walnut, the houses and ships, everywhere in his kingdom.

"We are all coming to poverty," said his Royal Highness; and though it was drawing toward Christmas he did little but peep through the spectacles and look dismal.

Of course all the court looked dismal, too. The courtiers got a crick in the neck by going about with heads on one side like his Majesty.

The Lord High Fiddlestick, being of a jolly disposition, was obliged to shut himself up and laugh privately by the hour to take the fun out of himself before waiting on his Royal Highness; while the ladies wore their old gowns to court and said, where the king could hear them: "Oh, we are obliged to piece and patch in these days! Between Moth and Rust we are all coming to poverty."

In this dilemma they sent for the Wisest Man, who came at once, looking so profound that the king took courage and said: "What shall we do? Tell us, now."

"Hm!" said the Wisest Man. "Let us go back to first principles. If there was nothing to eat there would be no Moths, and if there was nothing to consume there would be no Rust — do you see?"

"Yes — certainly — of course," said the courtiers, but the king only groaned.

"But as there is silk and satin, velvet and linen, gold and diamonds, everywhere in the kingdom, I really do not see what you are to do about it," concluded the Wisest Man.

This was cold comfort and the king groaned more deeply than ever. But the king's son said to himself, "If there is no help for it, why cannot we contrive to grow rich faster and so keep ahead of the leak?"

So he sent for all the rich men in the kingdom. "How did you grow rich?" asked the prince. "By trading," answered they all together. "Trade more, then, and we shall not all come to poverty," said the prince.

"Alas! Your Highness!" answered the rich men, "we send away now just as much wheat and oil, and bring home just as much silk and gold, as we can find horses and wagons for carrying and houses for storing."

"Work faster, then," suggested the prince.

"We work as fast as flesh and blood is able," answered the rich men together as before.

"Now is my time," said Steme to himself. "Here is work a little more to my taste than violet-growing!" and he began to clatter the cover of the kettle.

"Who is there?" asked the prince.

"Steme," gurgled from the kettle.

"And what can you do, Steme?" said the prince.

"Carry as many tons as you like and run sixty miles an hour," spluttered Steme in the kettle.

"That is a likely story!" cried the prince. "Curled up there in a kettle, whoever you are!"

"Try me!" said Steme, coming out of the kettle.

So the prince ordered a load that would have broken the backs of forty horses to be strapped behind Steme, who darted off with it as if it had

been a feather, shrieking, snorting, and puffing, as he always did when his temper was aroused; and though he had a three-days' journey before him he was back in a few hours, fresher than when he started.

"More loads! more tons!" bellowed Steme. "Longer journeys! I want to go farther. I want to go faster. I can run twice as fast!"

"Ah! this is better," said the prince, setting all the men to load Steme more heavily. "Not much chance here for Moth and Rust."

All the men in the kingdom were set at work. Twice as much wheat and oil were sent out, and four times as much silk and gold were brought in, as ever before. "Not much danger of poverty now!" exclaimed the courtiers, and even the king smiled till he thought to put on his spectacles, when he saw more Moth and more Rust eating twice as fast as before.

"That is because you don't work fast enough," shouted Steme. "Whoever saw such wheels and looms! Let me spin! Give me thousands of wheels! I can weave! Give me looms! Give me spindles! —millions of spindles — hundreds of thousands of looms!"

So the men worked night and day to make spindles and wheels and looms for Steme, and a thousand workmen could not spin and weave the tenth part of what Steme did in a day.

But the king looking through his spectacles saw Moth and Rust busy as ever.

"Still, it is your fault!" shouted Steme. "Your horses creep like snails. Give me horses with iron backs — hundreds of them — thousands! I will draw your carriages. Give me paddles — twenty and thirty in a hand! I will row your boats!"

So Steme drove the carriages and rowed the boats, and as people went dashing and tearing about everywhere, they panted to each other: "What a wonderful nation we have grown to be! No chance for Moth and Rust now!"

But looking through his spectacles the king saw Moths by the million and Rust on everything.

"Your fault still!" snorted Steme. "Why do you not read more? Why not have more books? Let me make your books. Everybody shall read and be wise. Some one will then find out the remedy for Moth and Rust."

So Steme made books by the ton and carried them everywhere, thundering continually, "More, more! faster, faster! not half enough yet!" But still the king saw Moths and Rust increase, and on Christmas Eve he had no heart for Christmas trees but wandered away in the forest and walked there by himself until just at dark he met a stranger.

"Who are you, and where are you going?" asked the king; for the man had such a broad, jolly, smiling face that the king knew it was none of his court.

"I am Merry Christmas," said the stranger, "and I am going to the cottage in the forest."

The king wondered why Merry Christmas had passed his palace to stop at the poor little forest cottage.

In the cottage lived an old woman and a little girl, and on the table before the fire was a chicken nicely browned.

This was to be a great feast, for being very poor they could not have roast chicken for dinner every day, but just as Merry Christmas opened the door there stepped in before him and the king a poor little hungry, shivering boy.

"Sit down," said the dame; "we were waiting for you. And let us thank our Lord for all His grace."

"Why, there is hardly meat enough for two," cried the king. "Such a little chicken!"

"But hush!" said Merry Christmas. "I carve!"

And looking at him, the king understood how there would not only be enough for three but that it would taste better than the choicest bit of turkey on his Majesty's own table; and when Merry Christmas sat down on the hearth there was such a glow in the pine chips, and such a light in the tallow candle, and such a brightness through all the room — which came from Merry Christmas and had nothing to do with either fire or candle.

"How is this?" thought the king; and then he spied written on everything in the little room, "We give of what we have today to whoever needs, and trust to God for tomorrow."

"Oh!" said Merry Christmas, "no preventive like that against Moth and Rust!" But the king went home sorrowful — for he was very rich.

— Louise Chollet

THE PRINCE WHO FOUND "STEME"

Read to learn: Who this prince was and how he made his discovery.

Some one has said that time used is good luck but time abused is bad luck. That is another way of saying that things put to good and proper use bring good results and things not put to good use bring poor results.

There is a use for everything that God put upon the earth — it is for us to discover that use. The prince who discovered "Steam," which is the real name of the giant "Steme," was a little boy by the name of James Watt.

James Watt sat evening after evening before the fire watching the flames dancing and whirling, and the red embers change from one picture into another.

As James sat before the fire he noticed a thin cloud of steam rising from the spout of the tea-kettle hanging over the fire. In a little while the cover or lid of the kettle began to dance a bit, then hop up and down a little faster, making more noise as it hopped. He took off the cover and looked inside, but of course he saw nothing but the boiling water. This made him wonder more than ever what made the lid of the kettle dance up and down with such energy, when he could see nothing at all.

He got a dry cup and held it over the steam that came out of the spout of the kettle to see what would happen. All that he found in the cup were some drops of water. This made him think and wonder still more.

While he would sit and think and wonder, his aunt often scolded him saying, "James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy!" James was not an idle boy — but one of the busiest of boys, busy thinking and thinking!

It took considerable time for James Watt to think out how to put steam to work. He could not spend all of his time in thinking and experimenting, for he was a poor boy and it was necessary for him to work to help himself.

When he was quite a small boy his father gave him a set of small tools. The boy made so many things with these small tools that people marveled at his work and said, "Jamie has a fortune at his fingertips."

At the age of seventeen he went to London where he was to make his own living. He had to ride on horseback from his home in Scotland to London, England. This slow journey probably helped to make James Watt think more than ever of the energy he thought was being wasted because steam was not put to work.

He remained but one year in London, where he studied as well as worked, and then he went back to his home and opened up a shop where

he repaired all sorts of things, among which were organs, spectacles, fiddles, and fishing poles. All the time James Watt continued to think about steam. He felt sure that if steam arising from a small kettle could lift the lid repeatedly, that it could, if enough of it were used properly, be made to lift far heavier things and perhaps draw loads.

Thinking along this line, and reading and experimenting, he decided to build an engine that would run by steam.

He could not stop his work by which he gained a livelihood, so he was obliged to work on his engine during spare moments and evenings. By this slow process he spent eight years working on his engine. He encountered many difficulties, but they did not discourage him.

At last the engine was completed and ready for a trial. It was an engine used to pump water out of a mine. Men came from far and near to see it. It was set to work — and, it worked!

That was a golden moment in the life of the human race, for it was the turning point in the conservation of energy and time.

Steam has been made to do a great deal of work and save an untold amount of time since that first experiment by the young Scotch prince in putting "Steme" to work.

Do you think that James Watt was wasting his time when he was watching the teakettle — and thinking?

Study Suggestions

Who discovered the power of steam and put it to work? How did he make the discovery?

Was James Watt an idle boy as his aunt had said when she saw him sitting so quietly looking at the teakettle?

What was James Watt doing as he sat there?

Can and *Will* are cousins
Who never trust to Luck;
Will is the child of Energy,
Can, the son of Pluck.
Can't and *Won't* are cousins, too —
Always out of work;
Won't is the son of Never Try, and
Can't is the son of Shirk.

— Arizona Bulletin

THE SONG OF STEAM

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I marked the peasant faintly reel,
With the toil that he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier-dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car!

Ha! Ha! Ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length;
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,
And laughed in my iron strength.
Oh, then you saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the water's o'er
The mountain's steep decline;
Time, space, have yielded to my power,
The world — the world is mine!
The rivers the sun hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline,
The giant streams of the queenly West,
Or the Orient floods divine.

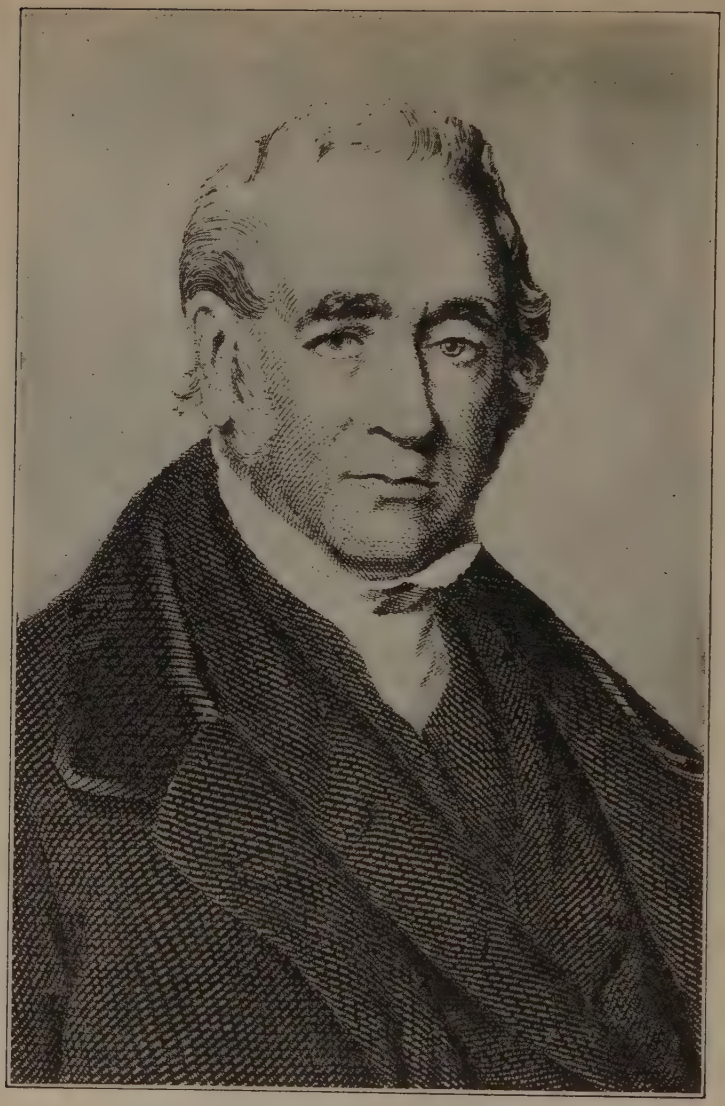
The ocean pales wherever I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice;
And monsters of the briny deep
Cower, trembling, at my voice.
I carry the wealth of the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his godlike mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine
My tireless arms doth play,
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,
Or the dawn of the glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put in print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no brains to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf";
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage the world by myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.

— George W. Cutter



GEORGE STEPHENSON

GEORGE STEPHENSON AND THE LOCOMOTIVE

All great inventions have small beginnings and this is especially true of the modern railroad.

The discovery that steam could be used as a means of moving machinery changed the ideas of man entirely. The steamboat was invented, and completely revolutionized ocean and river travel, and less than twenty years later an event occurred in England of even greater importance. This was the formal opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railroad, which took place September 15, 1830.

George Stephenson, an English coal digger, was the inventor of the locomotive.

As a lad George was set to work about the engine at one of the coal mines near the village of Newcastle, in England, where he lived. He was not only very industrious but very ingenious and useful, and finally became engineer at a place called Newburn. He was now eighteen years of age and could not read and write. He made up his mind that he would learn to read, and in less than a year he could read and write and solve problems in arithmetic.

He learned rapidly and very soon was reading all the books on engineering and mechanics that he could obtain.

He began to see how the steam engine could be improved; he modeled new engines in clay; people soon took notice of his skill and spoke of him as an inventive engineer.

In 1815 Stephenson devised and built the first locomotive, and in 1821 he was appointed engineer to one of the first English railroads. Not long after this the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Company offered a prize of five hundred pounds for the best locomotive that could be built by a certain day. When Stephenson said he would make an engine that could go twelve miles an hour, every one called that an absurd idea and said it could not be done!

But Stephenson had faith in himself and in his ideas and plans, so he went to work on a locomotive. When the appointed day came and the different locomotives were offered and tested, Stephenson easily carried off the prize.

Railways in America

The first railway of any importance in America was opened at Charleston, South Carolina,

in January, 1831. After the year 1831 railway travel was regarded by all as an assured success, and the old stagecoaches were looked upon as substitutes until the new system should be complete. Public service felt the change at once. People saw that the day had gone by when a New York merchant was compelled to go by sea or by the slow stagecoach — a two-days' journey — in order to reach Philadelphia.

Some of the oldest railroads in the United States were completed by 1835, and railroads soon became commonplace affairs.

The wonderful improvements that have resulted from the genius and labors of George Stephenson have completely changed the character of human life. It has made the world smaller for us, and has greatly increased our knowledge of the different countries and their peoples.

George Stephenson deserves to rank as one of the great teachers and benefactors of mankind.

AMUSING INCIDENTS OF EARLY TRAVEL

In England

Amusing and interesting incidents occur in all lines of human endeavor. The following incident that occurred in England at the formal opening of their first railroad will be of interest.

The Duke of Wellington, who was the Prime Minister, and several of the nobility, with about nine hundred other guests, were invited to take part in the ceremony at the opening of the railroad.

Early in the morning Liverpool was filled with strangers from all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, who had been pouring in during the week to witness the great event. All the inns were overflowed with guests, and carriages stood in the streets all night for want of room in the stable yards. From outside the town elegant carriages of the nobility came, filled with beautifully dressed ladies, and by ten o'clock on that morning the streets were thronged.

The railroad company had provided eight locomotives and thirty-three carriages for the accommodation of their guests.

As the train moved out from the depot, filled with elegantly dressed people and decorated with silk flags of various colors, and with military bands playing the national airs, the effect was most inspiring.

The salute of the cannon, and the cheers of the great crowds of people on the banks on either side of the station, told the whole city that the train had started.

As the procession moved out with a speed that had never before been seen, the spectators were lost in admiration over the novel sight. All along the route the fields were filled with carriages and vehicles of every description, containing thousands of interested lookers-on, whose wonder was echoed by the foot passengers who lined the woods for miles.

To the guests on the train the sensation of being carried through the air at such a rate was both novel and pleasant, and they said it seemed as if they were flying. The fact that the road had been, as far as possible, laid out level gave the chance for a new and pleasant experience.

It seemed strange to pass through hills and cross ravines, to run swiftly over streams, and

to look down like the birds of the air upon the wide fields, rich valleys, great meadows, and rivers upon which large vessels were resting, so that their crews might have a chance to view the gorgeous pageant that was passing before them.

As the train came near Manchester the excitement increased. The way was lined for six miles with thousands of people. People were everywhere — on housetops, in carriages, on bridges, in trees. The train reached Manchester at three o'clock where an elaborate banquet was served, after which the company returned to Liverpool. In this fashion the system of traveling by rail was inaugurated in England.

Travel in America

Equally as amusing and interesting is the following incident in early railway travel in the United States.

In August, 1831, a trip from Albany to Schenectady, New York, was made the occasion of considerable display.

The engineer wore a dress coat, and some of the more distinguished persons of the day were invited.

The carriages of the train were bodies of stage-

coaches placed upon trucks. The conductor first collected the tickets by passing from platform to platform outside the cars. Then he climbed on to a little seat on the tender and blew a tin horn as a signal that the train was to start.

The locomotive moved, but the coaches being joined together by slack chain, the passengers were jerked about so greatly that some of them were thrown from their seats.

The locomotive used dry pitch pine for fuel, and as there was nothing to catch the sparks, a great deal of smoke, sparks, and cinders that poured out kept streaming back over the train. The outside passengers were compelled to raise their umbrellas.

In a short time the umbrellas caught fire and had to be thrown away. After that the passengers had a busy time using hats, canes, and handkerchiefs to whip out the fire from their garments as it caught from the flying sparks.

At the first station some fence rails were braced between the coaches to prevent so much jerking. Notwithstanding all this, the passengers considered the trip a great success.

INVENTION OF THE AIR BRAKE

The railroads throughout the world could never have attained their present efficiency had it not been for the many devices and inventions that make travel comparatively safe on trains that cover great distances at high speed.

The invention that plays the largest part in railroad efficiency is the air brake.

First credit for the air brake belongs to George Westinghouse, who, in 1866, conceived the idea while traveling on a train that was delayed because of the wreck of two freight trains. In thinking about it he decided that there need not have been a collision if the engineers had been able to apply all the brakes at once.

Soon after this Mr. Westinghouse read an article that told how a tunnel had been made through Mont Cenis by machinery driven by compressed air.

Mr. Westinghouse was a very young man, only twenty-one years of age, but he thought seriously about both brakes and the power of compressed air. This thinking brought forth a few years later the first air brake — and the beginning of a new epoch in transportation.

The superintendent of a railroad offered Mr. Westinghouse the use of a small train, made up of a locomotive and four cars, on which to try his air brakes. The brakes were attached and the train steamed out of the station. But it had not been running more than five minutes when an unexpected happening put the brakes to a severe test.

As the locomotive came out of a tunnel, the engineer saw a horse and sleigh standing squarely in the middle of the track only a short distance ahead. He at once applied the brakes and, happily, the train came to a sudden standstill.

An accident was prevented, and the wonderful worth of the new mechanical marvel was demonstrated to the world!

During fifty years of the use of air brakes, hundreds of improvements have been added to the original device.

Today the air brake has been so perfected that it is almost human in its operation.

STUDY SUGGESTIONS

Tell why the air brake is so important.

What do the experiences of the passengers on the first railway trains in England and America show about the progress made in railway travel?

THE DISOBEDIENT LOCOMOTIVE

"I am the swiftest of my kind,"
The locomotive said.
"I can go eighty miles an hour
When once I steam ahead.
My wheels are strong, my boilers full,
There is no reason why
I should not break all records, if
I only choose to try.

"But these dull tracks they lay for me
So narrow and so straight,
These switches that they have to throw
While I must stop and wait;
This engineer who keeps his hand
Upon my fretting power —
If I were rid of them, how free
Would be each glorious hour!"

And so, one day, when steam was up,
When both the engineer
And fireman had swung down from it
And all the tracks were clear,
The locomotive seized its chance
And pushed with all its might
Out of the station, and away,
In swift and headlong flight.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! I'm off at last,
I spurn this narrow way!
No hand is on my throttle valve,
No more need I obey!"
With one great bound it left the rails,
And passed the junction switch;
Then — with one awful, aimless leap —
It landed in a ditch!

And now that engine — tired of rails —
Would like to have a track;
'Twould run upon it willingly,
But it cannot come back.
Perhaps some child who wants to do
What parents seem to fear,
Had best decide to keep the track;
And mind the engineer!

— Mary Whiting Adams

Study Suggestions

Who is the engineer spoken of in the last line of this poem?
What lesson may be learned from the poem?

ROBERT FULTON

ROBERT FULTON AND THE STEAMBOAT

In the early years of the nineteenth century the increasing demands of travel and traffic caused many persons with inventive minds to consider applying steam power to river navigation, in the hope of accomplishing speedier means of travel and transportation. The steamboat, of various types, was really invented in several places far apart, but no practical use was made of the steamboat until Robert Fulton successfully accomplished the famous trip of the *Clermont* from New York City to Albany, New York, and return.

Robert Fulton was born November 14, 1765, in Little Britain, Pennsylvania. When Robert was but three years old, his father died, leaving his mother with five small children to support. The mother then became Robert's teacher until he was eight years of age, when he was sent to school. Even at this early age Robert's mind was filled with his ideas of drawing and mechanical devices. Nothing gave him greater delight than to visit the shops of mechanics and there with his own hands to work out his ideas.

Among other things, he hammered out pencils from stray bits of sheet lead, and these he used in drawing and sketching a friend's likeness, a landscape, or a machine.

While still young, Robert won the warm regard of a great painter, Benjamin West, who lived in an adjoining county, and whose father had been an intimate friend of Robert's father.

The desire to become an artist took such a strong hold upon young Fulton that, at the age of seventeen, he went to Philadelphia and devoted his time to drawing and painting. Here he remained three years and painted with such skill that he not only supported himself, but sent money to his home. On his twenty-first birthday he came home with $400 he had saved, and bought a little home for his mother.

While in Philadelphia, then the capital of the country, his talents and bearing, his good nature and good will, gained for him the friendship of many of the leading citizens of the city, among whom was Benjamin Franklin, who was then a man seventy-six years of age, and who was preparing to go to France where he was to represent his country with distinction.

It was during his stay in Philadelphia that Fulton acquired the tact and courtesy which he always retained and which helped him socially and in a business way ever afterward.

His interest in art led him to London late in the year 1786. He was warmly received by his friend Benjamin West, who had risen to fame and under whom young Fulton studied.

His mechanical and inventive talents soon took him away from the painting, however, and he became interested in trying to improve canal navigation and in working out various mechanical appliances, and this work finally made him famous.

Fulton took a broad, statesmanlike view of transportation as a national unifier. He said at one time, "I contemplate a time when canals shall pass through every vale, winding around each hill, and bind the whole country together in bonds of social intercourse." His prophecy is fulfilled, but by railroads instead of canals.

In 1800 Fulton built his first diving-boat, the *Nautilus*, which was launched on the Seine River in France, July 30, 1800, and submerged for three hours.

The following day Fulton took his boat farther down the river from Rouen to Havre, where he carried out further experiments. Soon afterward he built at Paris a second and improved *Nautilus*. This diving-boat was finished in June, 1801, and tested on the Seine River. He and one or more sailor companions shut themselves in, with a single candle, and remained under water about half an hour, coming up several hundred yards from the starting point. He again descended and returned to the place from which he first started, amid the applause of thousands of onlookers. In 1805 he tested it again in England where, with a torpedo of 170 pounds, he blew up a vessel of 200 tons.

Later, the English government asked Fulton if they might purchase his invention, and suppress his weapons if they wished to do so. His reply, patriotic in the extreme, is worthy of record:

"At all events, whatever may be your reward, I will never consent to let these inventions lie dormant, should my country at any time have need of them. Were you to grant me an annuity as great as twenty thousand pounds a year,

I will sacrifice all to the safety and independence of my country.

"But I hope that England and America will understand their mutual interest too well to war against each other, and I have no desire to introduce my engines into practice for the benefit of any other nation."

For the invention of the torpedo boat, the world is indebted to Robert Fulton, but for the first successful steamboat it owes him a debt of deeper gratitude.

Before leaving Paris, Fulton became acquainted with Robert R. Livingston, who was at that time the American minister to France. Mr. Livingston had long felt an interest in steamboat navigation, and with him Fulton often discussed steamboat projects.

Mr. Livingston became interested to the point of supplying funds for Fulton's experiments, which he began in France, and continued in America when he returned in 1806 and began the construction of a steamboat which he called the *Clermont*, after the name of Livingston's home on the Hudson. The *Clermont*, duly launched and equipped, started from New York

City on August 17, 1807, for the first trip up the Hudson River to Albany, New York. The success of this trip is best told in a letter written by Fulton himself to the editor of a New York newspaper.

To the Editor of the American Citizen,

Sir:

I arrived this afternoon at four o'clock in the steamboat from Albany. As the success of my experiment gives me great hopes that such boats may be of great importance to my country, to prevent erroneous opinions, and give some satisfaction to the friends of useful improvements, you will have the goodness to publish the following statement of facts.

I left New York on Monday, at one o'clock, and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at one o'clock on Tuesday — time, twenty-four hours — distance 110 miles.

On Wednesday I departed from the Chancellor's at nine in the morning, and arrived at Albany at five in the afternoon — distance forty miles, time eight hours. The sum is 150 miles in thirty-two hours, equal to nearly five miles an hour.

On Thursday at nine o'clock in the morning I left Albany, and arrived in New York at four Friday afternoon, time thirty hours, equal to five miles an hour.

Throughout my whole way, going and returning, the wind was ahead; no advantage could be derived from my sails: the whole has, therefore, been performed by the power of the steam engine.

Two more boats, the *Raritan* and the *Car of Neptune*, were then built and put into use, making the first regular line of steamboats in the world.

Fulton was well aware of the great benefit that steamboats would be in America, especially in the Western States, as is shown by his letter to an old friend, Joel Barlow, who lived near Washington:

My steamboat voyage to Albany and back turned out rather more favorably than I had calculated. The distance from Albany to New York is 150 miles. I ran it up in thirty-two hours, and down in thirty. I had a light breeze against me the whole way, both going and coming, and the voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam engine.

I overtook many sloops and schooners, beating to the windward, and parted with them as if they had been at anchor. The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved.

The morning I left New York, there were not, perhaps,

thirty persons in the city who believed that the boat could ever move one mile an hour, or be of the least utility, and, while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks. This is the way ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors.

Having employed much time, money, and zeal in accomplishing this work, it gives me, as it will you, great pleasure to see it fully answer my expectations.

It will give a cheap and quick conveyance to the merchandise on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other great rivers, which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprise of our countrymen; and although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting on the immense advantage that my country will derive from the invention.

A ferry service from New York to Jersey City followed, after some delay. About the middle of July, 1812, the ferry called *Jersey* began regular trips. In 1813, the ferry *York*, a sister-vessel to the *Jersey*, was launched and placed in service. These boats ran every half hour during the day, making the trip of a mile and a half in fifteen minutes. This was the first permanent steam ferry ever established.

Of Mr. Fulton this has been said: "Nature had made him a gentleman and bestowed upon him ease and gracefulness. He had too much good sense for the least affectation. A modest confidence in his own worth and talents gave him an unembarrassed deportment in all companies. His features were strong and of manly beauty. He had large dark eyes, and a projecting brow expressive of intelligence and thought. His temper was mild, his disposition lively. He was fond of society, which he always enlivened by cheerful, cordial manners, and instructed or pleased by his sensible conversation. He expressed himself with energy, fluency, and correctness, and, as he owed more to his own experience and reflections than to books, his sentiments were often interesting from their originality.

"He was a many-sided man, and, as he took up tasks widely diverse, each of his talents lent aid to every other. He was a capable draftsman and painter, a mechanic and an engineer, an inventor and a researcher. With all this variety of accomplishment he was a shrewd man of business and a warm friend."

THE MAGNET

In days of old there was a shepherd whose name was Magnus. One of Magnus's sheep went astray, and he went up on the mountains to search for it.

After considerable climbing he reached a spot where there were only large bare rocks, or stones. As he walked over the rocks, he began to be conscious that his boots were adhering to them. He felt the rocks with his hands. They were dry and did not stick to his hands. He started to walk on; still his boots continued to stick to the rocks.

So he sat down, took off one of his boots, and holding it in his hands, began to touch the rocks with it. He found that when he touched the rocks with the leather on the sole of the shoe, it did not adhere; but that when he touched the rocks with the nails in the shoe, the nails adhered to the rocks.

Magnus had a shepherd's crook with an iron point. When he touched these stones with the wooden handle, it did not adhere. But when he touched the stones with the iron point, it

clung so powerfully that he had to pull it away by main force.

Magnus examined the stones and saw that they were like iron, and he carried some pieces of them home with him. He tested the stones still further and as so many things that touched these stones continued to cling to them, the people called the stones magnets.

Magnets

Magnets are found in the ground in the form of iron ore. The best iron is obtained from such ore.

If a piece of iron is put on the magnetic ore, the iron also begins to attract other pieces of iron. And if a steel needle is placed on a magnet and kept there for some time, then the needle itself becomes a magnet and is able to attract iron to itself.

If a needle is properly magnetized and is balanced on a point in such a way that it will move freely, then no matter in which way the magnetic needle is turned, as soon as it is set free, it will come to rest with one end pointing to the south, the other pointing to the north.

The north-seeking end is called the north pole and the south-seeking end, the south pole.

If two magnetized needles are laid side by side with their like poles adjoining, the ends will repel each other; but if laid together with unlike poles adjoining, the ends will attract each other. If a magnetic needle is broken in two, then again each half will attract at one end and repel at the other. And if it is broken again, the same thing will happen. No matter how many times it is broken, it will always be the same — like ends repelling, unlike ends attracting; just as though the magnet pushed with one end and pulled with the other. And however often you break it, one end will always push and the other pull.

A Use for the Magnet

Before the magnet was discovered men did not dare to sail very far out on the sea. Whenever they sailed out of sight of land, they could judge only by the sun and the stars where they were going. But if it was stormy, and the sun and stars were hidden, they had no way of telling where their course lay; so

the vessel would often drift before the wind, and be dashed on the rocks and go to pieces.

After the magnetic needle was discovered, they could tell in which direction they were sailing. With this magnetic needle they began to make long voyages from the land, and afterwards they discovered many new countries.

There is now on board ship a magnetic needle, called the compass. They have also a measuring line with knots at the stern of the ship. The line is so constructed that it unwinds and tells how fast the vessel is sailing.

Thus it is, that sailors can tell where they are at a given time, and whether they are far from land, and in what direction they are going.

—Leo Tolstoi

TIME TO GO

They know the time to go!
The Fairy Clocks strike their inaudible hour
In field and woodland, and each punctual flower
Bows at the signal an obedient head
And hastes to bed.

The pale Anemone
Glides on her way with scarcely a good-night;
The Violets tie their purple nightcaps tight;
Hand clasped in hand, the dancing Columbines,
In blithesome lines

Drop their last curtsies,
Flit from the scene, and lay them down to rest;
The Meadow Lily folds her scarlet vest
And hides beneath the Grasses' lengthening green;
Fair and serene.

Her sister Lily floats
On the blue pond, and raises golden eyes
To court the golden splendor of the skies—
The sudden signal comes, and down she goes
To find repose

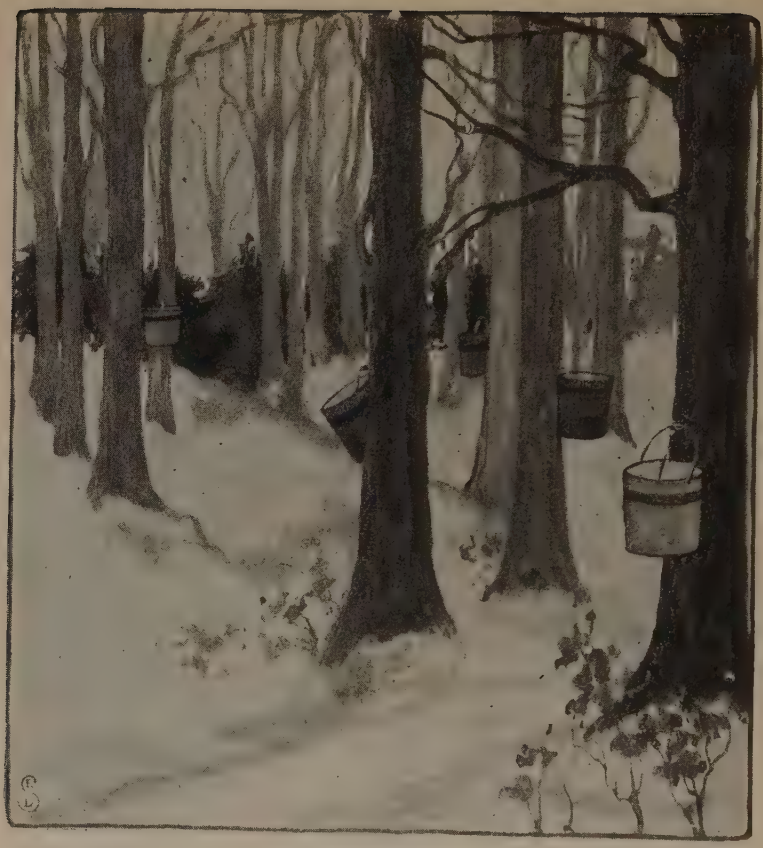
In the cool depths below.
A little later, and the Asters blue
Depart in crowds, a brave and cheery crew;
While Goldenrod, still wide awake and gay,
Turns him away,

Furls his bright parasol,
And, like a little hero, meets his fate.
The Gentians, very proud to sit up late,
Next follow. Every fern is tucked and set
'Neath coverlet,

Downy and soft and warm.
No little seedling voice is heard to grieve
Or make complaints the folding woods beneath;
No lingerer dares to stay, for well they know
The time to go.

Teach us your patience brave,
Dear Flowers, till we shall dare to part like you,
Willing God's will, sure that His clock strikes true,
That His sweet day augurs a sweeter morrow,
With smiles, not sorrow.

— Susan Coolidge



SPRING

The woods are still sleeping,
But grass is a-peeping
  From under the snow.
The swallows are coming,
The bees are a-humming,
  The sap has begun to flow!

— Andrea Hofer

SPRING

What does it mean when the bluebird flies
Over the hills, singing sweet and clear?
When violets peep through the blades of grass?
These are the signs that Spring is here.

— M. E. N. Hathaway

In Spring, when stirs the wind, I know
That soon the crocus buds will show,
For 'tis the wind who buds awake,
And into pretty blossoms break.

— Frank Dempster Sherman

BIRDS IN SPRING

Listen! What a sudden rustle
fills the air!
All the birds are in a bustle
everywhere!
Such a flash of wings and glitter
wide outspread!
What a veritable orchestra
o'erhead!

From the marshy brook that's smoking
in the fog,
I can catch the croon and croaking
of a frog;
Up and down the midges dancing
on the grass:
How their gauzy wings are glancing
as they pass!

What does all this haste and hurry
mean, I pray?
All this outdoor flush and flurry
seen today?
This presaging stir and humming,
thrill and call?
Mean? It means that Spring is coming:
that is all!

— Margaret J. Preston

FATHER TIME AND SPRING

FATHER TIME

Spring, my daughter, I shall now tell you what I expect of you and your children, March, April, and May.

I think, perhaps, that the people will be happier at your coming than at the coming of any of the other Seasons. The people will have remained indoors during the cold days that Winter naturally brings, more than they like and more than is healthful, so they will be eager for your coming. They will be delighted with your sun and your showers, your balmy days and your invigorating air. The children can get out and run and jump. They can play marbles and play ball. They can fly kites.

Your children must call the gentle rains to fall upon the thirsting ground, and look after the trees and bushes so that they bloom and blossom. They must wake up the sleeping seeds, mix nectar juice for the baby plants, make new green dresses for the trees, paint the blades of grass a delicate green, call the birds back from the Southland, and see that all Nature is awake, alive, and active.

It is also your work, Spring, to see that the people clean the yards, streets, and alleys.

The sooner you have this done, the better it will be for the people, my daughter; for cleanliness will keep away the flies, and by keeping away flies you will keep away sickness, too. Your children will have house-cleaning to look after. It will keep them busy, but work is good for everybody.

If you fail to do any work that is yours — if any of your children should become careless and waste any time that is theirs — that time will be completely lost, for no one Month can do the work that belongs to another. All the Seasons and all the Months have their special work to do — work that no other Season and Month can do.

I hope that at the end of the Year when all the Seasons and Months come together to give an account of what they have accomplished, you will be able to say that all of your children did their work well. And now tell me, Spring, my daughter, what flowers will you bring to Mother Earth that will help her in the work of making the world beautiful?

My children will give to Mother Earth many lovely flowers that will help to beautify the world and gladden the hearts of people. I have a few of them with me. Here is the dainty snowdrop that wakes up so soon from her winter's nap, eager to peep out at the new world.

And I have these crocuses of blue, yellow, white, and purple — touches of color for a vast green velvet carpet. See also these gorgeous tulips that proudly hold their heads erect, making the earth brilliant with their gay, bright colors. I am very fond of the golden daffodil and the fragrant narcissus, though I like the spring beauty very much.

I shall call the birds back from the sunny Southland as soon as I can. I shall warm the ground and the children may have their own flower and vegetable gardens. I shall see that there are many warm, sunny days so the boys can play marbles and fly kites, and the girls can run and jump and take their dollies for an airing.

Father Time

Your plans are very good, my daughter; may you carry them to completion.

If every public utility in the United States were suddenly stopped, all industry in this country would be brought to a standstill. The prosperity of the country depends largely upon the prosperity of what we call the public utilities. We cannot be a successful nation unless we are supplied with power, heat, light, transportation, and the means of communication. Those organizations which supply us with these helps are the agencies around which modern civilization and business and commerce are built.

Notwithstanding the fact that the many utilities enter into our lives at almost every turn, very few persons realize what a great part they play and how hopeless our lives would be without them.

The majority of people have become so accustomed to the services rendered by the utilities that no thought is given to them at all.

By way of illustration it has been pointed out that a man gets up in the morning when the weather is dark or cloudy. He presses a button and the electric light instantly floods his room. If the house be chilly, he has but to start a gas

heater or an electric heater, or open a steam valve.

If it is sultry, an electric fan is put in motion by the simple act of touching a button. At the breakfast table he is served with toast, or pancakes, or waffles, perhaps cooked by electricity, and his coffee is poured from an electric percolator.

If he does not use his own automobile he probably goes to his work or his place of business in an electric car — a surface car, elevated, or subway. He may go up many stories in an electric elevator. If his work is in an office, he may summon his associates by pressing an electric signal. He dictates a telegram or a cable to be flashed thousands of miles by electricity. He communicates by electricity direct to a business firm in the same city or to another hundreds of miles away in a different city.

The growth of the utilities has been phenomenal. The first commercially successful telegraph in the world was operated between Washington and Baltimore in 1844. The first telephone company began business in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1878. The electric light and power

industry began in 1879. The first practical electric railway in the United States was put into operation in 1888.

No community can develop faster than its utilities. The nation's utilities not only render an essential service, but contribute their full share to the country's advancement socially and industrially. If utilities go back, the nation cannot go ahead.

The transportation facilities of a community have much to do with that community's well-being.

No servant of mankind has ever removed a greater burden from human shoulders than has electricity. No mechanical device or invention ever brought greater comfort and pleasure. Since the use of electric lighting, culture has made greater progress and there has been a rapid advance in civilization.

The growth in the use of electric light has been so rapid that it has become a necessity, and those who are accustomed to its use would not willingly part with it.

Business has come to appreciate the value of good illumination. A well-lighted store is much

more attractive than one that is poorly lighted. There are many things we could do without — but electricity is not one of them.

In the future, electricity will supply the world with power just as the railways have supplied the world with transportation. In the office, home, and factory the hard labor will be done by power-driven machines.

The business capacity of a nation depends largely upon that country's facilities for prompt communication. In the United States we have a very large telephone, telegraph, and mail service. The growth of the telephone and the telegraph advanced with the growth of the electrical industry. Our needs within our own country for sending messages and information are well cared for. Now radio has rendered material assistance in communication and entertainment.

Motor Transportation

No phase of transportation is equal in importance to the evolution of the automobile.

The first automobile made and run in the United States was built by Charles Duryea in 1892.

The actual manufacture of motor cars did not begin in this country until 1903. At that time there were only about a dozen different cars being produced. There are now about six hundred manufacturers of motor vehicles in the United States.

The motor vehicle is taking the place of the horse in almost every line of transportation.

In many parts of the United States motor trucks and busses are taking the place of transportation by rail.

Many shippers of goods for short distances prefer a motor truck because it makes deliveries direct to the stores, thus eliminating the hauling to and from railway terminals. Another reason given for the use of motor trucks in short distance hauls is that the breakage is almost wholly eliminated.

Motor trucks can be branch feeders of the railroads and by coöperating with them they can be of great service and value.

Several large interurban electric railways are now using motor truck lines as feeders to their interurban freight stations.

Some street railway companies provide motor

transportation as well as electric service, thus giving the public their choice of riding by motor or by rail.

The automobile industry employs more than one million workers, and represents an investment of nearly two billion dollars, which is greater capital than that of all the national banks in the United States.

Flight, as a means of transportation, has always been thought of by human beings. This fact is borne out by the stories that have come down through the ages. The literature of ancient Greece contains many stories of flight by man.

The airplane, however, by right of discovery, belongs to the United States.

As a means of transportation the airplane offers opportunities that are certain to be developed. Air travel will become as common as travel by rail or water.

In the carrying of mails the airplane has proved its value.

Speed is the demand of the age. The future will demand a lessening of distance and a greater economy of time.

The story of transportation in the United States is not complete without at least a slight mention of the large network of highways that cross and recross the country in every direction.

Good roads are an absolute necessity to the growth and prosperity of a nation. Some have said that the history of road building is a good record of the progress of civilization.

Congress has authorized the establishment of the "Zero Milestone" — located just back of the White House at Washington — a starting point for the roads leading to the various parts of the United States. In the future all of the great national highways of America will be regarded as having had their beginning at this basic point.

The main use of the roads long, long ago was to move armies and the munitions of war. Later these highways became channels of commerce and communication. They were substitutes for the railways and the telegraph of modern times.

There was not much road building in the United States until after the close of the Revo-

lutionary War. The National Turnpike was begun in 1806, after it had been authorized by Congress.

With the coming of railroads, the highways received slight attention for perhaps fifty years. Today, the good-roads movement is gaining strength — the demand for more and better highways is the cry of the hour. This has been called the "motor age," which necessarily means the "good-roads age."

City and country have been brought together by the automobile and good roads. What was the rural village is now a city suburb. By the same means many Americans have become better acquainted with various parts of the country, for it is well known that only a small part of our land can be seen from the windows of a railroad coach.

No art or science has advanced more rapidly in recent years than road building. There are two million two hundred fifty thousand miles of highways in the United States today.

If ever there was a time when the building of roads was necessary to a nation's economic life, that time is now, and the place is here!

THE BIGGEST SINGLE BUSINESS IN THE WORLD

Benjamin Franklin, that delightful philosopher and shrewd statesman, laid the foundation of the present postal system of the United States.

All the earlier postal history of the thirteen American colonies radiates about him as the central figure. Franklin first served as postmaster of Philadelphia. He owned a weekly newspaper, and the post office was operated in conjunction with that publication.

Franklin was named Deputy Postmaster-General of the British colonies of America in the year 1753. Immediately his troubles began. Dispatching and delivering letters throughout the thickly wooded and sparsely populated areas in those pioneer times was a difficult task. Then the mails were transported by couriers, and six weeks were consumed in making the trip from Philadelphia to Boston. During the winter months the couriers made only two trips in every thirty days.

Franklin set to work to reorganize the service.

His plans included weekly trips between Philadelphia and Boston throughout the year, and the time of travel was shortened by one-half. New routes were opened to Savannah, Georgia, and other southern points, and many improvements were effected.

In the year 1763, after the British had won over Canada as a new colony from the French, Franklin proceeded at once to Quebec and opened the first post office there with subordinate offices at Three Rivers and Montreal.

A monthly service between Quebec and New York was promptly arranged, the courier making close connections with the packet boats sailing monthly between New York and Falmouth, England.

The colonial postal system was a losing business, and Franklin had to pay the deficit out of his own funds. The British government took only a slight interest in the post office of the American colonies, almost forgetting its very existence. But Franklin kept his post riders carrying the mails and kept up the post offices at various villages regardless of the losses and the personal expense it brought to him.

Three years later he saw the silver lining behind the clouds. In 1760 the debt was entirely cleared up and there was also a surplus. Deputy Postmaster-General Franklin sent the surplus money in a sailing vessel to the British Postmaster-General in London. After that a regular remittance was forwarded from America to the British Crown covering annual earnings of the colonial postal service.

Laying the Foundation

When a Continental Congress was organized at Philadelphia for the purpose of establishing a separate government, one of the first questions that came before the delegates was the matter of providing for the conveying and delivery of the mails. Benjamin Franklin, as chairman of a committee of investigation, made a report providing for the appointment of a Postmaster-General of the Thirteen American Colonies to conduct a postal system. His report was adopted and Franklin himself was appointed.

A line of posts was established by him from Massachusetts to Georgia, and postmasters were selected for the principal communities.

Thus was the foundation laid for the present Post Office Department of the United States. Franklin served as colonial Postmaster-General until the election of George Washington as President, when Samuel Osgood of Massachusetts became Postmaster-General of the United States.

From this time on the rapid development of the system kept pace with the advancement of the Nation commercially and industrially.

The problem of the Postmasters-General in the early days of the United States was the transportation of the mails. The roads were poor and impassable during the winter seasons. In many instances only narrow trails through dense forests formed the connecting links between the villages and hamlets where post offices were located. Couriers traveling by foot and riding horseback carried the mails during the early part of the nineteenth century, as they did in Franklin's postal régime. Then it was discovered that the stagecoaches that made regular trips between Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and other points could be used for this purpose, and the first large leather mail pouches came into existence.

The year 1836 saw the beginning of the transition from the stagecoach to the railroad car as a means of transporting the mails. It was at this period that the first railroad lines were constructed in the United States, and while they were crude and the schedules maintained by their trains extremely uncertain, no time was lost in making use of them for carrying the mails.

One difficulty encountered in those early days was to induce the railroads to operate trains at night for the purpose of making connections with other lines and thus obtaining a speedier dispatch of the mails. The railroad officials objected to taking any risks and frequently refused to accede to this request of the Postmaster-General to run trains after dark.

In 1836 there were only two hundred miles of railroads in the Nation carrying the mails. Since then year after year the railroad mail service of the Post Office Department has grown along with the advancement in railroad construction until the present time, when the mails are being transported over more than two hundred thirty thousand miles of railroad trackage.

From these small beginnings the postal service of the United States gradually developed into the greatest postal machine ever known. When Benjamin Franklin was Postmaster-General of the Thirteen Colonies, there were seventy-five post offices. Now there are fifty-two thousand.

The Postal Service is now the biggest single business in the world. It employs about three hundred thirty-three thousand workers — a hundred thousand more than any other business institution in this country or any other — and handles during the course of every twelve months the gigantic sum of three billion dollars.

Civilization Is Communication

Out of the mists of beginnings dawned Civilization. What is Civilization? Civilization is Communication.

Thus the peerage of postal communication is established at the very roots of history. Service is no new thing to messengers of the post. Service to fellow men has been their tradition through the ages.

Roman messengers speeding to the ends of the empire changed tired horses for fresh at relay

stations of the roads to Gaul, Britain, Germania, and Spain.

These stations were called "posta," and from this significant term marking the relay, we get today our conception of the world-wide postal service, the post office, and every one's friend, the postman.

America's most cherished quality is the pioneer spirit of its people. The United States postal system, in the spirit of America, has been a pioneer in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, and now, with the opening of the twentieth century, it is abreast of the foremost in progressive ingenuity and invention and service.

Between the time of Franklin, the first Postmaster-General and the present time, the picture of the United States has been painted.

This picture may be viewed through the history of the Postal Service, which has faithfully chronicled the march of events. Curiously enough, the fundamentals of thrift set up in *Poor Richard's Almanac* by Franklin, upon which nations must stand, are as apt today as when they were written many years ago.

Thus, Benjamin Franklin's Fourth Class Post Office was the seed which produced the Giant Organization of Today, with its fifty-two thousand branches spread over the Nation.

A mail carrier blazed the first trail between New York and Boston.

Richard Fairbanks, of Boston, was the first colonial postmaster.

Benjamin Franklin in 1775 became the first Postmaster-General of the United States.

Free delivery of mail service in cities began in 1863.

The railway post office was adopted in the United States in 1864.

Gummed postage was adopted in the United States in 1847.

The money order system was adopted in 1864.

The R. F. D. service was started in 1896.

Postal savings banks, the greatest savings bank in the world, was started in 1911.

Parcel Post was adopted in 1913.

Air mail service was started May 18, 1918.

It was the demands of the Postal Service which first brought night trains on the railroads, and the "fast mail trains" were followed by fast passenger trains.

"Where American citizens go, the mails go."

— From Official Bulletins of Post Office Department at Washington, D. C., and furnished by that Department.

RURAL MAIL SERVICE

Few institutions in the history of American progress can be credited with a more salutary effect upon the march of that progress than the Rural Mail Service of the Post Office Department.

No other single instrumentality has done more than the Rural Mail Service toward "bringing the city to the country," and relieving the plain existence of farm life, or has been as effective in establishing closer contact between the farmer and his markets. It has been the most important factor in making agriculture a business instead of a mere "tilling of the soil."

Thirty years ago the farmer and his wife and children led an existence of almost complete isolation, living upon widely scattered farms, some of them miles apart. They had little communication with their neighbors or the outside world, except that derived from weekly trips to the adjacent village. More often than not the farmer lost a full day's work and his crops were neglected in order to obtain expected mail at the village post office.

In those days the farmers' mail consisted largely of communications from relatives and friends. Today the daily mail includes, usually on the very date of publication, the daily newspaper, with market reports and agricultural news, the weekly and monthly farm journals and magazines, and business letters from the village merchant and the more pretentious establishments in the distant city. All of these are now brought to his door or to the box a few yards away.

The rural carrier is the farmer's post office and his agent. Through the rural mail service the farmer conducts transactions for the sale of his live stock, grain, and other farm produce. From the rural mail carrier the farmer buys his stamps and through him the farmer pays his bills by postal money order. In short, the letter carrier is the medium that has transformed the once lonely farmer of the rural district into the active citizen, acquainted with current affairs and occupying a larger place in the destinies of a great nation.

Postmaster-General John Wanamaker in 1891 first suggested the rural mail idea to Congress.

Five years later the first experimental rural delivery service was established on three routes in West Virginia. Nine months later the service was operating eighty-two routes from forty-three post offices in twenty-nine states.

The first county to be completely covered by rural mail service was Carroll County, Maryland, where county service was established December 20, 1899. There are very few counties in the country today that are not reached even to the uttermost corners with free mail delivery.

Rural delivery facilities have increased until there are at the present time almost fifty thousand routes serving about thirty million people and costing Uncle Sam about ninety million dollars annually.

— From *Information Service, Post Office Department*, Washington, D. C.

Study Suggestions

From your reading complete the following outline:

The American Postal System

1. The founder and first Postmaster-General in Colonial days.
2. Financial problems in Colonial days.
3. Changes in ways of carrying the mail.
4. Present size of the post office business.
5. Other facts of the postal service.

FOLLOWING A LETTER OR PARCEL THROUGH THE MAILS

Mail deposited in the street letter-boxes is collected and taken to the mailing division in the main post office, or branch post office. Here it is faced, postmarked, sorted, and sent by motor truck to proper substations for delivery or by trains which carry it to other cities and states.

In the sorting room there are facing tables, usually circular, upon which letters are piled high. Clerks, grouped around the table, place the letters in a little trough at its edge, with the stamps all facing in one direction. A moving belt at the bottom of the trough carries the letters to a device which stacks them neatly ready for the stamp-canceling machine. The proper place for the stamp is in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope. Letters which have the stamps in any other place are thrown aside and canceled by hand, thereby causing them to be delayed.

Patrons mailing large quantities of mail who have heeded the department's appeals for coöp-

eration, and have tied all envelopes in bundles according to cities or states with the stamp right side up, faced in one direction, help exceedingly in the process of handling letters.

Such bundles need only to be untied and placed in the troughs to be sent on to the canceling machine, thus facilitating delivery and lowering the cost of handling.

These tied bundles are usually given preference over the other letters. During the sorting, any letters found illegibly addressed or without sufficient address are laid aside and taken to employees who do nothing but redirect mail, using city directories from all parts of the United States. This is called "directory service."

Letters unaddressed, mailed without postage, or addressed to names not appearing in the directory are returned to the sender — if the sender has placed his name and address in the upper left corner of the envelope. Those not bearing return addresses and which cannot be forwarded are sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Sometimes the sender fails to designate the name of the state. Such letters bearing a return address are returned to the sender for complete

address. Letters bearing no return address and there being but one or two post offices by that name, the letter is forwarded to each office in an effort to deliver it.

When a letter bears no return address and there are a number of post offices having the same name, the letter is held by the postmaster for about a week, then sent to the Dead Letter Office, where it is opened; if there is a complete address in the letter and if the contents include anything of value, a notice is sent to that address that such a letter is held for delivery. If the letter contains nothing of value, it is sent direct to the address found within the letter and a charge of three cents is made.

Packages are even more difficult to handle as they become undeliverable for many reasons. A carelessly tied knot, or the use of thin paper, may cause the wrapper bearing the address to become lost. A wrong address and no return address may result in the package becoming undeliverable. Such parcels are unwrapped, the contents noted on a card, and then rewrapped with the card tied on the outside. The package is stored, awaiting a claimant. If not claimed

within a reasonable time, the package is placed with others similarly handled, until the sale of unclaimed parcels is held.

Letters containing anything of value, when undeliverable, are also held for identification by the sender. If not claimed, they are placed with other articles to be sold at a dead-letter sale. Letters containing nothing valuable, after being held for a reasonable time, are destroyed.

Letters containing currency are held for one year; then the money if unclaimed is sent to the Treasury Department. Letters having money orders enclosed are held for one year, then sent to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General for his files. They are kept there pending subsequent application for duplicate which may be made on the Department.

Checks are sent to the postmaster in the city in which the bank drawn on is located — for inquiry to ascertain the address of the depositor — and are then delivered to the sender or forwarded to a new address. Mail matter containing valuable enclosures is only delivered by the Division of Dead Letters to the addressee or sender, or upon the written order of either.

All registered mail matter is held for one year. Uninsured parcel-post matter is held for two months. Insured or C.O.D. parcel post is held for six months. The dead-letter sale is advertised widely and everything sold at public auction.

The men at the main post office who sort the mail before it goes to the postal stations must know just where every street in the city is located. As soon as they see an address on an envelope they must know where that house or building is situated. They must know which letter carrier at the station will deliver the letter — for they sort each carrier's mail into separate bundles. Each clerk puts a slip with his name and date on every package of mail he sorts, so when mistakes are made the postmaster may know who made them. No one can be careless or make mistakes and remain in the postal service.

The letter carriers report at the postal stations in the morning and find their bundles of mail ready for them. They have about an hour to sort it according to streets and to arrange it in their bags. In most cities three deliveries

are made each day in neighborhoods made up partly of homes and partly of business houses. In the business districts as many as five deliveries are made daily.

Mail addressed to cities other than the one in which it is mailed is placed in mail bags according to cities or states and put in railway mail coaches. The railway postal car is a special car for carrying mail. The inside of the car looks like a sorting room of a post office. Along the walls are sorting cases with rows of pigeonholes. Each hole is for letters directed to designated towns. In the center of the car are work tables and racks where the mail bags hang.

If you should visit a train shed in any of the large cities, here is about what you would see — loads of bulging mail sacks being rushed to the open doors of the steel mail cars and loaded into the train. Some of the mail has been brought by motor truck from the post office, some is being transferred from other trains. Some of the sacks are thrown into cars called storage cars. These cars do not resemble post office cars but are filled with rows and rows of mail sacks. These sacks will not be opened and sorted —

probably they are being sent long distances. Later they will be put in another train to complete their journey and there sorted.

You will no doubt see the newspaper car and the package car. Here newspapers, magazines, and packages are being taken out of sacks and swiftly sorted into other sacks which will be thrown off as the train passes the station to which they are addressed.

While the train is speeding to its destination, inside the sorting car will be several men sorting mail with such speed that the cars seem full of flying letters. These clerks are sorting mail for every way-station, town, and transfer point along the route. Some of the sacks must be dropped at certain stations to be picked up by other trains going over different routes. Other mail is being sorted so that it can be dropped off at some little town where the train does not stop.

The mail not only is thrown off at these small towns while the train is going at high speed, but mail sacks are taken on as well.

This is done by means of a device known as a mail crane and catcher. The bag of mail is hung on the crane close to the railroad tracks.

As the train nears a station one of the men in the mail car opens the door and raises an iron arm so that it projects from the car. As the train rushes by, the arm catches the bag from its hooks, dropping it into the car. Mail taken on in this manner is sorted while the train is en route.

Mail brought by trains into the railway terminal is placed on motor trucks, carried to the sorting room, arranged for different substations, sent by truck to those stations, and there sorted for each letter carrier, who in turn arranges it in his bag for quick delivery to the addressee.

Principal Reasons for Non-Delivery of Mail Matter

Failure to place name and address of sender upon letter or parcel.

Changing home or business address without notice to your letter carrier and post office.

Postage unpaid or not fully prepaid, at least full rate prepaid postage on first-class matter, and not fully prepaid on all other matter.

Unaddressed, or address not complete.

Improperly wrapped or packed to stand handling in transit.

Obsolete mailing lists used by firms and advertising agencies.

— Post Office Department Bulletin, Washington, D. C.

The big cellar, with its one small window, was dark and dingy. Along one side of the cellar was a low hanging shelf. On the other sides were rows of barrels filled with potatoes and apples.

The long shelf was always covered with crocks of sweet milk. Each morning and evening fresh milk was brought into the cellar and the crocks of older milk were carried away. It was a very interesting place, for there were so many good things to eat and such delicious milk to drink.

No one had noticed the roll of old carpet that lay in the corner behind the barrels all through the winter. Nor had any one heard the dull buzz of a drowsy little insect that was buried deep in its folds. That is, no one heard it except a hungry spider whose web was in the corner just over the carpet. He knew every twist and turn of Wriggles. At each sound he ran out of his web and listened. How hungry he was! It had been a long time since he had eaten anything.

Late in the spring the cellar door was left open and the warm sunlight crept into the darkest corners. Wriggles could hardly open her eyes!

Wriggles was the drowsy mosquito that Mr. Spider had been watching so sharply. In the fall she had crawled into the roll of carpet and was carried down into the cellar with it. Her real name was Anopheles (a-nof-e-lez) but her baby name was Wriggles.

Poor Wriggles did not know that the cunning spider was so near and that he had already spun a web across her path and was waiting to pounce upon her.

The warm air made her feel very happy, though her long legs were so stiff and her wings so numb that she could hardly move them. Mr. Spider heard her moving. He was so eager that he could scarcely wait. How closely he listened as Wriggles crawled toward him! In a moment he would have her in his web.

He listened again. Some one was coming down the cellar stairs. He crouched back into the dark corner. The heavy steps drew nearer to him. Then some one seized the carpet, and he realized that Wriggles had been carried away. The spider was so angry that he slunk back into the farthest corner and sulked and would not come out.

The carpet was spread out on the grass in the bright sunshine. The warm air gave new life to Wriggles and she felt young again. But she was very thirsty and there was nothing in sight to drink. She flew around the house to an open barrel under the eaves.

"How fine!" said she, as she dropped into the barrel. The water in it was warm and comfortable. "How pleasant this will be for my children!" thought she, as she settled down upon its surface for the night.

The next morning there were two hundred little eggs floating on the water. They were in a tiny cluster like a speck of soot, and only sharp eyes could see the little canoe-shaped eggs.

Late in the afternoon Wriggles left the barrel in search of food. The bright eyes of a hungry swallow spied her as she flew slowly about, dangling her long legs. He darted down and snapped her up as quick as a wink.

Very soon Wriggles's tiny eggs in the rain barrel began to hatch. Little wrigglers were soon jerking about in the water. How queer they were! They looked like little fuzzy worms. One end of the body was forked and the parts

were quite different. One part was covered with a spray of fine hairs with which it jerked itself about. The other was a hollow tube through which it breathed. The little wrigglers often stuck their noses out for a breath of air, and then jerked and wriggled or floated quietly just beneath the surface of the water.

All of them jerked and wriggled most of the time, and they grew very fast. One grew faster than the others. "What a large head you have!" said the tiny one to the large wriggler. "That comes from using it a little," he replied as he wriggled about.

The large wriggler did have a large head, but so did each of them, before very long, for their bodies became very short and stubby. In less than a week some of them began to float about upon the smooth surface. They looked like little crawfish, with their thick bodies and drooping tails. In a few days the sun dried their skin until it cracked on the back. Young mosquitoes were inside the skins. They soon scrambled out of their little skin boats and sat on top of them until their legs and wings were dry.

It was less than two weeks since Wriggles had

left the cellar, yet her eggs had all hatched, and the young mosquitoes were flying about the barrel. Some of them were caught by swallows and dragonflies, while others flew away and never returned.

Nearly a hundred laid their eggs in the barrel. The eggs began to hatch, and the water was soon alive with wriggling little creatures, each trying to wriggle faster than the others. If poor Wriggles could have seen all these wrigglers, how proud she would have been of her many grandchildren! She could have claimed them every one, too, for they all looked as she had looked when she was a wriggler.

Mosquitoes were everywhere. Thousands of them laid their eggs in the barrel, while as many more went down to the little pond in the meadow to lay their eggs. Wrigglers were welcome visitors down there, for they were fine food for the little tadpoles.

There were lively times in the pond now. Tadpoles bobbed in and out among the tall grasses. Big bullfrogs hopped in and out of the water with such bluster that they frightened the tiny tads nearly out of their wits.

The little tadpoles ate wrigglers until they could hardly breathe, and then they ate some more, but they could not eat them all. Thousands were left unharmed and grew into mosquitoes. Many of these were caught by swallows and dragonflies. The others made life miserable for all the people who lived near by.

During the warm summer nights, Wriggles's great-grandchildren kept Sammy Todd and his little sister awake most of the time. Their faces and arms were covered with big red splotches, and their muscles ached so that they could not sleep. Then came chills and fever.

"It is malaria," said the wise old doctor. He looked at their pale little faces and shook his head gravely. He left some quinine for them and went away.

Finally the quinine broke the fever and the good food gave them strength again.

Sammy was up first, and was soon out in the sunshine. He was passing the rain barrel one morning, and chanced to look into it. "See the mosquitoes and wrigglers!" said he, as he looked at the water. "I wonder if they are related. I will find out."

With a piece of fine wire netting which he found in the barn, he soon covered the barrel so completely that none of the insects could escape. In a few days the barrel was full of mosquitoes. "Ah, I have it!" said he; "those little eggs hatch into wrigglers; the wrigglers change into those stubby little fellows that float about like crawfish; then they change into live mosquitoes."

He watched the little wrigglers closely. "Why do some of them go up and down so?" he said. "Why do others lie just under the surface with both ends out of the water? I believe they are different kinds. One seems to get food deep in the water, and only comes up for air, while the other gets both food and air at the surface."

He did not know that those feeding near the surface were great-great-grandchildren of Wriggles, while the others were a different kind, called Culex.

Some of them came up and stuck their little air tubes out for a breath. Then with a jerk they went down deep into the water again. Sammy watched them with a great deal of interest.

"Ha!" he exclaimed; "I'll fix them when they come up for air. A few drops of kerosene will stop this circus," and he ran for the oil can.

The light oil spread out over the smooth surface of the water. When the wrigglers stuck their noses out for air, they got oil instead. Sammy thought it was a good joke, and shouted, "Ah, that takes the wriggle out of them!"

He was still more excited when he saw the mosquitoes sinking down into the water. The oily surface would not hold them up and soon they were all drowned. "The oil finished them," said Sammy, as he turned toward the house.

Sammy's parents were interested in his experiment with the mosquitoes. They told him to put oil on the little pond in the meadow, and all went down to see it tried. It spread out over the smooth surface of the water. Wrigglers were soon up for air. A little oil in their noses and they went down to stay. The mosquitoes that lighted on the water also went down to keep them company.

— E. A. Turner

From *Our Common Friends and Foes*, published by the American Book Company.

WHAT EDWARD TAUGHT PAUL

Here is a short story that will tell you how to get rid of that enemy of mankind — the mosquito. This story contains 876 words. You have made a good record if you can read it through, *silently,* in 5 minutes and understand it. Time yourself or have some one time you, and see what your record is.

Paul had gone to the station the evening before to meet his friend Edward who came from Healthville for a short visit to his friend who lived in Ague Village.

Early the next morning, even before Edward had eaten his breakfast, Paul called to him to come out and see what he had found.

Paul, who was standing beside a rain barrel looking in, pointed to the half-filled barrel and said, "Look at the queer little wrigglers in this rain barrel!"

Edward did not have to look inside to guess what was there, for he had been quite active in a "City Clean-up Campaign" that his home town of Healthville had conducted.

One of the most important pieces of work of their "City Clean-up Campaign" was the drive to rid the town of mosquitoes, and it was in

helping with this work that Edward had made the acquaintance of the "Wriggler Family."

So, when Paul spoke of wrigglers in the rain barrel, Edward knew at once what that meant. Looking inside of the barrel he shook his head, and said: "Those are wrigglers all right! It is lucky that you discovered them, for they are ready to escape."

"Well, what if they do escape? Can they do any harm? What are wrigglers?" questioned Paul.

"Do you have 'Clean-up Week' in Ague Village?" asked Edward. "Does your school or your town never have 'Clean-up Campaigns'?"

Paul had to confess that he had never heard of anything of the kind, and asked Edward to tell him all about it.

"Well," said Edward, "in Healthville there were signs containing all kinds of slogans about 'Cleaning-up.'

"Great banners were stretched across the streets, and we boys and girls made posters in school that we carried to the large stores where they were placed in the store windows. On these posters were pictures of places to be cleaned up,

with slogans and rhymes to make it more interesting.

"One of the things we tried to do was to run mosquitoes out of the city. In order to do this we had to get rid of all the wrigglers such as you see in this barrel — and then try to keep from having any more wrigglers.

"Wrigglers are young mosquitoes. When I heard mosquitoes humming at my window last night, I knew there was a breeding place close by.

"The mother mosquito always lays her eggs in standing water. She will find an old tin can containing water, a bucket, a barrel, or anything holding water, and lay her eggs on the surface of the water. In a day or two the eggs hatch into wrigglers, and these in turn become full-grown mosquitoes, ready for mischief and death.

"Those small clusters that you see on the surface are masses of eggs. The mother mosquito lays about two hundred eggs at a time, and before the summer is over her great-great-grandchildren may number a million or more. That is why it is so important to catch all the early mosquitoes, and to prevent the hatching of their eggs.

"Now if you wish it, I'll show you an interesting experiment," continued Edward.

"Oh, do, Edward!" exclaimed Paul, now fully aroused.

"Very well, then, you must go in and ask your mother to give you a tablespoonful of kerosene, or coal oil, and bring it out here and pour in this barrel. Tomorrow we will come and see what has happened."

"What will happen, Edward? Tell me first," begged Paul.

"No, indeed," answered Edward, "I want you to have the fun of discovering just what will happen."

So Paul got the oil and poured it in the rain barrel — and waited, although it seemed to him that tomorrow would never come.

Paul lost no time in reaching the rain barrel the next morning, and when he looked into the barrel there were no wrigglers to be seen. "I guess they have all escaped," he said, "or else they are all dead. The kerosene must have poisoned them."

"You are almost right," said Edward. "Now I'll tell you all about it. Do you see that

thin film of oil over the water? Well, that keeps out the air, and without air the wrigglers soon choke to death, just as you and I would smother if we could not get air.

"You can see now how easy it is to get rid of mosquitoes — by pouring oil on standing water, whether in barrel, pool, or can."

"Oh, is that the way? That surely is easy," said Paul. "I think I'll look around and see if there are any other places where the water is standing, and pour oil on them, too."

"Of course," continued Edward, "it is better not to have any water standing around. But if it does collect, by pouring oil on it you can keep away mosquitoes. And by keeping away mosquitoes, you keep away sickness and disease, for many diseases are carried by mosquitoes. Some day I'll tell you about some of these diseases that our teacher told us about. While I am here I am going to make you two mottoes that we made in school. They are:

'No Standing Water — No Breeding Places'

'No Breeding Places — No Mosquitoes.'"

When Shall we Read the Book of Nature?
When Autumn turns the Leaves.

A FABLE

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied, "You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

— Ralph Waldo Emerson

Study Suggestions

What lesson do you think Mr. Emerson wished to teach in this fable?

What, do you think, is the best thought in this poem?

NUTS TO CRACK

Mr. Emerson tells us how the great big mountain and the frisky little squirrel had a quarrel one day. Like most quarrels, this controversy was a waste of time and energy for both. It settled nothing so far as they were concerned, but Mr. Emerson intended that we should learn a lesson from it, as he had a definite purpose in writing it.

There is a use for everything God put upon the earth — each thing is valuable in its place.

There is as much use for clean, wholesome fun and humor as there is for the more serious things of life. Many great lessons are to be found in humorous stories.

On the following pages are to be found some stories that are amusing as well as interesting. Each story, however, holds a wholesome truth. That truth is the meat, or kernel, of the nuts you are to crack.

A RIDDLE

Long ago there lived in the Far East a man with three dutiful sons. The man did not own any houses and lands, nor gold and silver. But he did have seventeen fine horses, which he willed to his three sons as follows: "To my eldest son I give one-half of all the horses; to my second son I give one-third of all the horses; and to my youngest son I give one-ninth of all the horses."

After the death of the father the sons met to hear the reading of the father's will. When they tried to carry out the wishes of their father they were greatly puzzled.

"How am I to take one-half of seventeen horses, and not cut one horse in two?" said the eldest son.

"And how can I take one-third of seventeen horses and leave them all alive?" said the second son. And the third son was equally troubled.

Being anxious to carry out their father's wishes to the letter, they thought and reasoned and worried, but all to no avail.

Finally they decided to call in a man who was famed far and wide as being a very wise man.

When the wise man learned what was wanted, he thought a while and then said, "Although my horse is only a poor steed, nevertheless I shall let him be added to the herd.

"Now," he said to the eldest son, "what will your share of the herd be?"

Without any hesitation the eldest son replied, "That is quite easy with your horse added to the herd, for one-half of eighteen is nine."

"Very good," said the wise man. "And what will your share be?" he asked the second son.

"My share will be six," replied the second son, "for one-third of eighteen is six."

"And now," he said to the youngest son, "what will your share be?"

"One-ninth of eighteen is two," the youngest replied. "Each of you may now choose your horses," said the wise man.

So the eldest son took his nine horses, the second son took his six horses, and the youngest son took his two horses.

As the wise man's horse had not been needed by any one of the young men, he mounted his own horse and rode away, leaving the young men silent with wonderment.

— From *A Hindu Tale*

A FABLE

A wealthy ploughman drawing near his end,
Called in his sons apart from every friend,
And said, "When of your sire bereft,
The heritage our fathers left
Guard well, nor sell a single field.
A treasure in it is concealed:
The place, precisely, I don't know,
But industry will serve to show.
The harvest past, Time's forelock take,
And search with plough, and spade, and rake;
Turn over every inch of sod,
Nor leave unsearched a single clod."

The father died. The sons — and not in vain
Turned o'er the soil, and o'er again;
That year their acres bore
More grain than e'er before.
Though hidden money found they none,
Yet had their father wisely done,
To show by such a measure,
That toil itself is treasure.

— La Fontaine

STUDY SUGGESTION

Explain what treasure the sons found and how it was obtained.

"Who stuffed that white owl?"

No one spoke in the shop:
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post* — little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question:
Not one raised his head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving!

"Don't you see, Mr. Brown,"
Cried the youth with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is!
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is,
How jammed down the neck is —
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!
I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mr Brown! Mr. Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving!

"I've studied owls
And other night-fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't do it, because
'Tis against all bird-laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him doesn't know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving!

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather,
In fact, about that there's not one natural feather!
Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream!
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving!

Just then with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another.
Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving!

— Walter Taylor Field

WHANG, THE MILLER

Have you ever heard the story of Whang, the Chinaman who, despising small sums of money, and grasping at all, lost even what he had?

Whang, the miller, was naturally avaricious; some people called him a miser. He seemed to love nothing but money and he respected no people but the rich.

When the name of a rich man was mentioned, Whang, with great show of pride, would fairly exclaim, "I know him very well; we have been acquainted for a long time; we are indeed quite good friends."

But when the name of a poor man was mentioned Whang professed ignorance of him entirely — the man might be very well for all he knew, but he had not the slightest knowledge of the man; in fact, he was not fond of many acquaintances, and he liked to choose his company.

Whang, however, was anything but rich himself. All that he had was what he made from his mill, the profits from which were small but certain.

So long as he had the mill and it was running, he was assured of a comfortable living; and his frugality was such, that every day he laid by some money, which he would at intervals count with great satisfaction.

But even the greatest amount he could lay by did not satisfy his wishes for money; his savings were not equal to his desires. He had only a comfortable living whereas he longed and wished for great wealth.

One day he learned that a neighbor had, as a result of a dream for three successive nights, found a pan of money buried deep in the ground.

Immediately Whang became envious and said: "Here am I, toiling and working from morning till night for a few paltry farthings, while neighbor Hunks goes quietly to bed and dreams himself into thousands — yes, into a pan of money. Oh, that I could have some dreams like that! With what pleasure would I dig for the pan! How slyly would I carry it home — not even my wife should see me! And then, oh, the pleasure I would have handling the heaps of gold!"

Such reflections only served to make the miller more unhappy. He continued to think about it until he became disgusted with his small gains, slighted his work, and was so disagreeable that his customers began to forsake him.

Every day he repeated the wish, and every night longed to dream of hidden gold. This continued for a long while, then fortune, that was for a long time unkind, at last seemed to smile upon his distress, and indulged him with the wished-for vision!

He had a dream! He dreamed that under a certain part of the foundation of his mill there was concealed an immense pan of gold — yes, and also diamonds — that the pan was buried deep in the ground and covered with a large, flat stone.

When he awoke the dream was still quite vivid. He arose as usual so far as another could detect, but secretly he thanked the lucky star that had at last taken pity on his poverty. He concealed his feelings even from his wife, and did not mention his dream to any one.

He thought about it constantly, though, with the hope that he would have the same dream on the two succeeding nights, which, to him, would be sufficient evidence to warrant his digging for the treasure.

His wishes in this, also, were answered. He still dreamed of the same pan of gold and jewels, and they were to be obtained by digging under the foundation of his mill.

When he arose on the morning after the third dream there was no longer any doubt left in his mind. So, taking along his mattock, he repaired to his mill and began to dig — quite alone.

The first omen of success that he met was a broken mug. Digging still deeper he turned up a house tile, quite new and unbroken. From time to time he would come upon things of minor importance. Nothing daunted by these small discoveries, he continued to dig as inconspicuously as he could.

At last one evening, after much digging, he came to a broad, flat stone, but it was so large that it was beyond one man's strength to remove it.

"Here," he said to himself, quite joyfully, "here it is at last! Under this stone there is room for a very large pan — a pan large enough to hold much gold and many jewels. I cannot tell any one else about it, but I will go home and tell my wife, and get her to help me tomorrow morning in removing the stone."

Away, therefore, he went, and acquainted his wife with his good fortune. His faith in his dream and his feeling of certainty of success was infectious, and his wife was as delighted as was Whang himself.

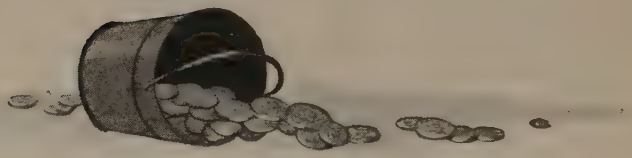
Their joy was such that they could scarcely content themselves until it was light enough to return to the mill the next morning, and as soon as they could see to get about they started speedily together to the place where Whang had been digging and digging.

When they reached the place they found — not the expected treasure, but the mill, their only support, fallen in a heap because of the foundation having been so badly undermined by the digging.

— Oliver Goldsmith

SELFISHNESS

A Bucket of Gold



One evening a poor man was on his way home from his day's labor when he met a beautiful lady. The lady was a Fairy, but he did not know this.

"Good evening," said the Fairy. "Why are you so late? It is long past supper time."

"I have just finished my work," replied the man. "I have been cutting wood all day and I am very tired. I have to work hard from early morning until late in the evening to make a little money. I do not believe there is another who has to work so hard for so little money."

"That is too bad and I am sorry for you," sympathetically spoke the lady. "Would you like other work with more money?"

"Yes, indeed, I would!" the man almost shouted.

"Or would you prefer to have the money without working for it," inquired the lady.

"To be sure I would!" replied the man.

Looking at the little pail in which he had carried his lunch, the lady asked: "Suppose I fill your pail with gold. Would that make you happy?"

"Oh, yes, good lady!" cried the man. "Then I need not work for a while and could take a rest. How grateful I should be for a rest! I am so tired!"

"Very well," said the lady, "remove the lid from your pail and I will fill it with gold."

Quickly the man removed the lid, and the lady, true to her promise, filled the pail with bright shining pieces of gold. Then she asked: "But your wife, good man. Does she not get weary, too? Does she not need a rest?"

"There will not be enough gold here for both of us to stop work," replied the man. "It would take a great deal more gold than this pail holds for both of us to take a rest."

"But what will she think, if you stop work

while she continues to work as hard as ever?" asked the lady.

"Oh, I shall not tell her about the gold!" replied the man. "I shall go out each day as though I were going to work. She need know nothing about this gold that you have given me. Then I can have a good rest."

Just then a thought occurred to him and he added: "Can't you give me more gold, good lady? Then my wife and I can both have a rest. I can hurry home and get a much larger pail if you will."

"As you wish," replied the lady.

Away he ran to his home as fast as he could go, leaving the lunch pail of gold with the lady, for he did not wish his wife to see the gold.

Soon he came running back with a very large pail. But when he looked around for the lady she was nowhere to be seen.

When he did not find the lady he said to himself: "Well, I have my lunch pail full of gold, anyway. I need not work for a while and can take a rest." But what was his surprise upon looking into the pail to find it full — not of gold but of stones!

At the same moment he heard a humming, buzzing sound as of the wings of many birds. Looking up a strange sight met his eyes. A whole flock of little round yellow things with wings, but neither head nor tail, were flying straight for the forest a great distance beyond.

— Breton Folk Story

Study Suggestions

What did the man see flying away toward the forest?

Do you think the Fairy wanted to teach the man a lesson? If so, what lesson?

Do greed and selfishness ever cause the loss of other things even more valuable than gold?

SUCCESS

Every boy and girl and every man and woman must have certain assets in order to achieve Success — not material assets alone, but assets of Character, and among the most important of these are Ambition, Industry, Personality, and Thrift.

Ambition is the will to obtain something. The desired object may be knowledge, or honor, or power — but whatever it is, the ambition to reach it must be backed up by the willingness to work for it. Mere wishes accomplish little without the aid of earnest application and industry.

Personality is more elusive and seems to be born in some people without any effort on their part, but, on the other hand, it may be acquired by every one who will center his thought on his career and not let it be marred by carelessness and indifference.

To work, and to save part of what one earns, are other vital elements in a successful life. Savings are not only insurance against the turns of fortune, but also the means of seizing golden opportunities, which are so often lost through the lack of a small amount of capital.

There is no easy road or short cut to Success, but it is fully worth the many necessary sacrifices in the ultimate feeling of accomplishment and the lasting happiness which it brings its possessor.

"The Road to Happiness Led through the Gateway of Thrift!"

One big lesson that the American people learned from the World War was the lesson of Thrift. It brought them so many rewards they had never known before, that they discovered the Road to Happiness led through the Gateway of Thrift.

During the war the government needed money upon which to operate and decided to borrow. And from whom? Where better than from its citizens — the men and women who are making and building this Nation?

Many people learned then for the first time in their lives to save by the purchase of War Savings Stamps and Certificates and Liberty Bonds.

So widespread was their distribution and so popular their issuance, that after the war the government decided that this spirit of *thrift* and *saving* should be cultivated and protected.

A thrifty nation is a strong, healthy nation, and the citizens of this country have shown their saving ability. The government realized that a National Thrift Movement could be made to serve two purposes: first, to finance the government with the money of the people — that

is, the money of the workers and wage earners who are the backbone of our Nation; and, secondly, to check the growth of fraudulent schemes and the loss of millions, by putting on the market an absolutely safe security of small denominations yielding a good interest return.

A new type of saving security was needed to accomplish such a program.

So the Treasury Savings Certificates were issued. Treasury Savings Certificates are "baby bonds," backed by Uncle Sam's promise to pay and by the entire resources of the Nation. They may be obtained in different denominations — $25, $100, and $1,000.

To make them constantly available for small investors, a limit of $5,000 (maturity value) was placed on the amount which could be purchased by any one individual during a calendar year. This limit keeps Treasury Savings Certificates from being bought up in large blocks and makes them more widely distributed than perhaps any other form of government security.

Savings Certificates

These savings certificates are attractive investments — as thousands of American citizens

will tell you. The entire wealth of the United States stands back of them, and they pay a liberal rate of interest.

They are issued in only three denominations, to make them comfortably within the reach of every man, woman, and child.

They are like United States government bonds, with the advantage of being automatically registered when purchased. This gives absolute protection against loss, destruction, or theft.

You can buy a certificate for $20. In five years the government hands you back $25. You can buy a larger certificate for $80. You will find $100 waiting for you at the end of five years. Or, buy one of the largest savings certificates, investing $800. In five years the government pays you $1,000. By saving money this way, you automatically save and invest the interest.

Who Buy These Certificates?

Who are buying these certificates? The father who plans to send his children to school and college. Each month he buys a $25 certificate, and when the boy or girl is ready to go away to

school for further education and training, he has a sufficient sum available.

There are many people who give Treasury Savings Certificates as birthday, holiday, and anniversary presents. What gifts could be more sensible, or more valuable in later years?

The youth who looks into the future can save his money by buying a $25 certificate with only $20. When he has accumulated more nickels, dimes, and dollars, he can buy another. Such a boy is sure to get ahead and acquires the invaluable habit of saving.

Among the young men and women on the farms, in the factories, and in the city offices the advantages of these certificates are becoming better known every day. It is an easy way to save.

Advantages

Let us go deeper into these facts of United States Treasury Certificates. Let us see why they are one of the best investments to be made. Let us learn why Treasury Savings Certificates are being bought today by more than a million purchasers of War Savings Stamps. Why are they intrusting their savings to Uncle Sam,

On the Road to Happiness

with the privilege of calling on him for their money at any time?

Because their money is increased 25 per cent in five years, and the government's resources stand back of them. Because they know that the money they have patiently saved is working for them. In the government's hands it is building up the funds necessary to a career. They know their money is safe and will be returned to them on short notice with an increase.

There are no formalities attached to the purchase of Treasury Savings Certificates. They can be cashed at any time by filling out the demand for payment on the back of each certificate and then mailing them to the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, Division of Loans and Currency, Washington, D. C. The investment, plus the interest due, is immediately returned by registered mail. There never was a more simple form of saving and collection than this.

The habit of saving is easily acquired and means future happiness and independence.

The habit of saving regularly and investing

regularly allows the future to take care of itself. The more saved the safer the future becomes.

Treasury Savings Certificates are a safe investment. Money is secure in the government's hands and is constantly earning something for future needs.

There are good times ahead for those who work hard and save systematically.

—Reprinted from "How to Save your Savings," U. S. Government Bulletin

Study Suggestions

Who is sometimes called the "Apostle of Thrift"? Tell some of the ways in which he was thrifty.

Have successful people usually been thrifty?

Why is it a good thing to save, regularly, a part of one's earnings?

What is the difference between being thrifty and being miserly?

Why is Uncle Sam a good banker?

THE PRESIDENT'S ADVICE

President Coolidge was once a bank president. Some of the things he wrote to encourage thrift in his community ought to be read by every young man and woman and every boy and girl.

"If you want the support of anybody for anything," he wrote, "get him to make a slight investment in it, for there is excellent authority that 'where a man's treasure is, there his heart will be also.'

"Sometimes it is difficult to get the public to understand the benefits and blessings that flow from thrift, industry, and the saving disposition, not only to those who happen to put their money in banks, but to all kinds of business enterprises.

"It is not too much to say that almost the whole of what we call civilization is the difference between saving what we make today for use tomorrow, and exhausting it at the time we receive it.

"Where you find capital being dissipated, where you find a thriftless and improvident population, there you will be equally certain of decline setting in that will end the advance of civilization.

"And wherever we find a people with sufficient self-control, sufficient balance, sufficient thrift and industry to save their money and increase their capital, there you may be altogether certain that civilization will make progress."

— Calvin Coolidge

THE THRIFT FAIRY

Once, in a rough, wild country,
On the other side of the sea,
There lived a dear little Fairy,
And her home was in a tree.
A dear little, queer little Fairy,
And as rich as she could be.

And when she saw poor women
Patiently, day by day,
Spinning, spinning, and spinning
Their lonesome lives away,
She would hide in the flax of their distaffs
A lump of gold, they say.

And when she saw poor ditchers,
Knee-deep in some wet dike,
Digging, digging, and digging,
To their very graves, belike,
She would hide a shining lump of gold
Where their spades would be sure to strike.

And when she saw poor children
Their goats from the pasture take,
Or saw them milking and milking,
Till their arms were ready to break,
What a plashing in their milking pails
Her gifts of gold would make!

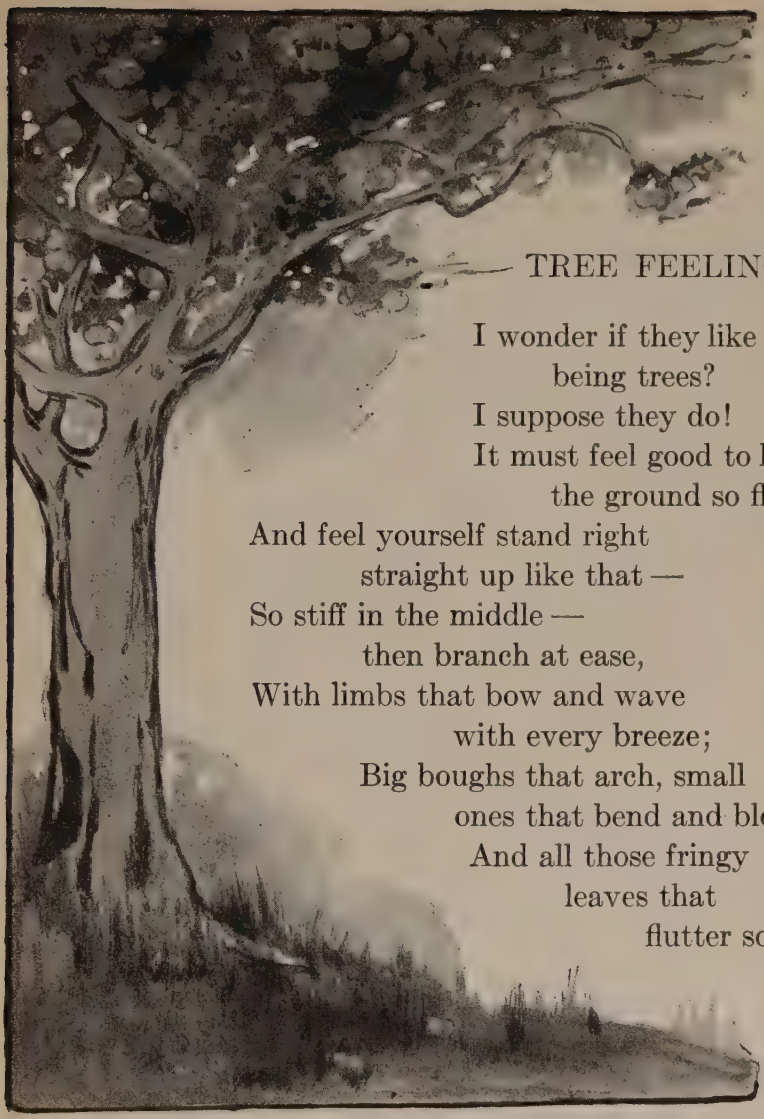
Sometimes, in the night, a fisher
Would hear her low, sweet call
And all at once a salmon of gold
Right out of his net would fall;
But what I have to tell you
Is the strangest thing of all.

If any ditcher, or fisher,
Or child, or spinner old,
Bought shoes for his feet, or bread to eat,
Or a coat to keep from the cold,
The gift of the good old Fairy
Was always trusty gold.

But if a ditcher or fisher,
Or a spinner, or child so gay,
Bought jewels or wine or silks so fine,
Or staked his pleasure at play,
The Fairy's gold in his very hold
Would turn to a lump of clay.

So, by and by the people
Got open their stupid eyes:
"We must learn to spend to some good end,"
They said, "if we are wise;
'Tis not in the gold we waste or hold,
That a golden blessing lies."

— Alice Cary



TREE FEELINGS

I wonder if they like it —
being trees?
I suppose they do!
It must feel good to have
the ground so flat,
And feel yourself stand right
straight up like that —
So stiff in the middle —
then branch at ease,
With limbs that bow and wave
with every breeze;
Big boughs that arch, small
ones that bend and blow
And all those fringy
leaves that
flutter so!

You'd think they'd break off at the lower end
When the wind fills them, and their great heads bend.
But then you think of all the roots they drop,
As much at bottom as there is on top —
A double tree, widespread in earth and air
Like a reflection in the water there.

I guess they like to stand still in the sun
And just breathe out and in — feel the cool sap run;
They like to feel the rain run through their hair
And slide down to the roots and settle there.
They may like the wind best. From the light touch
That lets the leaves whisper and kiss so much,
To the great swinging, tossing, flying wide,
And all the time so still and strong inside!
And the big winds, that pull, that make them feel
How long their roots are, and the earth how leal!

— Charlotte P. Stetson

Study Suggestions

Tell some of the ways in which trees give pleasure.
Name ways in which trees are useful.
How is Arbor Day celebrated?

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

March, the first spring month, usually brings thoughts of winds and trees.

Mother Nature's family have been sleeping a long time, and perhaps the March wind has something to do with rousing them from their long slumbers.

After the snow has left the boughs and branches and stalks, these all look so barren that one often is at a loss to know whether they are still alive.

This poem makes the apple tree, the grass, and the flowers reply to this supposed query.

Read to find out what they are supposed to have said, and what they would say, could they talk.

"You think I am dead,"
    The apple-tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show —
    Because I stoop,
    And my branches droop,
And the dull gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
    The buds of next May
    I fold away —
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

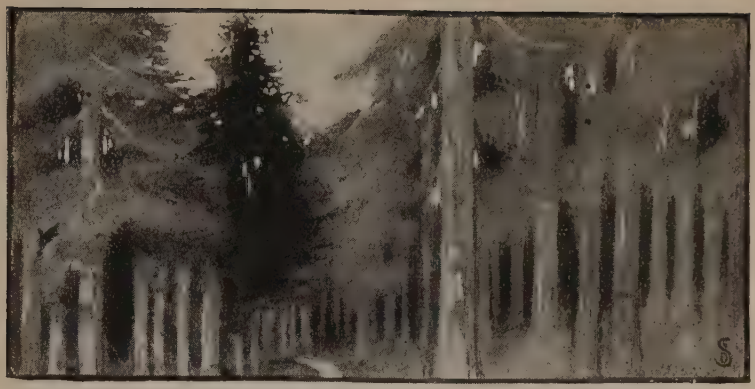
"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade;
But under the ground
I am safe and sound
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the Spring of the Year
Come dancing here –
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide,
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again —
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

— Edith M. Thomas

Study Suggestions

Work this poem over into a little play for your Arbor Day program. Dramatize it.



PLANTING THE TREE

What do we plant, when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship, which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales —
The keel, the keelson, and beam, and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

— Henry Abbey

WHAT THE WOOD FIRE SAID

What said the Wood in the fire
To the little boy that night —
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair —
When the blaze was burning bright?

The Wood said: "See
What they've done to me!
I stood in the forest, a beautiful tree,
And waved my branches from east to west,
And many a sweet bird built its nest
In my leaves of green
That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisies' breast!

"From the blossoming dells
Where the violet dwells
The cattle came with their clanking bells
And rested under my shadows sweet;
And the winds that went over the clover and wheat
    Told me all that they knew
    Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful shadows that dreamed at my feet.

"And the wild wind's caresses
Oft rumpled my tresses;
But sometimes, as soft as a mother's lip presses
On the brow of the child of her bosom, it laid
Its lips on my leaves, and I was not afraid.
    And I listened and heard
    The small heart of each bird
As it beat in the warm nest that mother had made!

"And in springtime sweet faces
Of myriad graces
Came beaming and gleaming from flowery places;
And under my grateful and joy-giving shade;
With cheeks like primroses the little ones played;
    And the sunshine in showers
    Through all the bright hours
Bound their beauteous ringlets with silvery braid.

"And the lightning came brightening
From far skies, and frightening
The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze
And tilted like ships on black, billowy seas.
But they flew to my breast,
And I rocked them to rest,
While the trembling vines clustered and clung at my knees!

"But how soon," said the Wood,
"Fades the memory of good!
Though with sheltering love and sweet kindness I stood,
The forester came with his ax gleaming bright,
And I fell like a giant, all shorn of his might!
Yet still there must be
Some sweet mission for me;
For have I not warmed you and cheered you tonight?"

So said the Wood in the fire
To the little boy that night —
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair —
When the blaze was burning bright.

— Frank L. Stanton

From *Little Folks Down South*

STUDY SUGGESTION

What lesson is to be learned from what the wood fire told the little boy?

HOW TREES GROW

The tree grows very much as people grow, by taking food and by breathing. The food of the tree is obtained from two sources — from the earth and from the air. Deep down in the earth lie the tree roots, and these roots suck up water from the soil in which they are embedded. This water, in which there is much nourishment, rises through many tiny cells in the woody stem until it reaches the trunk, twigs, and green leaves. As it rises, the growing cells keep what they need of the water. The rest is given off as vapor by the leaves through many tiny pores which cannot be seen without a microscope.

While it is day the green leaves select from the air a substance called carbonic acid gas. This they separate into two parts called oxygen and carbon. The plant does not need the oxygen as food, so the leaves return it to the air, but they keep the carbon. This carbon becomes mixed in some strange way with the water food drawn from the soil by the roots. Forming a liquid, it finds its way through many cells and channels to feed the growing leaves and twigs and branches.

But, like people, a tree if it is to live and thrive must breathe as well as take food. By night as well as by day the tree requires air for breathing. Scattered over the surface of the leaves, and indeed over the skin of the tree, are many tiny mouths. It is by these that the tree breathes. It takes from the air some oxygen, which is the gas that the leaves do not need in making their share of the tree food.

A tree cannot thrive if it is planted in a dusty, sooty town. The tiny mouths with which it breathes become clogged, and the tree is half-choked for lack of air. Also the pores of the leaves become choked, so that the water which is not needed cannot easily escape from them. A heavy shower of rain is a welcome friend to the dusty town trees.

As a rule tree flowers are not so noticeable as those which grow in the woods and meadows. But it is really interesting to notice the various ways in which the tree flowers grow. In some trees the stamens and seed-vessels will be found close together, as in the ash tree and elm. Or they may grow on the same branch of a tree; but all the stamens will be grouped together on

one stalk and all the seed-vessels close beside it on another stalk, as in the oak tree.

Or the stamen flowers may all be found on one tree without any seed flowers; and on another tree, sometimes a considerable distance away, there will be found nothing but seed flowers. This occurs in the white poplar.

Both kinds of flowers are required if the tree is to produce new seed, and many books have been written to point out the wonderful ways in which the wind and the birds and the bees carry the stamen dust to the seed-vessels, which are waiting to receive it.

Each summer the tree adds a layer of new wood in a circle round the trunk of the tree — a broad circle when there has been sunshine and the tree has thriven well, and a narrow circle when the season has been wet and sunless.

This new layer of wood is always found just under the bark or coarse, outer skin of the tree. The bark protects the soft young wood, and if the bark is eaten away or cut off, then the layer of young wood is exposed and the tree is likely to die.

When winter approaches and the trees get

ready for their long sleep, the cells in this layer of new wood slowly dry, and the layer becomes a ring of hard wood.

If you look at a tree which has just been cut down, you will be able to tell how many years old the tree is by counting the circles of wood in the tree trunk. When a tree grows very slowly these rings are close and firm, and the wood of the tree is hard and valuable.

But the tree has another and perhaps as great a value to humanity as the price it brings as timber. Think what a dear friend the tree has been in the life of man! How different many of our best-loved tales would be without the trees that played so large a part in the lives of our favorite heroes. Where could Robin Hood and his merry men have lived and hunted but under the greenwood tree? How often do we think of the stately oak and linden trees into which good old Baucis and Philemon were changed by the kindly gods!

Do you remember what secrets the trees told you as you lay under their shady branches on the hot midsummer days, while the leaves danced and flickered against the blue sky? Can

you tell what was the charm that held you like a dream in the falling dusk as you watched their heavy masses grow dark and gloomy against the silvery twilight sky?

In a corner of a farmyard there grew a noble tree whose roots struck deep into the soil, and whose heavy branches shadowed much of the ground. "Why do you not cut it down?" asked a stranger; "it seems so much in the way."

"Cut it down!" exclaimed the farmer, with deep feeling; "I would sooner fall on my knees and worship it."

To the farmer the tree had spoken of a secret unguessed by the stranger and by many other people who look at the trees with eyes that cannot see. The farmer had learned that the mystery of tree life is one with the mystery that underlies our own; that we share this mystery with the sea, and the sun, and the stars, and that by this mystery of life the whole world is "bound with gold chains" of love "about the feet of God."

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree.

— Edwin Markham

THE GIANT SEQUOIA

Have you ever seen a picture of a big tree in California with a hole in it through which a coach was passing loaded with a party of people? You may never have seen that picture, but perhaps you have seen it in its modernized form, for this new picture of the same old tree now shows, not a coach drawn by spirited horses, but a modern automobile filled with tourists or sightseers. So far as human eye can detect, the tree is the same as it was many years ago — only the method of transportation is different.

This famous tree is known as the "Wawona Tunnel Tree" for "Wawona" is the Indian name for "Big Tree."

The hole cut in this big tree is twenty-six feet in length and was cut about fifty years ago, and the tree is still in a flourishing condition.

Nowhere in the world except in California can these giant sequoia trees be found, and the most famous group of them can be found in the Mariposa grove which is located in the Yosemite National Park. There you will find trees that

were alive and flourishing when the Pharaohs of Egypt were laid to rest at Luxor, and others that were alive when Jesus walked the shores of Galilee.

There you will find trees named for generals, states, poets, and universities. There are four of these trees whose fame is known to the four corners of the earth. One of these four famous trees has been mentioned above.

Then there is the Grizzly Giant which scientists say is upwards of four thousand years old. Its diameter through the base is 29.6 feet, and one of its great limbs, stretching out 150 feet above the ground, is six feet in diameter.

Then there is the Unknown Hero Tree, which was dedicated by the American Legion to the Unknown Dead of the World War.

And if you want to experience a new thrill, just stand before the tallest tree of the grove, a tree 331 feet high, named for that great American genius, Mark Twain.

Study Suggestions

There are many famous and interesting trees. Find out about as many of these as you can.

Tell about these trees in class.

HIDDEN TREES

"What tree is like a story that is often told?"
Asked a friend one day in jovial mood.
"Don't you think I know a chestnut when I see it?"
Then I countered with some just as good.
"But why is the pine tree of no use for sewing?
What tree is most sorrowful?" I said.
"The willow hangs its head beside the brook, my friend;
The pine tree has needles, but no thread."
And then he asked, "What tree is nearest to the sea?"
"Oh, I heard that at the beach one day;
But can you tell me where the ships may enter in?"
His reply was: "Ships come up the bay."
"What tree is most popular with young folks?" I asked.
"The one with many dates," he replied.
"What tree has been subjected to a fiery heat?"
"The one that was ash before it died."
They say there is a tree the opposite of "I" —
But tell me, "How should I greet my friends?"
"Well, to those I like the best I extend both palms."
We parted — and so my riddle ends.

SUMMER

What does it mean when berries are ripe?
When butterflies flit, and honey bees hum?
When cattle stand under the shady trees?
These are the signs that Summer has come.

— M. E. N. Hathaway

In Summer, when it swiftly blows,
Soon red I know will be the rose.
For 'tis the wind who to her speaks,
And brings the blushes to her cheeks.

— Frank Dempster Sherman

A SUMMER DAY

This is the way the morning dawns:
Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
Winds that wake the birds and bees,
Dewdrops on the fields and lawns —
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the sun comes up:
Gold on brooks and glossy leaves,
Mist that melts above the sheaves,
Vine and rose and buttercup —
This is the way the sun comes up.

This is the way the rain comes down:
Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,
Over roof and chimney top;
Boughs that bend and skies that frown —
This is the way the rain comes down.

This is the way the river flows:
Here a whirl and there a dance;
Slowly now, then like a lance,
Swiftly to the sea it goes—
This is the way the river flows.

This is the way the birdie sings:
"Baby birdies in the nest,
You I surely love the best;
Over you I fold my wings" —
This is the way the birdie sings.

This is the way the daylight dies:
Cows are lowing in the lane,
Fireflies wink on hill and plain;
Yellow, red, and purple skies —
This is the way the daylight dies.

— George Cooper

FATHER TIME AND SUMMER

Summer, you will follow your sister Spring, with your children June, July, and August. Your children will care for all growing things that Spring has planted and waked up. You will have your children see that all the trees, plants, flowers, vegetables, animals, and people have plenty of sunshine and heat. You will see that they have water to drink and food to eat, and that all things grow well and have their particular needs supplied. Your children will help the people to plant large vegetable gardens so they may have all the fresh green vegetables they need, and plenty to put away for use in the cold days when they cannot grow things outdoors.

Be sure that you give the earth just the right amount of sunshine and rain so the fruit will ripen on the trees and bushes, that there may be an abundance. You will have to feed the birds, too, for the birds help to care for people, and "a laborer is worthy of his hire."

You have much work to do, Summer, but your days are long.

You also have two holidays to celebrate. Do not let June forget to celebrate Flag Day on the fourteenth.

I hardly believe it possible for July to forget to celebrate the Fourth. I am glad to see that July is having a more noble celebration every year, and that fewer people are injured. I hope this improvement continues until there are no accidents at all.

And now tell me, my daughter, what plans you have made?

Dear Father Time, you know I do not really come until sister Spring has finished her work, for she must prepare for my coming. I like the warm air, you know, and I try to keep the earth in good condition by rains and the sun's warm rays. My flowers I paint in deeper and richer colors than my sister Spring uses. I bring lilies, peonies, and poppies, and best of all the gorgeous beloved roses, to fill the air with sweet perfume.

I think the children like best my sunny days and the long playtime each day. Then they go on picnics and outings of many kinds. They go to the seashore where they dig and play in the sand. They go to the country where they roam through the fields and woods, and enjoy the many beautiful things provided for their pleasure and happiness.

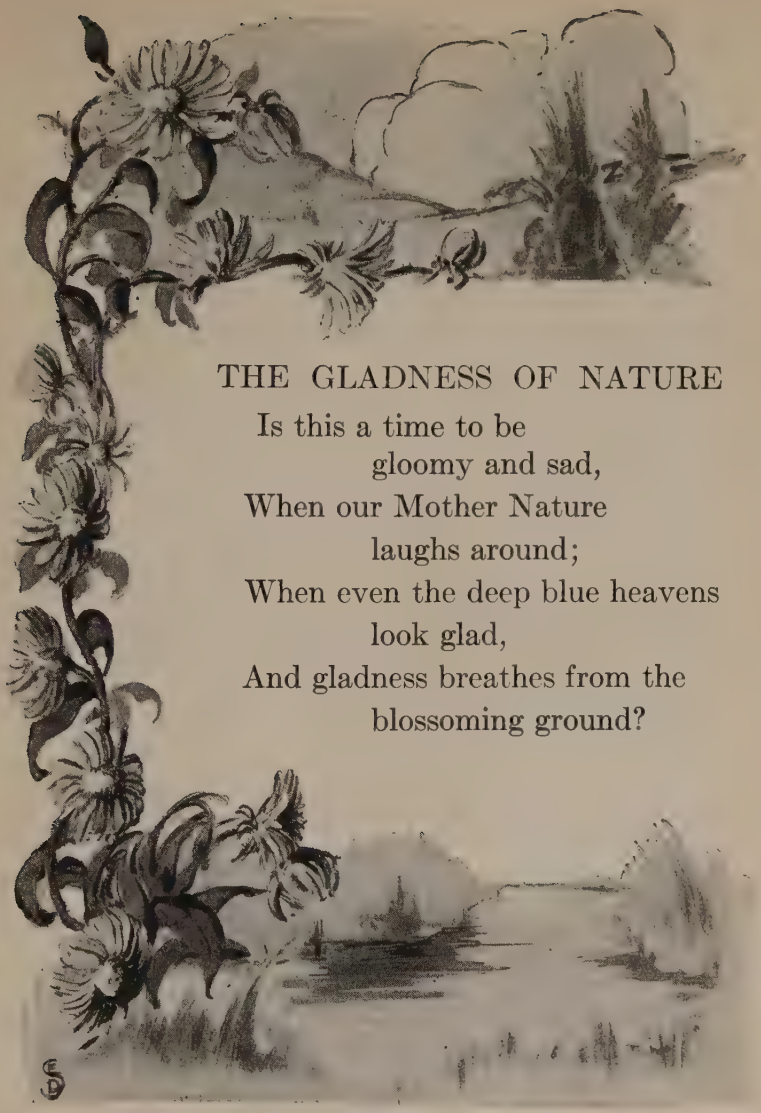
Father Time

You have planned well, my daughter. Success to you!

Study Suggestion

How do the duties of Summer compare with the duties of her sisters?

WONDERS IN MOTHER NATURE'S GARDEN



THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

Is this a time to be
gloomy and sad,
When our Mother Nature
laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens
look glad,
And gladness breathes from the
blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

— William Cullen Bryant

Study Suggestions

Name the many ways in which the poet speaks of the happiness of Nature.

What would the poet have us learn from Nature?

Does our being happy have any effect upon others? How?

THE FLAG IN NATURE

THE FLAG IN NATURE

All nature sings wildly the song of the free.
The red, white, and blue floats o'er land and o'er sea:
The white — in each billow that breaks on the shore,
The blue — in the arching that canopies o'er
The land of our birth, in its glory outspread —
And sunset dyes deepen and glow into red;
Day fades into night, and the red stripes retire,
But stars o'er the blue light their sentinel fire,
And though night be gloomy with clouds overspread,
Each star holds its place in the field overhead;
When scatter the clouds and the tempest is through,
We count every star in the field of the blue.

— Samuel Francis Smith

Study Suggestions

Find each of the colors of the Flag in the things of Nature represented on the opposite page.

A LAUGHING CHORUS

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whispering to and fro.
And, "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked,
"'Tis time to start, you know."
"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came,
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground —
Yes — millions — beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
"When I hear the bluebirds sing."
And straight thereafter, Narcissus cried,
"My silver and gold I'll bring."
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring."
And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
And sweet grew the air of Spring.
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came,
Of laughter, soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty brave things! through the coldest days,
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart though the blast shrieked loud,
And the sleet and the hail came down;
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
And now they are coming to brighten the world,
Still shadowed by Winter's frown;
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha! ha!"
In the chorus, soft and low,
The millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

— Author Unknown

DAFFODILS

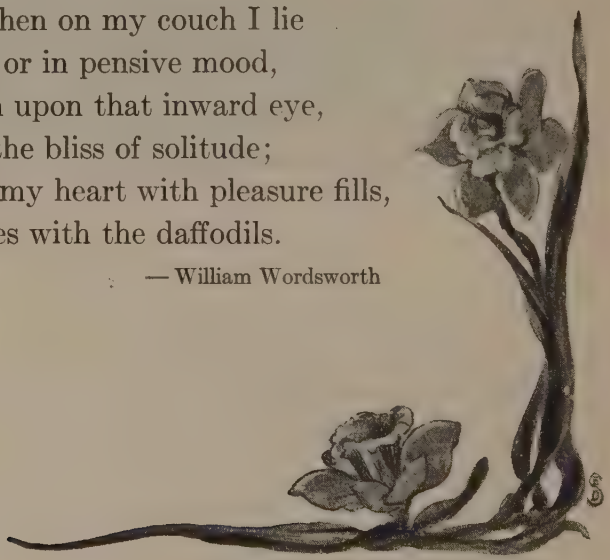
I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of a bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

— William Wordsworth



They're hastening up across the fields —
I see them on their way!
They will not wait for cloudless skies,
nor even a pleasant day;
For Mother Earth will weave and spread
a carpet for their feet;
Already voices in the air announce
their coming sweet.

One sturdy little violet peeped out
alone, in March,
While cobwebs of the snow yet hung about
the sky's gray arch;
But merry winds to sweep them down
in earnest had begun:
The violet, though she shook with cold,
stayed on to watch the fun.

And now the other violets are
crowding up to see
What welcome in this blustering world
may chance for them to be;
They lift themselves on slender stems
in every shaded place —
Heads over heads, all turned one way —
wonder in every face.

They like the clear, cool weather well,
when they are fairly out,
And they are happy as the flowers of
sunnier climes, no doubt.
When little star-shaped innocence makes
every field snow-white
With her four-cornered neckerchiefs,
there is no lovelier sight.

Then will the birds sing anthems;
for the earth and sky and air
Will seem a great cathedral, filled with
beings dear and fair;
And long processions, from the time that
bluebird-notes begin
Till gentians fade, through forest-aisles
will still move out and in.

Unnumbered multitudes of flowers it were
in vain to name,
Along the roads and in the woods will
old acquaintance claim;
And scarcely shall we know which one
for beauty we prefer
Of all the Wayside Fairies clad in
Gowns of Gossamer!

— Lucy Larcom

SIR ROBIN

Rollicking Robin is here again.
What does he care for the April rain?
Care for it? Glad of it. Doesn't he know
That the April rain carries off the snow,
And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,
And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
For his hungry little robins to eat?
"Ha, ha, ha!" hear the jolly bird laugh,
"That isn't the best of the story by half!"

Gentleman Robin, he walks up and down,
Dressed in orange-tawny and black and brown.
Though his eye is so proud and his step so firm,
He can always stoop to pick up a worm.
With a twist of his head, and a strut and a hop,
To his Robin-wife, in the peach-tree top,
Chirping her heart out, he calls: "My dear,
You don't earn your living! Come here! Come here!
Ha, ha, ha! Life is lovely and sweet;
But what would it be if we'd nothing to eat?"

Robin, Sir Robin, red-vested knight,
Now you have come to us, Summer's in sight.
You never dream of the wonders you bring,
Visions that follow the flash of your wing.
How all the beautiful By-and-by
Around you and after you seems to fly!
Sing on, or eat on, as pleases your mind!
Well have you earned every morsel you find.
"Ay! Ha, ha, ha!" whistles Robin. "My dear,
Let us all take our own choice of good cheer!"

— Lucy Larcom

Study Suggestion

"When Sir Robin comes he brings good cheer,
For we know that Spring is almost here."
How is this saying true?

THE BLUE JAY

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest?
Tell me, I pray you—tell me true!

Did you dip your wings in azure dye,
When April began to paint the sky,
That was pale with the winter's stay?
Or were you hatched from a bluebell bright,
'Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light,
By the river one blue Spring day?

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
A-tossing your saucy head at me,
With ne'er a word for my questioning,
Pray, cease for a moment your "ting-a-link,"
And hear when I tell you what I think—
You bonniest bit of the Spring.

I think when the Fairies made the flowers,
To grow in these mossy fields of ours,
Periwinkles and violets rare,
There was left of the Spring's own color blue,
Plenty to fashion a flower whose hue
Would be richer than all and as fair.

So, putting their wits together, they
Made one great blossom so bright and gay,
That the lily beside it seemed blurred;
And then they said, "We will toss it in air;
So many blue blossoms grow everywhere,
Let this pretty one be a bird!"

— Susan Hartley Swett

RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
Like a tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

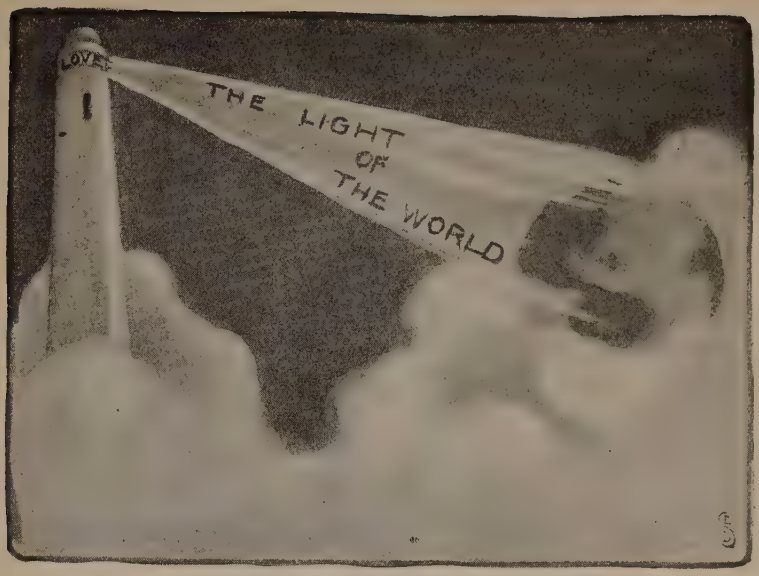
Across the windowpane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks
At the twisted brooks;
He can feel the cool
Breath of each little pool;
His fevered brain grows calm again,
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school
Come the boys,
With more than their wonted noise;
And down the wet streets
Sail their mimic fleets,
Till the treacherous pool
Ingulfs them in its whirling
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,
Where far and wide
Stretches the plain —
How welcome is the rain!

— Henry W. Longfellow



THE FOUR SUNBEAMS

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
Shining and dancing along on their way,
  Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,
Not seek our own pleasuring all the day through,
  Then meet in the eve at the west."

One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door,
And played "hide-and-seek" with a child on the floor,
  Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
  That ever before them would flee.

One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom;
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest,
And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved best,
Far away from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad
And lifted her white face again;
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale,
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light
Till angels had lifted the veil.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.
All said, "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others, we fill to the full our own measure;"
Then softly they sank to their rest.

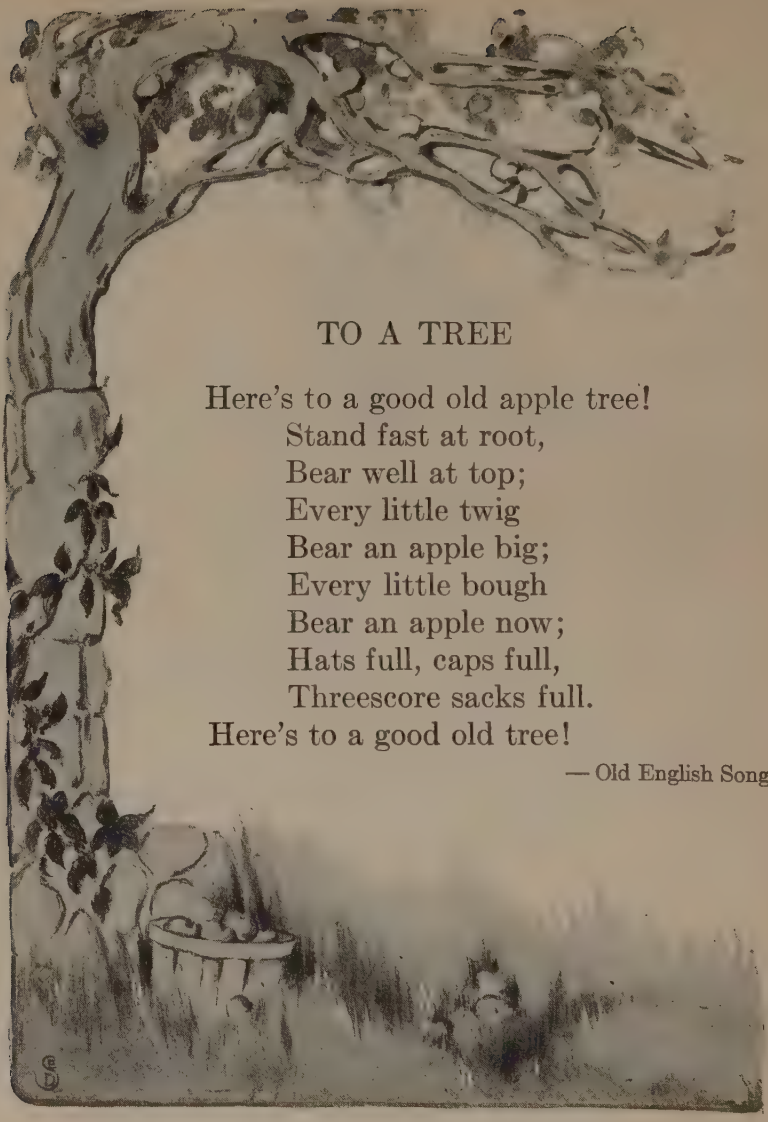
— M. K. B., in *St. Nicholas*

MAKING HONEY

Take a patch of flowers
At least two buzzers,
A pinch of pollen,
A few drops of dew,
Some fresh sunbeams;
    Mix well,
    Keep cool,
Serve with smiles.

N. B. Use only stingless buzzers.

— Author Unknown



TO A TREE

Here's to a good old apple tree!
Stand fast at root,
Bear well at top;
Every little twig
Bear an apple big;
Every little bough
Bear an apple now;
Hats full, caps full,
Threescore sacks full.
Here's to a good old tree!

— Old English Song

THE BUILDING OF THE CANOE

"Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree:
Of your yellow bark, O Birch Tree.
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
When the birds were singing gayly.

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled:
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward,
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

"Shaped Them Straightway to a Framework."

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch with all its fibers
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"

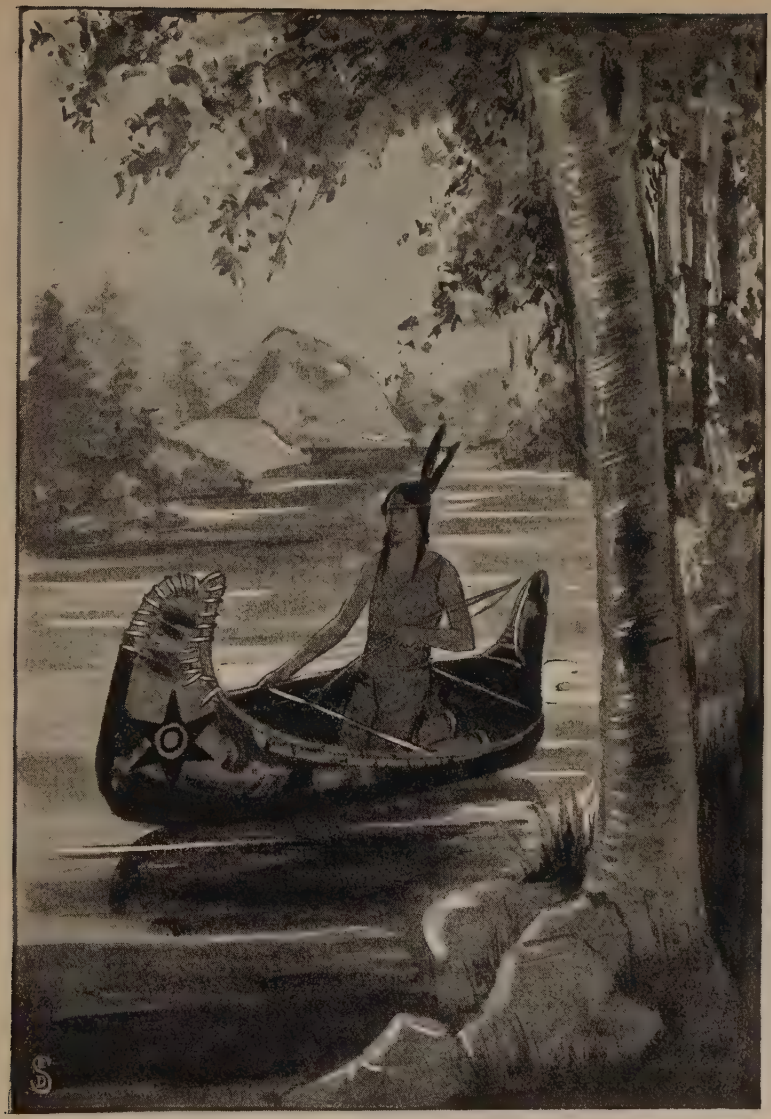
And the Fir Tree, tall and somber,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir Tree,
Seamed therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

From the ground the quills he gathered
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.



"And It Floated Down the River."

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forests;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

— Henry W. Longfellow

Study Suggestions

Who was the Indian lad building this canoe?

What different things did he ask to contribute to the making of it?

Arrange this poem in dramatic form and play it.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
and at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.

And see! she stirs!
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!

Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the Sea of Life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!

— Henry W. Longfellow

STUDY SUGGESTION

Compare the building and launching of a ship with the making of a canoe.

THE SHIP OF STATE

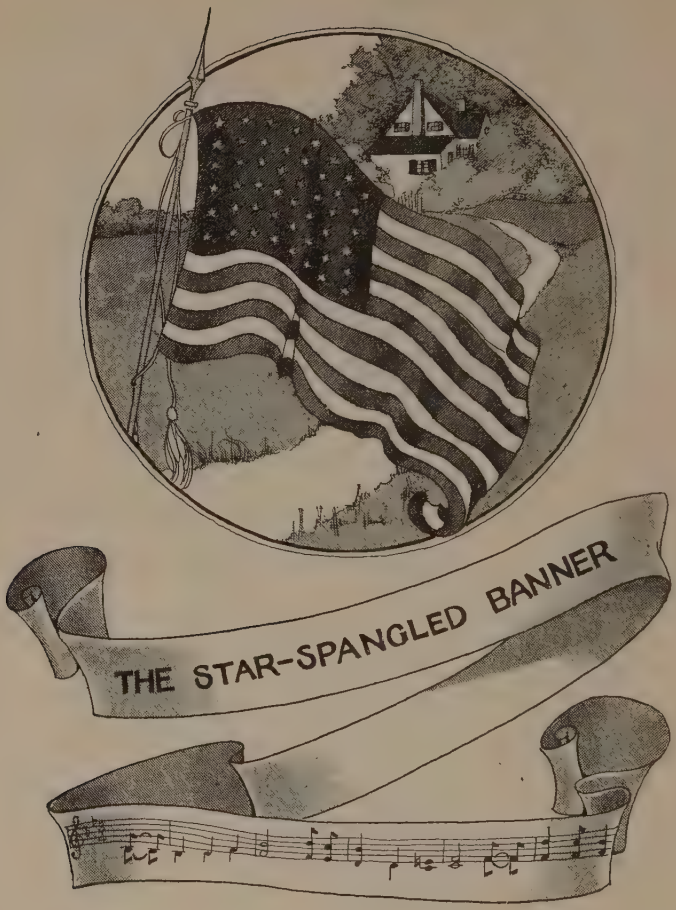
Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, *O Union*, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

We know what Master laid thy keel!
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!

Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

— Henry W. Longfellow


THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming—
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the clouds of the fight,
On the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

O thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

— Francis Scott Key

Memorize this song.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY AND THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

In 1776 the United States went to war with Great Britain because the United States wanted to be an independent country. Some thirty-six years later, after many troubles and difficulties had arisen from time to time between the two countries, they went to war again.

History calls this the War of 1812. It lasted two and a half years. In the summer of 1814 the British soldiers marched into Washington, D. C., and burned the Capitol, the President's house, and several other public buildings. Many valuables, among which were papers and records that could never be replaced, were destroyed with these buildings.

After this burning of Washington, the British sailed down the Potomac River, out into the Chesapeake Bay, and started for Baltimore, Maryland, with the intention of burning that city too.

On their way down the Potomac an American doctor, whom the British suspected of causing them trouble, was taken on board one of the British ships and carried away as a prisoner.

Now it happened that this doctor had a very good friend and neighbor in Washington, and as soon as the friend learned that the doctor had been carried away as a prisoner by the British, he began at once to arrange to have the doctor liberated and returned to his home.

This friend and neighbor was no other than Francis Scott Key — a name familiar to every

man and woman and to most girls and boys in America.

Mr. Key, together with an American army officer, went across by land from Washington to Baltimore, and from there on board a small American boat, carrying a flag of truce, sailed down the Chesapeake Bay to meet the British fleet.

Mr. Key and the Army officer were received by the British admiral on board his flagship. Mr. Key proved to the admiral that the doctor was not a soldier and had not done any harm. The admiral was so far convinced of the truth of Mr. Key's assertions that he agreed to release the doctor.

But the British ships were preparing to attack Baltimore at once, so he told Mr. Key and the American army officer to return to their own boat and remain there, under guard, until the next day. This was on the night of September 14, 1814.

Mr. Key and his companion did as they were ordered, and the British opened fire on Baltimore. But Baltimore did not yield to the British. On a height overlooking Chesapeake Bay

stood Fort McHenry — a fort containing many big guns and well-manned with American soldiers. This fort met fire with fire. All night long they kept up the fight.

It is quite easy for any American to imagine the feelings of Mr. Key and his Army officer companion, and to know that there was no sleep for them that night. They stood on the deck of their little vessel which had carried them down from the city and watched the exchange of fire.

The last thing Mr. Key could see, as darkness came on, was the American Flag with its stars and stripes floating aloft at Fort McHenry.

After the night and its darkness came on, Mr. Key continued to look for the Flag during the times when the sky was lighted by the bursting of shells and rockets, for, so long as he could see the stars and stripes floating aloft, he knew the Americans had not surrendered. Toward morning the firing of guns suddenly ceased.

Mr. Key did not know whether the fort had surrendered or whether the British had given up the attack. It was not yet daylight and Mr. Key could not see the fort or the Flag. He

afterward told of how he paced back and forth on the deck of his little vessel, looking at his watch every few minutes to see how long it would be before the light of day would break sufficiently for him to see whether the American Flag was still flying.

At last a few rays of light penetrated the darkness, and the eastern sky grew gray. Then Mr. Key took out his field-glass and looked through it at the fort. He could see that something was hanging aloft, but as it hung motionless and limp because there was no breeze, he could not make out what it was.

Occasionally there was a slight stir of air and a slight movement of the Flag that was hanging over the fort. But, was it the "Stars and Stripes" or was it the British flag? He could not tell.

Finally the sun rose and it seemed that the very first beam fell full upon the Flag. Joy of joys! It was the *Star-Spangled Banner* — the red, white, and blue!

Mr. Key was happy indeed. He knew now that the British ships could not pass the fort and that Baltimore was safe.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY MONUMENT, FREDERICK, MD.

Is it any wonder that Mr. Key was inspired to write about the American victory of that night? Is it any wonder that into the poem he wrote he should put his own feelings of anxiety, suspense, joy, and faith? In doing that he but voiced the feelings of all true Americans then and ever since.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" not only was an inspiration — it is an inspiration today. It not only is patriotic — it is Patriotism itself!

Francis Scott Key lies buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery at Frederick, Maryland.

A large national flag is kept flying over Key's grave all the time, day and night. It is never taken down except to replace it with a new one. As it floats there day and night it fulfills the lines written by Whittier in his poem concerning another flag-lover:

"And ever the stars above look down
On the stars below at Frederick-town."

Study Suggestion

Write a story telling the circumstances which led to the writing of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

THE MAKERS OF THE FLAG

On the fourteenth of June a century and a half ago, Congress adopted the Flag — emblem of a young republic's courage and faith, and of its dedication to freedom under justice and truth and God.

Well may we take to heart an anniversary so nobly significant. The cause for which those colors first were borne aloft is as challenging and as challenged, on this day of golden peace, as in the tumult of Brandywine, when they received their baptism of fire and blood.

Perhaps our greatest enemy today is the indifferent citizen, so engrossed in things of his own as to care nothing for the common weal, so lost to patriotism and to humanity as to feel nothing of the heroic music that swept our fathers' hearts when "the morning stars of the flag" sang together.

The following story, in which the Flag is made to talk, is a part of a Flag Day address by Mr. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior during President Wilson's administration.

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, the flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice. "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho.

"Or, perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming.

"No matter — whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when the Flag stopped me with these words:

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the Flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in

Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the Flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the Flag!"

"But," I said to the Flag, "these people were only working!" Then came a great shout from the Flag:

"The work that we do is the making of the Flag.

"I am not the Flag. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me — nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly.

"Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has

gone from me, and cynically I play the coward.

"Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of tomorrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me — nothing more.

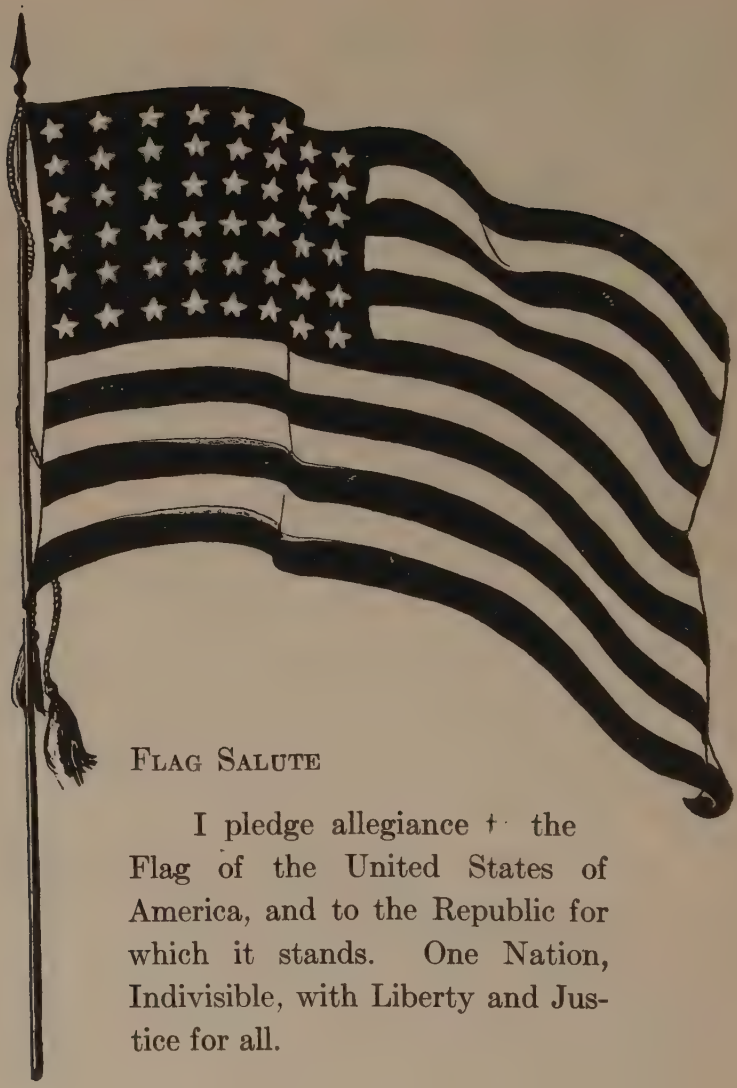
"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this na-

tion. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For *you* are the makers of the Flag — and it is well that you glory in the making."

— Franklin K. Lane

Study Suggestions

How does the farmer help to make the Flag?
How does the Corn Club boy help to make the Flag?
How do the fathers and mothers help to make the Flag?
How does the teacher help to make the Flag?
How do boys and girls help to make the Flag?
Arrange and carry out a Flag Day program.



Flag Salute

I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands. One Nation, Indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all.

OLD GLORY

Take the *red* of the rose and the *blue* of the sky,
And the *white* of the snow-capped mountains high,
And a handful of *stars* from the pools of heaven—
Blend in *stripes*—to the number of *seven*
The living blood-*red* with *six* celestial snow-*white;*
Then, drop on the blue yon flowers of night;
The canvas will picture that beautiful story
Known the world 'round as blessed *Old Glory.*

The *red* is significant of the *love* we bear
This land of freedom that's without compare;
With her pine-clad hills and majestic mountain peaks
Reaching heavenward for daylight's first streaks.

White is emblematic of *faith* and *purity*—
Firm keystone of this land of liberty;
Faith, born of the fulfillment of promises made
And utmost honesty always displayed.

And symbolic of *truth* is the fair field of *blue*,
Iridescent with stars as morning dew;
Truth, truth eternal, like the azure sky above—
Proud herald of our loyalty and love.

In the union of these principles—love, faith, truth,
Is found our heritage to gallant youth,
Who bravely declare that no monarch ever must
Reign o'er us, but the God in whom we trust.
This whole world must be made safe for democracy—
Brave watchword of this land of liberty.
For, world freedom is the pot of gold that may be
Found in this Nation's Rainbow—OLD GLORY!

STUDY SUGGESTION

What do each of the colors in the Flag signify?

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

This is one of the finest poems of the World War. It was written by an officer of the Canadian hospital unit. A reply to it appears on the opposite page. Read the two together.

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amidst the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch. Be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

— John D. McCrae

AMERICA'S ANSWER

Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead,
The fight that ye so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies blowing overhead,
Where once his own lifeblood ran red.
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders fields.

Fear not that ye have died for naught.
The torch ye threw to us we caught.
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And Freedom's light shall never die!
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders fields.

— R. W. Lillard

Study Suggestions

What answer did America make?
What torch is meant in line 11?
Why "ten million hands" in line 12?

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

— Katherine Lee Bates

"M-m-m—" yawned Edith, "I do believe I went to sleep while I was working that problem in long division."

Picking up her pencil, she started to work again, saying: "Arithmetic is so stupid and dull, anyway. I do not see any use in it at all. I guess it was only made to worry girls like me."

Edith was wrinkling her face and working her lips all the while she was trying to make nine go into twenty-one three times without a remainder.

"I do not believe this is right now," she said to herself.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed a sweet little voice close by. "I should think it is not right!"

Looking around, Edith saw perched upon the top of her grammar and her arithmetic books some of the daintiest little people she had ever seen.

"Edith," questioned a little Fairy, "do you never put covers on your schoolbooks to keep them clean? You have to handle them so much, and you cannot always have clean hands, you know."

"I have been intending to cover my books," confessed Edith, "but I have not done so. It is so easy to put off things until tomorrow, and —"

"And tomorrow never comes," interrupted this little Fairy.

"That is quite true — tomorrow never comes — we have only today, so Father Time tries to tell us," said Edith. "But may I ask who you are? I did not know before that Fairies cared particularly about books."

"I am an Arithmetic Fairy," replied the Fairy with whom Edith had been talking. "And those scholarly looking little strangers you see over there are the Grammar Fairies."

Hearing themselves spoken of, the Grammar Fairies advanced with great dignity and precision. "Good morning, Edith," greeted the leader, who assumed an air of great importance.

"How do you do, Grammar Fairies?" said Edith, graciously. "Won't you be seated for a while? Then we can have a playtime together."

"No, thank you, dear," replied the leader, "we cannot leave our places. And besides, I am the Preposition Fairy, and it is my duty to go before the Noun."

"I know it is," said Edith, "but I thought you might break the rule for once, and all of us have a good time together. Do you have to follow the grammar rules even on a holiday?"

"Well," spoke up a Verb Fairy, "we are supposed to be in correct form all the time, but I for one am willing to let the rules take care of themselves today. What do the rest of you think about it? All who agree with me on this, raise their right hands."

The Noun, Pronoun, Adjective, Adverb, and Preposition Fairies vied with each other in their eagerness to raise their hands, but the Conjunction Fairies held back.

"Do not pay any attention to the Conjunctions," said the others. "They do not seem as though they are any relation to the rest of us at all. They never will join in any of our fun."

"Please, Conjunction Fairies," pleaded Edith, smilingly. "Please come and play with us."

Edith was too charming a little girl to be denied any request, and so the Conjunction Fairies agreed that all rules should be forgotten for the day.

It was so unusual for the Grammar Fairies to

be off their dignity, that to one not accustomed to the sight and sound it seemed a great confusion.

The Adjectives danced with the Verbs, tne Adverbs played leap-frog with the Nouns, and the Prepositions, who are never allowed to be together, joined hands, and jumped about, screeching louder than any parrot.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" they cried. "Is it not great not to have to stay in a sentence? You have never been in a Grammar Sentence, have you, Edith?"

"No, indeed," said Edith, laughing.

"Well," spoke up the matter-of-fact Arithmetic Fairy, "I never should have believed that the dignified Grammar Fairies could have been such good playmates. But before I forget it, Edith dear," said the Arithmetic Fairy, sitting down by her long division problem, "I must tell you that you have made a little mistake in your work. I'll correct it this time, but the trouble is that you need to know your multiplication table. You cannot work long division unless you know your tables perfectly. And they are really not hard to learn if you know how to go

about it. But some people do make a hard task of it, I confess."

"I know all my tables through the fives," said Edith; "but, oh, the rest are so hard!" she added with a groan.

"Just as I thought," said the Arithmetic Fairy. "You, too, are making a mountain out of them. Don't you know that you have only ten more combinations to learn after you have learned through the fives? Now see if you can figure that out!"

"Suppose we sit down and talk for a while now, and tell Edith something about our Book Life," suggested a Grammar Fairy.

"Oh, that will be splendid!" exclaimed Edith.

"You may not know it, but we are all what are called Book Fairies," said a Noun Fairy. "We live in Dictionaries and Grammars, and Spelling Books, and Poetry, and Geography Books, and Readers, and Story Books of all kinds. We live in all kinds of books, and when we get tired of one book, we march right into another book. Sometimes, though, we are shut up for years between heavy leather bindings on gilt-edge leaves in great large bookcases, and no

one takes us out even to look at us. What do you suppose we do then?"

"I have not the slightest idea," replied Edith, eagerly. "Do tell me!"

"Well," continued the Noun Fairy, "when we get so dreadfully lonesome we break out and run away from one book to another, right through the leaves and covers, boring little holes just big enough to go through."

"How funny!" exclaimed Edith. "I have seen holes in books, but I thought they were made by book-worms. I never dreamed they were made by Book Fairies."

This made all the Fairies laugh. "Really," said the matter-of-fact Arithmetic Fairy, "you humans do make some very stupid mistakes. There are no such things as book-worms."

"Once upon a time," continued the Arithmetic Fairy, "we came to a lovely old book of Poetry, full of the most beautiful poems and the sweetest thoughts, and we stopped there. We felt that we could not possibly find a more beautiful home or more congenial companions. It was worth all the trouble we had to live in so lovely a book."

"Was the binding very beautiful?" inquired Edith.

"Yes," answered the Fairy, "the binding was beautiful, but I was not thinking of that when I spoke. I know there are people who buy books because of their bindings, not knowing nor caring much what is on the inside. For myself, I care more for the people I live with than about the kind of a house I live in. Of course, I want my house to be strong and well built.

"The people who owned the books where we last lived never paid any attention to us at all. But there was a little girl in the home who used to come and play with us. We were always happy when we heard her turn the key in the bookcase, for we loved her."

"Did you ever talk to her?" asked Edith.

"Oh, yes," answered the Arithmetic Fairy, "we often talked to her. We told her that no matter what she wanted to know about, she would always find some of the Book Fairies ready and willing to help her."

"Did the little girl ever accept your offer to help her?" asked Edith.

"Yes, indeed, she did. She often came to us."

THE POT OF GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW OF TIME—
SUCCESS!

"By the way, dear," said a mischievous Fairy, "do not turn down the leaves of a book, because you might squeeze a Fairy, and Fairies do not like to be squeezed."

"I never turn down leaves," spoke up Edith, quickly. "I only turn them over. I think I'll turn over a new leaf today and decide to become much better acquainted with all the Book Fairies than I have ever been before."

"We certainly appreciate the compliment," said a Grammar Fairy. "And our wish for you is that all the leaves you turn may have the Sunshine of Happiness beaming on them so that they may be to you pure gold leaf. That by the direction of Father Time, all the Seasons will contribute to your welfare and happiness, finally guiding you to the pot of gold at the end of the Rainbow of Time — SUCCESS!

— Beatrice Harraden

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STUDY SUGGESTION

Write a story telling about your ambition, and what success in it will mean to you.

THE BOOK

The book I love in winter-time
is printed black and white,
A book to read before the fire
upon a chilly night.

But when the summer-time is here,
I love another book,
Not told upon a printed page
but gurgled by a brook.

There is no story in the world
which I have ever seen,
To equal Nature's volume,
where the leaves are all of green.

This book is ever open
at the most exciting page,
To suit the reader old or young,
of any taste or age —
The pictures are in colors fair,
the plot is ever new;
However wild or wonderful,
you know it all is true.
The book will last a lifetime,
an ever faithful friend;
Each summer 'tis continued,
and it never has an end.

— Abbie Farwell Brown

From *Fresh Posies*, published by Houghton Mifflin and Company

A LITTLE

DICTIONARY

A LITTLE DICTIONARY

Here are the words in this book which may be difficult to pronounce or understand. It is impossible to give a large list of words or to give all the meanings of each word. The meaning given here is that which can be applied to the word as used in this book. If you wish to know other possible meanings, you may consult your dictionary. By using this little dictionary, you will learn how to use the big dictionary.

No marks are used where the vowels are pronounced according to the regular phonetic rules governing the long and short sounds of the vowels. All markings accord with Webster's International Dictionary.

Phonetic Rule 1

When there is but one vowel in a syllable, or a word of one syllable, the usual sound is short, unless it is the end of the syllable or word.

man end it dot cut

Phonetic Rule 2

When there are two vowels in a syllable, or a word of one syllable, only one vowel is sounded, and that is the first—using the long sound.

made — maid mete — meat rode — road

Phonetic Rule 3

In an accented syllable, or a word of one syllable, that ends with a vowel, the vowel is usually long.

go we my she no

ā as in āte
ă as in ăt
ä as in ärm
ạ as in ạll
å as in åsk
â as in câre
ạ as in whạt
å as in sen′åte
a as in fi′n*a*l
ā as in mus′tārd

ē as in mē
ĕ as in mĕt
ē as in hēr
ę as in thęy
ĕ as in ĕ vent′
e as in nov′*e*l

ē as in ēarth
ê as in wêar
ēw as in mēw
ęw as in gręw

ī as in īce
ĭ as in ĭn
ĭ as in ĭ de′a
ī as in fīr
ī as in po līce′

ō as in mōre
ŏ as in nŏt
ȯ as in lȯve
ọ as in dọ
ô as in ôr
ŏ as in ŏbey′

ō as in wōrk
ọ as in cọuld

ū as in cūte
ŭ as in ŭp
ū as in būrn
ụ as in rụde
û as in û nite′
ụ as in fụll

ў as in ba′bў
ȳ as in mȳ
ў as in mўr′tle
ў as in quaў

o͞o as in fo͞od
o͝o as in bo͝ok

ou as in *out*
ow as in n*ow*
oi as in *oil*
oy as in bo*y*

ç as in içe
ġ as in ġem
n̲ as in ban̲k
s̲ as in his̲
d̲ as in iced
x̲ as in ex̲ist′
q as in pique
ph as in 'phone
qu as in quick

ci, ce, si, se, ti, xi = sh
na′*ti*on

A

ab-surd' (ab-sûrd'), ridiculous.

ac-cede' (ac-çede'), agree to.

ac-ces'sion (ac-çes'*si*ȯn), one who or that which is added.

a-chiev'ing (ȧ-chēv'ing), winning; accomplishing.

ac'me (ac'me), the highest point; perfection.

ad-dress'ee (ad-dress'ee), one to whom anything is addressed.

ad-ja'cent (ad-ja'çent), lying near; close by.

ad''mo-ni'tion (ad''mŏ-ni'*ti*ȯn), friendly caution or warning.

a-dorn' (ȧ-dôrn'), to trim; to dress with ornaments.

A'gue (a'gue), disease; chills and fever.

al''a-bas'ter (al''ȧ-bas'tẽr), smooth white mineral.

al'le-go-ry (al'lẽ-go-rў), a story meant to convey a lesson or wholesome truth.

al-loy' (al-l*oy*'), not wholly pure; a mixture.

a-nal'o-gous (ȧ-nal'ŏ-ġus), like something else.

an-a-lyt'ic (an-ȧ-lyt'ic), separated into parts.

a-nat'o-my (ȧ-nat'ŏ-mў), structure of the body.

an-ces'tral (an-çes'tr*a*l), derived from an ancestor.

a-nem'o-nes (ȧ-nem'ŏ-nēş), small wild flowers.

an-tip'o-des (an-tip'ŏ-dēş), anything exactly the opposite.

A-pol'lo (ȧ-pol'lo), Greek myth., sun god, for whom Sunday was named.

ap-pli'anc-es (ap-pli'*a*nç-eş), tools; attachments.

ap-pren'tic-es (ap-pren'tiç-eş), learners; beginners.

apt (apt), suitable; appropriate.

ar'mor (är'mōr), covering worn for protection.

ar-tis'ti-cal-ly (är-tis'tĭ-cal-lў), in an artistic manner; gracefully.

as'pen (as'pen), a kind of poplar, with leaves that tremble and shake.

as-tron'o-mer (as-tron'ŏ-mẽr), one who studies the stars.

Au'du-bon (ą'dụ-bon), an American bird lover.

Au-ro'ra (ą-ro'rȧ), goddess of dawn; the rising light of the morning.

au-to-mat'i-cal-ly (ą-tŏ-mat'ĭ-cal-lў), self-acting; self-moving.

au-to-mo'bile (ą-tŏ-mo'bĭl), horseless carriage; self-propelling vehicle.

awe (ą), great fear; dread.

A-zores' (*a*-zoreş'), islands in the North Atlantic Ocean.

az'ure (az'ure), sky-blue.

B

bab'ble (bab'bl), chatter; much idle talk.

balm'y (bäm'ў), mild; soothing.

bal'sam (bą̣l's*a*m), a fragrant resin or the tree from which it comes.

ban'quet (ba*n*'quet), a great feast.

Bar''ce-lo'na (bär''çe-lo'n*a*), a city in northeast Spain.

ba-rom'e-ter (bȧ-rom'ẽ-tẽr), an instrument for telling the condition of the atmosphere.

bas'tions (bas'chuņş), projections of a fortification.

ben''e-fac'tors (ben''ẽ-fac'tŏrş), friendly helpers.

Be'o-wulf (be̱'ŏ-wụlf), legendary hero.

blanched (blănchd), made white or pale.
Bow'doin (bō'dn), steamship.
broad'cast-ed (brôad'cȧst-ed), sent out in all directions.

C

ca-lam'i-ty (cȧ-lam'i-tў), great trouble.
Cam'bridge (cām'brĭġ), a city in Massachusetts.
cam-paign' (cam-pain'), a contest.
Ca-na'ry (cȧ-na'rў), a group of Spanish islands off the coast of Africa.
can'o-pies (can'o-pĭş), coverings.
ce-les'tial (çe-les'chal), of or pertaining to the sky or heaven.
Ce-nis (çe-nĭ), **Mont,** Alpine Peak, 6775 ft., railway tunnel 8 miles long.
Ce'res (çe'rēş), Class. Myth., goddess of grain and harvests.
cer-tif'i-cates (çer-tif'ĭ-cates), written or official documents.
cha-grined' (ça-grĭnd'), vexed; deeply annoyed.
claim'ant (claim'ant), one who makes a claim.
Cler'mont (clēr'mont), steamboat.
cli'max (cli'max), the ending; culmination.
com-mo'tion (com-mo'*tiȯn*), excitement.
com-mu''ni-ca'tion (com-mu''nĭ-ca'-*tiȯn*), a verbal or written message.
com-pan'ion-a-ble (com-pan'yon-ȧ-bl), agreeable.
com'pen-sates (com'pen-sates), pays; makes suitable return.
con-cealed' (con-çeald'), hidden.
con-gen'ial (con-ġēn'yal), agreeable; having similar tastes.
con-junc'tion (con-juṇ'*tiȯn*), together with; the state of being joined.
con'quest (con'quest), to obtain; to conquer.
con'se-quent (con'se-quent), that which follows as a natural result.
con''ser-va'tion (con''sēr-va'*tiȯn*), the act of saving; being economical.
con-sume' (con-sume'), destroy; eat; waste.
con'tro-ver''sy (con'tro-vēr''sў), dispute.
con-vey'ance (con-vęy'ănç), a vehicle.
con-veys' (con-vęyş'), carries; transmits.
cos'ter (cos'tēr), sexton.
cours'er (cōrs'ēr), a fast and spirited horse.
court'iers (cōrt'yers), members of a court circle.
cov'e-nant (cȯv'ĕ-nant), promise.
crag (crag), a rough, steep rock.
Cu'lex (cu'lex), insect; mosquito.
cum'ber-some (cum'bēr-sȯm), troublesome; awkward to handle.
cyn'i-cal-ly (cyn'ĭ-cal-lў), in a sneering or doubtful manner.

D

da-guerre'o-type (dȧ-ger'ro-type), a kind of photograph.
Danes (daneş), natives of Denmark.
def'i-cit (def'ĭ-çit), shortage.
dense (dĕns), thick; close together.
de-pos'i-tor (dē-poş'ĭ-tōr), one who puts money in a bank.
des'ig-nate (deş'ig-nate), to name; select; appoint.
di'al (di'al), face of a watch or a clock.
di-am'e-ter (di-am'ĕ-tēr), a line

through the center ending at the boundary.

Di-an'a (di-an'ȧ), Rom. Myth., goddess of the Moon; for whom Monday was named.

di-plo'ma-cies (dĭ-plo'ma-çĭz), tactful handling of affairs.

dis'taffs (dis'tȧffs), staffs that hold flax or wool in spinning.

div'i-dends (div'ĭ-dendz), profits or shares.

dor'mant (dôr'mant), unused; sleepy.

dread'naught (drĕd'nȧt), large battleship.

drought (drout or drouth), long-continued dry weather.

Duryea', Charles (dōōr-yā' chärlz).

E

east'ard (east'ărd), eastward, in an easterly direction.

ec''o-nom'ic (ec''o-nom'ic), relating to means and methods of living.

e-lab'o-rate (e-lab'ŏ-rate), something larger than ordinary.

em''blem-at'ic (em''blem-at'ic), serving to represent.

e-merg'es (e-mĕrġ'ez), comes forth.

en-chant'ing (en-chȧnt'ing), that which delights.

en-coun'tered (en-coun'tĕrd), met.

en-deav'or (en-dĕv'ŏr), to try to do.

en-no'bling (en-no'bling), to honor; confer title upon.

e-nor'mous (e-nôr'mus), very large.

en-rap'tured (en-rap'tured), greatly delighted.

en-vel'oped (en-vel'opēd), to cover; to enclose.

ep'och (ep'oc), a definite period; an important point in history.

eq'ui-pag-es (eq'ŭĭ-pāġ-ez), carriages, with attendants.

e-quipped' (e-quippd'), furnished; fitted out.

err (ĕrr), to make mistake.

er-ro'ne-ous (er-ro'ne-us), wrong; mistaken.

ev'i-dent-ly (ev'ĭ-dent-lў), shown clearly.

ex-te'ri-or (ex-te'rĭ-ŏr), the outside.

ex-ult'ing (ex-ult'ing), rejoicing.

F

fa-cil'i-ties (fa-çil'ĭ-tĭz), means with which to accomplish.

far'ing (fâr'ing), going forth; journeying.

fas-tid'i-ous (fas-tid'ĭ-us), hard to please.

fath'om-less (fath'ŏm-less), not able to understand or interpret.

fath'oms (fath'ŏmz), measure of length, 6 feet.

fir'ma-ment (fĭr'ma-ment), the sky.

fis'sure (fis'shure), a narrow opening; a crack.

flu'id (flŭ'id), a liquid or gas.

foi'bles (foi'blz), slight faults; personal weaknesses.

foy'er (foy'ĕr), a public reception room or lobby.

Frig'ga (frig'gä), Norse Myth., queen of the gods; for whom Friday was named; wife of Odin.

fru-gal'i-ty (frŭ-gal'ĭ-tў), economy; thrift.

fun''da-men'tals (fun''da-men'tals), necessary facts; basic principles.

G

Gal'i-lee (gal'ĭ-lee), ancient Roman province in north Palestine.

gar'ri-son (gar'rĭ-sŏn), military force holding a fort.

ge'ni-al (ġe'nĭ-al), pleasant.

Gen'o-a (ġen'o-*a*), seaport in northwest Italy.

ge-og'ra-phers (ġe-og'ra-phērs), students of the earth's surface.

ghast'ly (gȧst'ly), having a deathlike appearance; very pale.

gi-gan'tic (ġi-gan'tic), very large; like a giant.

gor'geous (gôr'ġus), very fine; magnificent.

gos'sa-mer (gos'sȧ-mēr), light and airy; flimsy.

Goths (goths), members of a German race.

Gra-na'da (grȧ-nä'dȧ), a province in Spain.

Gren'del (gren'del), a wicked giant.

Gu'ten-berg (gu'ten-bērg), **John,** a German printer; inventor of movable type.

H

Haar'lem (här'lem), a city in Holland.

Hai'ti (hai'ti), an island of the West Indies.

hedge'hog (hĕġ'hog), a porcupine; small animal covered with stout spines or quills.

hel'met (hel'met), a head-covering.

her'ald (her'*a*ld), an announcer; to announce publicly; to usher in.

her'i-tage (her'ĭ-tag̣e), something inherited.

Her'schel (hĕr'*sh*el), **Sir John,** an English astronomer.

hom'i-ny (hom'ĭ-nў), whole grain or coarsely ground Indian corn.

ho-ri'zon (ho-ri'zŏn), the line where the earth and sky seem to meet.

hor''i-zon'tal (hor''ĭ-zon't*a*l), level; running in the same direction as the horizon.

house-par-ty (h*ou*s-pär-tў), a number of guests in a home for several consecutive days; a several days' party.

Hroth'gar (roth'gär), **King.**

hub'bub (hub'bub), great noise; uproar.

hu-mil'i-ate (hu-mil'ĭ-ate), to offend; hurt the feelings of.

hu'mor-ous (hu'mŏr-us), amusing; funny.

I

i-de'al-ism (i-de'al-ism), search for perfection.

ill-con-cealed' (ill-con-çeald'), not well hidden or covered up.

im-pas'sioned (im-pas'*si*ond), stirring; fervent.

im-pedes' (im-pedę̇s'), obstructs; hinders.

im'ple-ments (im'ple-ments), tools.

in-au'gu-rat''ed (in-ą'gu-rāt''ed), originated; began; started.

in'ci-dents (in'çi-dents), small happenings.

in''di-vid'u-al (in''dĭ-vid'u-al), single person, animal, or thing.

in-gen'ious (in-ġēn'yus), having ability to invent or originate.

in''ge-nu'i-ty (in''ġe-nu'ĭ-tў), inventive ability or power.

in-stalled' (in-stą̇ld'), put in.

in''ter-ur'ban (in''tĕr-ŭr'b*a*n), between cities.

in-trud'ing (in-trụd'ing), to come without invitation; to thrust upon.

in-vig'or-at-ing (in-vig'ŏr-āt-ing), to give energy or life.

ir''i-des'cent (ir''ĭ-des'çent), of many colors, like the rainbow.

i-so-la'tion (i-so-la'*ti*ȯn), set off by itself; in a place alone.

J

joc'und (joc'und), jovial; jolly.

jour'ney-cake (jûr'nў-cake), a coarse cornbread.

jo'vi-al (jo'vĭ-al), jolly.

Ju'pi-ter (jụ'pĭ-tẽr), Rom. Myth., highest Roman god.

K

keel (keel), bottom of ship.

keel'son (kĕl'sȯn), a beam running lengthwise above the keel of the ship.

key'stone (key'stone), the uppermost stone of an arch.

knap'sack (nap'sack), a bag worn across the shoulders and used for carrying light luggage.

L

lag'gard (lag'gărd), one who falls behind; slow person.

lat'tice (lat'tĭç), openwork of crossed bars.

live'li-hood (live'lĭ-ho͝od), means of making a living.

lug'gage (lug'gaġe), baggage.

Lux'or (lux'ôr), a village in Egypt.

lyre (lyre), a harp-like stringed musical instrument.

M

maize (maize), Indian corn.

ma-jes'tic (mă-jes'tic), stately; royal.

mar'veled (mär'veld), wondered.

mar'vel-ous (mär'vel-us), wonderful.

Mas'sa-soit (mas'sȧ-so*it*), Indian chief.

match'lock (mach'lock), an old-fashioned musket.

mate (mate), an officer of a ship ranking below a captain.

ma-tu'ri-ty (ma-tu'rĭ-tў), fully developed; when a business note is due.

Ma''yence' (mȧ''yan̰s'), city in Germany on Rhine River.

Mer'cu-ry (mẽr'cu-rў), Rom. Myth., messenger of the gods; also called Quicksilver.

met''ro-pol'i-tan (met''ro-pol'ĭ-t*a*n), belonging to the city.

mi'cro-cosm (mi'cro-co̱sm), stands for the whole world; a small world.

mi'cro-scope (mi'cro-scope), an instrument that magnifies objects so they may be clearly seen.

midg'es (mig'eş), small gnats or flies.

mod'ern-ized (mod'ẽrn-ized), brought up to date.

mon'as-ter-y (mon'as-ter-ў), a religious home or school for men.

mu-ni'tions (mu-nĭ'*ti*ȯnş), war-materials.

mu'ti-nous (mu'tĭ-nus), to rebel against authority.

mu'tu-al (mu'chu-*a*l), relating or belonging to both.

myr'i-ad (myr'ĭ-ad), a very large number.

N

na'tives (na'tĭvş), born in the country in which they live.

Neth'er-lands (neth'ẽr-landş), a country of western Europe.

Ni'ña' (nē'nyȧ), one of the ships in Columbus's fleet of three.

no-bil'i-ty (no-bil'ĭ-tў), aristocracy; of high rank.

nor'east (nôr'east), northeast.

O

ob'so-lete (ob'so-lete), discarded; gone out of use.

oc'cu-pants (oc'cu-*p*a*n*ts), tenants; those who live in or on a place.

oc-cur'renc-es (oc-cŭr'renç-ez), happenings; events.

O'din (o'din), Norse Myth., chief of the gods; for whom Wednesday was named; also called Woden.

o-mis'sion (o-mis'*si*ȯn), failure to do.

O'ri-ent (o'rĭ-ent), the East, especially those countries in Asia east of the Mediterranean Sea.

or''ni-thol'o-gy (ôr''nĭ-thol'ŏ-gў), the study of birds and their habits.

o''ver-whelm'ing (o''vēr-whelm'ing), completely overcome.

ox'y-gen (ox'ў-ġen), a gas found in both air and water.

P

pag'eant (paġ'ent), an elaborate play or performance.

Pa'los (pā'lŏs), seaport in Spain.

pan''o-ra'ma (pan''o-rā'm*a*), a series of pictures representing a continuous scene.

pass'port (pȧss'pōrt), an official paper protecting travelers.

pe-cu''li-ar'i-ty (pe-cu''lĭ-âr'ĭ-tў), that which makes one different or remarkable.

ped'i-gree (ped'ĭ-gree), history or account of oneself.

peer'age (peer'aġe), the nobility.

Perez (pā'rȧth), Father, a Spanisn monk, or priest.

per'i-win''kles (per'ĭ-wiṉ''klz), small sea-snails.

Per-seph'o-ne (pĕr-seph'ŏ-ne), Greek Myth., wife of King Pluto; Queen of the underground world; daughter of Ceres.

per''se-ver'ance (pĕr''se-vēr'ănç), the act of continuing a task until completed.

per-sist'ed (pĕr-sist'ed), continual.

Pha'ra-ohs (pha'ra-ōz), monarchs of ancient Egypt.

phe-nom'e-nal (phe-nom'ĕ-n*a*l), marvelous; unusual.

Pin'to (pīn'tŏ), one of Columbus's ships.

plash'ing (plash'ing), light or gentle splashing.

Plu'to (plṵ'to), Rom. Myth., King of the underground world; husband of Persephone.

pome'gran-ate (pȯm'gran-*a*te), a large round fruit having many seeds.

por-trays' (pōr-trayz'), represents naturally; tells or shows correctly.

post'a (pōst'ȧ), stations.

pos'ture (pos'ture), position of a body; attitude.

prac'ti-cal (prac'tĭ-c*a*l), relating to actual experience.

pre-sag'ing (pre-sāġ'ing), indicating what is to come or happen.

pres-tige' (pres-tīġ'), high standing or position.

pre-ten'sions (pre-ten'*si*ȯnz), claims.

pre-vent'ive (pre-vent'ĭv), that which hinders.

pro-claimed' (pro-claimd'), told loudly, or in a public manner.

prod-i-gal'i-ty (prod-ĭ-gal'ĭ-tў), wastefulness.

proph'e-cy (proph'ĕ-çў), a prediction; something told before it happens.

proph'e-sy (proph'ĕ-sy), to predict; to tell what is going to happen.

pu'ny (pu'nў), delicate; sickly; weak.

pur-su'ing (pûr-su'ing), to keep at constantly; continuing.

pur-suit' (pûr-suit'), followed as a business.

R

ra'di-ates (ra'dĭ-ates), sends out in rays or direct lines from a central point.

ra-vines' (ra-vïnȩ'), deep gorges.

rec'i-pe (reç'ĭ-pe), the formula of a mixture; medical prescription.

rec'on-ciled (rec'on-çiled), brought to an agreement; harmonized.

reek'ing (reek'ing), full to overflowing; completely filled with.

re''gime' (rę''zhēm'), system or time of control or government.

reign (rȩn), rule over.

reigned (rȩnd), ruled over.

re-mit'tance (re-mit'tănç), to send or give, usually money.

re-mote' (re-mote'), distant in space, time, or relation.

res'in (reȩ'in), a gum that comes from trees or plants.

re-splen'dent (re-splen'dent), gorgeous; splendid; shining brilliantly.

ret'i-nue (ret'ĭ-nue), a large number of attendants.

rev''o-lu'tion-ized (rev''o-lu'*ti*ȯn-ized), changed completely.

route (rut), road over which one travels.

R. S. V. P. (r. s. v. p.), abbreviation for a French phrase that means, "answer, if you please."

ru'ral (ru'*r*al), outside of the city; in the country.

S

sal'u-ta-ry (sal'u-ta-rў), healthful; beneficial; promoting good.

samp (samp), a porridge made of cornmeal.

San'ta Ma-ri'a (san'tȧ mȧ-rĭ'ȧ), flagship of Columbus.

sas'sa-fras (sas'sȧ-fras), a small bush-like tree, the roots and branches of which are used to make a tea.

Sat'urn (sat'ûrn), Rom. Myth., god of seed-time and harvest; for whom Saturday was named.

Sche-nec'ta-dy (scĕ-nec'tȧ-dў), city in New York State.

Seine (sȩn), river in France, on which is Paris, the capital city.

se-quoi'a (sĕ-quo*i*'ȧ), very large redwood tree.

Shah (shä), a king or ruler; an honored person.

shred'ded (shred'ded), cut or torn into smal' bits.

shrewd (shrȩwd), sharp; keen; sly.

sig-nif'i-cant (sig-nif'ĭ-cant), important.

sim'i-lar-ly (sim'ĭ-lăr-lў), in like manner.

sin'ews (sin'ēwȩs), that which supplies strength.

south'ard (so*u*th'ărd), southward.

sou'west (so*u*'west), southwest.

spa'cious (spa'*c*ius), very large and roomy.

sparse'ly (spärs'lў), thinly.

spon-ta'ne-ous (spon-ta'ne-us), voluntary; done naturally.
sport'ive (sport'ĭv), frolicsome; fond of sport or play.
Squan'to (skwŏn'tō), Indian interpreter.
sta'mens (sta'menz), part of flower that holds the pollen.
sta-tus' (sta'tus), condition; standing; relative position.
stat'ute (stat'ute), a duly made law.
Steme (steme), nickname for steam.
Strass'burg (shträs'burgh), cathedral city in Alsace-Lorraine.
sub-ject'ed (sub-ject'ed), exposed to; made to endure.
sub-lime' (sub-lime'), grand; noble.
sub-merged' (sub-mĕrjd'), to plunge under water.
suites (sweets), a number of connected rooms or apartments.
sum'moned (sum'mond), called; sent for.
sump'tu-ous (sump'tu-us), lavish; luxurious.
sup'ple (sup'pl), easily bent.
su-preme'ly (su-preme'lў), in the highest degree.
swarth'y (swąrth'ў), of dark color; tanned.
sym'bol (sym'bol), a mark or character that stands for something else; a type.
sym'pa-thized (sym'pa-thized), sorrowed with or for another; had great feeling for.
sys''tem-at'i-cal-ly (sys''tem-at'ĭ-cal-lў), in an orderly manner.

T

Tam'a-rack (tam'*a*-rack), the American or black larch tree.
tax'i-der''mists (tax'ĭ-dĕr''mists), those who stuff and mount the skins of dead animals.
Thebes (thebẹs), ancient capital city of Upper Egypt.
Thor (thôr), Norse Myth., god of thunder; for whom Thursday was named.
tome (tome), a large book or volume.
tour'ists (tụr'ists), those who travel.
tran'quil (tran̲'quil), calm; quiet.
trans''por-ta'tion (trans''pōr-ta'*ti*on), the act of sending from one place to another.
treach'er-ous (trĕch'ĕr-us), not to be trusted.
tri-um'phal (tri-um'phal), crowned with victory.
tu'mult (tu'mult), an uproar; great noise.
tur'bu-lent (tūr'bu-lent), greatly disturbed; in violent commotion.
Tyr (tēr), Norse Myth., god of war; for whom Tuesday was named.

U

ul'ti-mate (ul'tĭ-mate), the last; final.
un-de-liv'er-a-ble (un-de-lĭv'ĕr-ă-bl), something that cannot be delivered.
un-dis-mayed' (un-dis-mayd'), not troubled, worried, or frightened.
u-til'i-ties (u-til'i-tĭẹs), useful and practical things; things for service.

V

va-ga'ries (vă-ga'rĭẹs), wild fancies or notions.
va'grant (va'grant), an idle wanderer.
val'or-ous (val'ŏr-us), brave; courageous.

ve'hi-cle (ve'hĭ-cl), that in or on which anything is carried.

Ven'ice (ven'ĭç), a seaport city of Italy.

ver'i-ta-ble (ver'ĭ-tȧ-bl), true; real; fact.

vex-a'tion (vex-a'*tiȯn*), that which annoys or provokes.

vice'roy (viçe'*roy*), a ruler acting by permission of and in the place of the real ruler.

vi'tal (vi'*tal*), necessary to life.

vi-va'cious (vi-va'*cius*), lively; active.

vol'un-ta-ry (vol'un-ta-rў), that which is not compelled; what one does of his own free will.

W

Watt (wątt), James, a Scotch inventor.

weal (weal), sound and healthy state; prosperity.

west'ard (west'ărd), westward.

wharf (hwąrf), a landing-place for vessels or ships.

whorls (hwōrlş), a set of leaves all on the same plane with one another.

Wig'laf (wig'*laf*), legendary hero.

wont'ed (wȯnt'ed), what one is in the habit of doing; accustomed.

Y

yams (yamş), large sweet potatoes.

yon (yon), poetical usage of yonder.

Yo-sem'i-te (yo-sem'ĭ-te), national park in central California.

Z

Zero Milestone (ze'ro mile'stone), an official spot in Washington, D. C., from which distances are measured; just back of the White House.